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Women's Weekly



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DECEMBER 11, 1968

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OUR COVER

● Girly girls are in fashion this summer—which means pink, a belted waistline, frills, and a romantic wide-brimmed hat. Dress and hat by Henriette Lamotte, Double Bay, N.S.W. Picture by staff photographer Don Cameron.

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Writer, actor, dancer, but . . .

He always has a song to sing

● Kent Healey, a young New Zealander now living in Sydney, is a TV scriptwriter, compere, actor, dancer, male model—but would like to be known for his songs.

DON'T be fooled by those freckles. Kent Healey may look like just another good-looking guy—boyish, casual, and carefree.

But behind that handsome, freckled face is a creative energy which makes him one of the busiest young men in the Sydney entertainment world.

Having worked as a television scriptwriter, compere, and newsreader, actor, dancer, and male model, he is establishing himself as a songwriter.

Australian pop star Normie Rowe recently recorded Kent's song "Thanks for Being You," and Kent has had confirmation from his London agents that Shirley Bassey will be doing one of his numbers, "Nothing is Forever," and that in New York Gigi Gallon is cutting "Why Do I Live?"

As well as writing straight scripts, Kent is also doing songs and musical arrangements for a weekly Sydney television show, finishing the score for his first full-length musical comedy—to be produced in Ireland early next year—and working on theme music for a film.

When he talks of his plans, it can be quite exhausting. A new song, a new skit . . . Kent Healey's mind never stops racing.

"Hey, a friend of mine lives just here—he's got a piano," said Kent as we walked through Kings Cross.

Minutes later he had a group of us enthralled as he pounded out his latest song, "Nothing Is Forever."

Romantic lyrics

Although he can't read or write music, Kent knows the tune and mood he wants and gets a friend to put it down.

"I usually just ad-lib the lyrics at the piano until I'm satisfied," he explained.

While most of his songs are romantic—"soft-stuff"—they all have a message.

"I'm mad about soul music—probably after going to so many Negro spiritual meetings when I was living in the States a few years back."

Born in Wellington, New Zealand, Kent was studying medicine when he decided to try his luck in the Sydney entertainment world.

Always interested in acting, singing, and dancing,

songwriting (his songs were recorded by N.Z. singers, including Dinah Lee and Herma Keil), Kent also studied acting in America when he spent a year on a swimming scholarship at the University of California.

While he was in Sydney on his Christmas holidays in 1965, he landed a television role and later compered "Walk a Young World," a weekly teenage program.

"I never went back to university—much to the dismay of my parents," Kent admitted.

He worked on the television show and as a male model for six months, then decided to go overseas.

In Europe, Kent first spent three months on the Greek island of Hydra, and arrived in London with a briefcase full of poetry, short stories, and songs. "And a wallet full of nothing," he remembered. "Luckily my grandparents didn't mind feeding me until I got a job."

The ideal job

He took a temporary job in Reading, where his grandparents lived, until he spotted "the ideal job" advertised in "The Times."

"An antique export company in London wanted a male secretary. He had to know shorthand and typing, which I did, and be able to speak at least three foreign languages. I knew a little French, Dutch, and Greek—or enough to bluff my way."

Kent went for an interview, and was chosen from 200 applicants. For the next year he travelled Europe helping to buy antiques.

"I started off just as a travelling secretary to the managing director and his wife—but soon they let me go to auctions and buy."

Among the treasures Kent bid for and bought were Bernard Buffet's "Houses of Parliament" and the Grittleton marbles—six double life-size marble statues, which were shipped to a Japanese client.

But Kent was still interested in the entertainment world and a visit to a clairvoyant convinced him he had a future in it.

"This dear little old lady, who charged 12/6, and gave it to her favorite dogs' charity, told me immediately that I should be in television and would be signing a contract 'somewhere across



SHOW-BUSINESS all-rounder Kent Healey started by studying medicine, worked for a firm of antique dealers along the way.

the water' the following March," he said.

The problem was where to start.

"I knew I had to impress someone, somewhere, but with little money, a tiny flat, and a bargain piano to sit, eat, and sleep on I didn't have much chance."

Then an English actress friend who lived in an elegant mews in Belgravia asked him to babysit her three poodles and two cats while she toured with a show.

He "did a George Hamilton"—the story goes that the American actor did nothing but ride up and down Sunset Boulevard in a huge open Rolls-Royce when he

By
KERRY YATES

wanted to break into Hollywood.

"I wasn't quite as bad as that," said Kent. "But I must say my friend's Cypriot chauffeur, Savas, her big black Rolls, and her Portuguese maid helped my image."

"A friend made an appointment for me with a London talent promoter—and he fell for the whole bit. He said he liked my songs—but I'm sure it was sending him home with Savas and the Rolls that did it."

Two days later Kent was invited to fly to Ireland to make a pilot television show in Belfast, and he signed a year's contract—beginning in March as the clairvoyant had predicted—for a show seen throughout Britain.

"I remember the London promoter nearly fell off his chair when I asked for a month's salary in advance," Kent said.

As well as working as a newsreader, weatherman, and

program organiser, Kent hosted his own weekly variety show for 14 months.

The show, "Medium Rare," featured English entertainers, with Kent writing and singing at least one new song each week.

Kent lived in Belfast during the week, and on Fridays flew to London to audition talent.

"It was a good life," he said. "But after four, perhaps five, extensions to my working visa I had to move on."

Kent came home through America, where he modelled for the Eileen Ford Agency in New York, and interested an American publishing company in his songs.

Back in Sydney, Kent has been busy.

As a freelance writer for a television show, he writes a variety of straight and musical scripts each week. He is also one of Sydney's busiest male models, does voice-overs for television and radio commercials, and recently made a pilot for his own television show.

Irish fairytale

Soon he will be taking a quick trip back to Ireland, where he hopes to collaborate in the production of his first full-length musical show, "Auchmahonney." This Irish fairytale was recently accepted by an Irish stage company.

Then it will be back to the Sydney television scene.

Although he leads a hectic life, Kent is a real health fanatic. He starts each day with a brisk run along Bondi Beach, and goes to regular gym and jazz-dancing lessons, and has just taken up yoga.

"You know, all those thousands of people are right," he said. "Yoga is brilliant."

American Embassy her third home

● Eleanor Crook, the tenth lady of the American Embassy in Canberra since its inception 27 years ago, has already embossed it with her special stamp.



MRS. CROOK adds a final touch, a bowl of fruit, to the new family dining-room, left, which she has created at the American Embassy in Canberra.

BRILLIANT abstract painting, above, by Washington artist Clare Ferriter, which Mrs. Crook has hung over the fireplace of the Embassy's formal dining-room.

AFTER only five months in the American Embassy in Canberra, Mrs. William H. Crook, wife of the U.S. Ambassador, has surrounded herself and her family with favorite books, paintings, art objects, oriental rugs.

She also has her own large duck-egg-blue station wagon, which "I shall have to learn to drive on the wrong side of the road."

Her greatest triumph of interior design is the conversion of a sewing-room into a family dining-room: "The main one is too formal for the children," she said. Mr. and Mrs. Crook have three children: Bill, jun., 12; Mary Elizabeth, 9; and Noel Eileen, 4.

The family dining-room has an 18th-century-style table, English oak chairs, buffet, green leather arm-chair, autumn-toned fabric wall-covering and matching curtains, and a celadon-green fireplace, which is a clever foil for "an ugly corner."

Final touches are a polished tallowwood floor, an antique bronzed-finish candelabra, and a gold-framed painting, "The Artist's Son."

A woodcarving of a sheep by artist Bernard Langlais hangs in the Embassy entrance; between the marble busts of George Washington and Benjamin Franklin is a large painting, "The Yellow Cut Off," by Meigs.

Becoming an ambassador's wife almost overnight

was no problem for Mrs. Crook, a youthful, attractive, honey-blond university graduate who taught English literature and Texas history, and was active in community affairs before her marriage.

The Crooks have a house in Arlington, Virginia, "but our permanent home is 'Crookwood,' San Marcos, Texas," Mrs. Crook said.

They won national acclaim with its restoration a few years ago.

"The house isn't old," explained Mrs. Crook, "yet, architecturally, it dates back

By
GWEN MOSELEY

to the pre-war days — one of the most elegant and gracious periods of the Old South."

With Mr. Crook then president of the San Marcos Academy, they needed a large house for entertaining.

Mrs. Crook hopes to continue her French studies in Canberra; and is keeping up her Spanish in daily conversation with the children's Mexican nursemaid-companion. She would like to take a master's degree in 17th-century literature. But their lives, she says, have never gone according to plan.

A woman with an outgoing personality who enjoys public speaking, Eleanor Crook formerly took an active part in politics. "It's like a fever in the blood once you get into it." She has worked for local, State, and national candidates, and was actively involved in President John-

son's 1964 election campaign when he was opposed by Senator Goldwater.

Mrs. Crook shares her husband's interest in, and optimism for, today's youth. "This is possibly because our contact was so close both at the Academy and later at Washington when Mr. Crook was assistant director of VISTA (Volunteers in Service to America).

"I do not think you ever do with discipline what needs to be done by closeness and love."

And, she believes, "Thirty minutes of total attention with a child is of greater value than a distracted day."

"Problems of most teenagers I encountered stemmed more from a lack of real interest and closeness from the parents than from a lack of discipline."

"It is futile to try to make up to a teenager what has been neglected when that teenager was a small child."

Mrs. Crook practises what she advocates. She prefers to spend 15 minutes reading with her children, or walking with them in the garden, rather than resorting to lecturing or smacking.

In the belief that children whose decisions are all made for them have great difficulty in becoming responsible adults, Mr. and Mrs. Crook give their children freedom of choice — limiting the choice so that the result can do no harm.

The Crooks are looking forward to their first family visitors at Christmas — Mrs. Crook's aunt and her two nephews, from America.



MRS. CROOK, above, placing some of the family's books in the library. "We could only bring the ones we like to read all the time," she said, "and Shakespeare, Dickens, and the children's favorites."

Pictures by PETER HARDACRE

NEXT WEEK

Sixteen-page lift-out

ROAD to SUCCESS for women drivers

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OUR HOUSE OF THE WEEK COMBINES INFLUENCES OF EAST AND WEST

AT RIGHT: Margot. "She's the one who really does most of the work," says her blind owner, Mr. Edwin Stuart.

● Margot, a beautiful pedigreed golden labrador, will be remembered for many generations as the seeing-eye dog who helped to change the course of the law in Queensland.



MARGOT'S WARM EYES SOFTENED THE LAW

By DAVID K. WHEATLEY

MARGOT has been set down in official records as being responsible for a new law which is to be passed by the Queensland Parliament to benefit her master and many others who share his disability.

For Margot's master, Mr. Edwin Stuart, of Brisbane, is blind.

Margot is one of 70 dogs trained since 1960 by the Lady Nell Seeing-Eye Dog School in Melbourne. Ten more of her classmates are working in Queensland.

Like these, Margot went to school in what has been described as a "seeing-eye dog kindergarten."

When she was a year old, she began a six-month training program.

Margot did have one distinction to set her apart. She was the first seeing-eye dog to be sent to Brisbane for the final period of training with her master.

Until the Queensland school opened, all blind people had to travel to Victoria to undergo the further four to six weeks training for the man and the seeing-eye dog to get used to working together.

It was in the middle of this year that Margot's life figured in a blaze of publicity, and ended up having her case debated in the State's Parliament.

It started because of Mr. Stuart's work. He is the public-relations officer for the Queensland branch of the school. His job entails a lot of travel, and Margot, of course, goes with him.

"She's the one who does most of the work, really," said Mr. Stuart. "I'd be almost useless without her."

During the year since July, 1967, when she first met her master, she travelled 25,000 miles round Brisbane alone, and has made many

trips to outside centres as well.

In July this year, the pair went to Cairns, travelling together in a compartment on the "Sunlander" passenger train.

Strictly speaking, Margot shouldn't have been there. Somewhere in the books was a regulation forbidding any dog to ride in a Queensland railway coach. But it was a regulation most railway officers overlooked.

"I knew the regulation existed," Mr. Stuart explained. "And for a while we'd been doing our best to have it changed. But we made no progress. So we kept riding in the trains until our time ran out."

This happened as they prepared to return to Brisbane. An officer in Cairns applied the regulation and Mr. Stuart was told Margot would have to travel in the dog's van.

He asked for permission to ride there with Margot, but was refused.

Demoralised

Apart from the fact that, had he agreed to these conditions, he would have missed her guidance badly on the train for two days, Margot's owner had a more urgent reason for refusing to be parted from her.

"Take a seeing-eye dog from her owner and she's completely demoralised. She'd fret — unable to understand why she was no longer useful. She'd always be expecting me to abandon her again."

Telegrams were sent to the chief railway officers in Brisbane, and the two travellers awaited the decision.

Just two minutes before the train was due to pull out the reply came . . . Margot could not travel in the carriage.

The train pulled out, leaving them on the platform.



MARGOT expertly guides Mr. Stuart as he strolls with Mrs. Kathleen Hands, a Queensland Seeing-Eye Dog School official, in a park in Cairns, Queensland.

The people of Cairns had taken a lively interest in the proceedings. Within an hour of the news being broadcast, they had contributed enough to pay the air fares to Brisbane for both Mr. Stuart and Margot.

The publicity died away. But the story had come to the notice of the men responsible for the regulation, and they listened as Mr. Stuart put Margot's case.

"Although the Lady Nell centre is financed by public subscription, and the public had clearly shown that they were prepared to donate sufficient money to make the long train trips unnecessary, it still seemed a dreadful waste," Mr. Stuart said.

"It costs \$600 to train a dog like Margot," he explained. "Since all the dogs are supplied free to blind people who need them, I didn't want to be spending money on air fares that

could be used to train more dogs.

"Officials who had dismissed our case before the Cairns incident now saw that depriving a blind traveller of his dog was the same as taking away the crutches of a lame man."

And so legislation was prepared to bring Queensland into line with other States . . . to make it possible for blind people to take their dogs anywhere a sighted person would normally be allowed to go.

The new laws will take places other than railway carriages into consideration.

The real moment of Margot's triumph came when she recently returned to Cairns, again in the "Sunlander's" carriage, but this time with every right to be there.

On her arrival, the Cairns people who had helped send her back, turned out to give her a rousing welcome.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 11, 1968

HER HOME WAS A PERSIAN PALACE

● A young schoolteacher and former Miss Western Australia worked as a maid at Expo 67 in Canada; then spent 15 months as a secretary and chaperon in the palace of Princess Achraf, twin sister of the Shah of Iran. She attended the Shah's coronation and many receptions in his palace.

By WINFRED BISSET

THE Empress Farah of Iran is a very feminine person who supervises her palace personally — even to small details like choosing the soaps for her guests' bathrooms.

She also loves flowers, and seems to be surrounded by them wherever she is.

These were some of the things Perth girl Jennie Brophy discovered during her 15 months as personal secretary to Princess Achraf, twin sister of the Shah — a job she readily admits she was at first reluctant to take.

"It was not what I had planned at all when I left Australia in January, 1967," said schoolteacher Jennie, who was Miss Western Australia, 1966.

"I left Australia for Canada, not knowing what type of work I should do; nor did I know where I would like to stop and eventually begin work.

"I did not wish to resume teaching.

"If the worst came to the worst I figured I could do so with comparatively little difficulty. But I thought I would look for other jobs—even scrubbing floors. And, later, that was exactly what I found myself doing!"

Leading citizen

Jennie trained at the Claremont Teachers' College, was the Societies President of the Student Council there, then was sent to her first school, at Derby, 1600 miles north of Perth.

There she held executive positions in the Parents and Citizens' Association of Derby Junior High School, the Drama Association, and Swimming and Water Polo Club; played basketball; coached athletics; was a member of the Women's Public-speaking Club; started a Youth Club with fellow-

teachers; compered fashion parades; took part in car rallies; experimented with tropical-plant gardening; took part in Church activities; and painted.

Her earlier experiences served her well when she later found herself resident in a royal palace.

Jennie spent four months in Europe with Princess Achraf and the other 11 months in Tehran, capital of Iran. On both their visits to Europe the Princess was addressing the United Nations on women's rights and on literacy, telling them of Iran's latest developments in these two fields.

Jennie praised the Princess for her public spirit.

"In Iran she is president of the Women's Organisation, which has played such an important part in emancipating the women from traditional bonds which kept



JENNIE BROPHY

them aloof from a part in society," she said.

"Iranian women are now receiving university degrees, holding high positions in educational, medical, and political fields.

"Women play a large part in the film industry, TV, and radio. There are police-women, and women in the armed forces. They're even

contemplating having women taxi-drivers.

"Although Princess Achraf has had very little formal education — women of Persia did not in those days — she is seeing that her children do. Her 17-year-old daughter, Azadeh (her family and friends call her 'Dody'), would like to go on to university when she finishes school."

Her own car

The Princess was also very generous. One day Jennie was taken outside and shown a white car with the keys swinging from the ignition. "I wanted you to have your own car," said the Princess. "You will need it to travel about as you please."

"The Princess had receptions at least twice a week," Jennie said. "They were held on Thursdays and Sundays, and I usually went to them, as they were held at home.

"When Dody was invited to the Emperor's palace, if the invitation was accepted, I always found myself there. This was one of my duties as her unofficial chaperon.

"Such well-known people as Prince Karim Aga Khan, the Begum, Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan, U Thant, King Hussein of Jordan, and King Hassan of Morocco were among the guests.

"The Empress Farah is a good mother and spends a great deal of time with her children.

"Whenever we went to the Caspian Sea to their holiday palace for water-skiing, she always included lots of young friends for the children.

"They are very happy children. The elder two of the three (aged eight and five) can ride horses, ski, water-ski, and skate. Their parents are both good at sport."

Jennie was there for the coronation, in October, 1967.

"It was fantastic—oceans of red carpet and brilliant uniforms. The music played and sung at the coronation was magnificent, composed for the occasion.

"Helicopters hovered overhead. Flowers by the million were dropped over the city by small aircraft. A volley of cannon shot started when the Shah crowned himself.

"The Crown Prince was dressed as a military cadet for the coronation; and we all felt touched to see this little prince of eight emerge from the palace behind his parents into the garden, where 5000 guests were assembled.

"He was perfectly in step, kept his large brown eyes on the general in front of him and a small gloved hand raised to his hat in salute."

All this was a long way from the floor-scrubbing days in Montreal. But it was there that she first entered the employ of Princess Achraf.

"When I arrived in Montreal last year I could not count the number of jobs I applied for. It seemed like 95. In the end I got one at Expo 67 — as a maid."

After a fortnight as a maid she was asked to supervise 16 university students who were also working at Expo 67 as maids.

"We comprised a maid service in the experimental building complex on the Expo site 'Habitat 67,'" Jennie explained.

"The building was occupied during Expo 67 by guests of large companies, wealthy people, and the then Prime Minister of Canada, Mr. Lester Pearson.

"I was only in that job for three weeks when my employment bureau asked me if I would be interested in taking a job as personal maid to Princess Achraf during her stay in Montreal.

"After two days with her I resumed work at Expo.

"The Princess had offered me a position as her personal secretary, to live with her in Tehran, to travel with her on official occasions, and to be with Azadeh when she returned to Tehran for her summer vacation from boarding school in Paris.

"At that time I had been accepted for a teaching position in the Yukon territory, and I was very much looking forward to it. I was reluctant to give it up for this new offer.

"In the end I decided it was too good to miss."

Switzerland, too

In June, 1967, Jennie found herself in Berne, Switzerland, working at the Iranian Embassy on translation and learning something of the history and customs of Iran. Her home was with the Iran Ambassador and his family.

In the first week of her stay there the family left for a cruise on Peter

Ustinov's yacht, so she had the beautiful Swiss home to herself.

"Strangely," she said, "I sat next to Peter Ustinov soon afterwards in a small aircraft travelling from the South of France to Paris. I lacked the courage to speak. He is huge and grizzly."

She was then on her way to Tehran to "chaperon" Azadeh. "I couldn't really call myself a chaperon," said Jennie. "We were more like companions; had the same interests in sport, music, books.

"I usually had to push Dody on to a horse, though. She was a little afraid of them. I thought it a crime not to make use of their horses when there were nearly 80 at our disposal!"

On another occasion she went with Dody and the Shah and Empress for a skiing holiday at St. Moritz.

Sometimes when Dody was at school and the Princess busy on other work, Jennie had nothing to do.

A week of loafing around in the palace swimming-pool was enough for her, so down she went to the office of the Princess' husband, Dr. Mehdi Boushehri, who organises international conferences held in Tehran. "I felt it necessary to justify my presence," she said — and taught herself to type.

"It was an interesting experience in Iran," Jennie summed up, "and I loved my time there.

"But I had always intended to return to Australia; and I am glad to be back."



PICTURE at left shows Empress Farah, left, and Princess Achraf with Court Minister Assadollah Alam; pictured above are the Shah and Empress Farah's elder two children, Crown Prince Reza, eight, and Princess Farah-Naz, five.



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CEDAR WOOD





AGED 18. — This picture of Mrs. Dawes is from her London days.

FREDERICK POWELL, Mrs. Dawes' first husband. They met in 1904.

NELLIE DAWES REMEMBERS . . .

FOR pretty Nellie Townsend it was love at first sight. That the tall, good-looking young man was her friend's date didn't worry her. Nor did the fact that she was a well-brought-up Edwardian miss who should be seen but never heard.

With a determination as fierce as her bright copper-colored hair, the 18-year-old marched straight up to him and suggested they change partners. They did.

And so in 1904 began a love story that has lasted a lifetime . . .

Those were days when a boy and girl keeping company walked for miles arm in arm ("There was none of this holding-hands business") or sat in the park listening to the band.

Eighteen months later, young Nellie was the happiest bride in London. Handsome Frederick Powell was hers "until death us do part."

And death parted them three short years later. Fred, a motor driver on London's underground railway, died after a fall.

Nellie's name was the last word he spoke.

Although she has been married (and widowed) twice since, Nellie has never forgotten Fred.

"I worshipped the ground he walked on," she told me.

She still wears the chased-gold engagement ring he slipped on her finger nine months after they'd been "keeping company." It's as bright as new.

And the gold locket, dented by the years, which he gave her when she was 21 is always within reach.

"Hasn't he a lovely face?" she said, opening the tiny trinket.

... Gracious homes, whalebone corsets, and sweethearts walking arm in arm (for miles)

"He had the biggest eyes I've ever seen on a man. And they were a beautiful grey."

Nellie's own eyes are blue, and surprisingly youthful for her 82 years.

So are her slim, upright figure ("I think I've the nicest legs in Sydney for my age!") and sprightly walk.

But the lustrous copper hair that once reached her waist is now white.

That long-ago tragedy changed the course of Nellie's whole life. But for it she would still be living in London instead of "practically under the Sydney Harbor Bridge."

And she certainly would never have trained to be a parlormaid, the job that took her into a world of rich homes and gracious living.

A world which, she sighs, has gone for ever. Paper serviettes, cheap crockery, and stainless steel have seen to that.

Silver

"I hope to get a job cleaning silver at a Sydney jeweller's," said the woman who actually enjoys cleaning silver.

"You see, to me there is nothing more beautiful than silver. I can talk about it until I'm blue in the face!"

The only silver that gleamed in Nellie's working-class London home was a teapot. It had belonged to her grandmother.

"We were very poor," she told me. "I was the youngest of ten, and the only girl."

Yet working in Edwardian London Nellie could enjoy pomp and pageantry to her heart's content.

"I worked in a draper's shop in St. Paul's Churchyard," she said. "I used to fit those old-fashioned whalebone corsets that laced up at the back. Ugly things!"

She received the princely sum of 16/- a week. But the job had its moments.

"Now and again we'd see King Edward and Queen Alexandra ride past in their carriage. A splendid sight."

The three happiest days in Nellie's working life were spent in another London building noted for its size: the Crystal Palace, the mammoth glass structure built to house the Great Exhibition of 1851.

The pretty 17-year-old, her bright hair done up in becoming curls all over her head, was one of seven cashiers at the Handel Festival, held every three years.

"I could still hear the music three days after the Festival had ended," she remembers. "It wafted through my head, and I felt as if I were walking on air."

Nellie loves music. Although she could never afford to have lessons, she can tell if one note is out of tune.



MRS. NELLIE DAWES, 82, at the door of her Sydney home, which is practically under the Harbor Bridge.

A year later Nellie's love story began. She met and married handsome Frederick Powell.

The first thing the young bride bought for their tiny three-room flat was a gleaming silver teapot.

"In those days a woman's place was in the home. Some of my brothers were earning only £1 a week, but they wouldn't have dreamt of letting their wives work."

It was those same brothers who comforted the grief-stricken girl when her husband died three years later.

"It nearly killed me." Her gay voice quietened. "I was

More important, soon she was too busy training to be a parlormaid to dwell on what she had lost.

Her employer, A. E. G. Rhodes, was the "richest man in the South Island." And, despite its Maori name "Te Koraha," his home was just like an English country mansion, from its imported doors and wall-to-wall mirrors to the spacious ballroom where visiting royalty once danced.

"The Rhodes' were the first family in this part of the world to have an English Daimler. It was especially shipped from England complete with chauffeur."

The young girl, dressed in rustling black taffeta, with a white cap with long streamers on her bright curls, loved to watch "Mrs. Rose" (as the staff called the mistress) prepare for her morning drive.

"She wore two veils to protect her from the dust, and the chauffeur would tuck her in with a beautiful fur rug." She smiled. "Mrs. Rose had furs all over the place."

Nellie, the fourth parlormaid, also loved to peek at Mrs. Rose, a tall, regal woman, taking a stroll in her rose walk, which "stretched from here to goodness knows where."

"Of course, I had to be very quiet. The housekeeper, a straitlaced woman who never smiled, made sure of that. But then, working in these homes, you always had to be unobtrusive."

Yet, she pointed out, it never made her feel inferior.

Undoubtedly, the highlight of Nellie's working life

at "Te Koraha" was laying the table.

Everything she handled was silver — from the cruets and cutlery to the great tray which, she said, "took me all my time to lift."

Nellie stayed at "Te Koraha" for two years. And then the lights of Auckland beckoned, and the fourth parlormaid handed in her notice.

Sydney

She worked as head parlormaid for the "richest family in the North Island," but the splendor of those early years had gone!

"Do you know, they converted the beautiful rose-and-gold drawing-room into a kitchen!" she said indignantly. "I could have wept. It seemed such sacrilege."

Once again the bright lights beckoned—this time, Sydney's.

That was 48 years ago. Although Nellie remarried in Auckland ("a Yorkshire butcher") and had a daughter, her working days were by no means over.

She was still hard at it—cleaning, making hotel beds, and occasionally handling her beloved silver—at 71.

And she nursed her third husband, Dick Dawes, a TPI pensioner, until he died two years ago.

"He was in the Sydney when she sank the German cruiser Emden during World War I. He never got over it physically."

Has she ever regretted not seeing England again?

She shook her head. "I left my heart there. If I'd gone back I would have died," said Mrs. Dawes.

Tragedy, heroism of the bushfires



FANNED by hot westerly winds, bushfires sweep along the foot of the Blue Mountains above Emu Plains. At one stage the fires extended through the mountains to the Hunter Valley, and night pilots saw a scattered arc of flames.

DURING fires which ravaged townships and bushland up and down eastern Australia, courage has been an everyday thing, usually unremarked and unremembered. These pictures were taken around Springwood, in the lower Blue Mountains, where hundreds of volunteers fought a long, tense battle. The Australian fires have been so bad that smoke prevented a flying boat from landing at Lord Howe Island and caused drivers to switch their headlights on in daytime at Auckland, across the Tasman Sea. Fire toll: several lives, many houses, and wide agricultural, forestry, and national park assets.

More pictures, pages 12, 13.



MEMBERS of the North Springwood Voluntary Brigade on the Hawkesbury Road near their township.



VOLUNTARY firefighter Brian Brown extinguishes the embers after fire swept through nearby bushland.



TINDER-DRY bush bursts into flame at North Springwood. This picture was taken last week. Three firefighters were trapped together and killed in an earlier outbreak nearby on October 29.

Pictures by staff photographer
KEITH BARLOW

SOCIAL ROUNDAABOUT

By Mollie
Lyons



she's appealing;
so nice-to-be-near

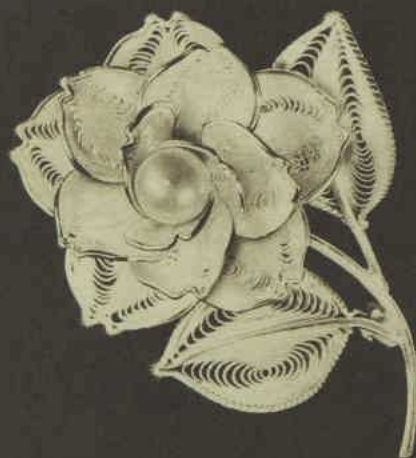
Day long freshness begins with Day/Long Deodorant. No matter how busy you are... no matter how active... Day/Long keeps you fresh and dainty for hours and hours. Day/Long is no ordinary deodorant. It stops perspiration worries even on the hottest days.



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ORIGINAL
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FETE. Mrs. Martin McCurich, Mrs. Robert Crichton - Brown, and English visitor Miss Edwina Sparke - Davies (left to right) were among voluntary helpers at the fete organised by the Crown Street Hospital Committee at Bellevue Hill. Mrs. Crichton-Brown's son, Anthony, and Miss Sparke - Davies will marry in England in February of next year.

THINK the name chosen by Mrs. John Thompson, of "Ballantyne," Cassilis, for the group who are helping her collect paintings for the three-day art exhibition at The King's School is rather appropriate. She has called them the Livewire Committee, and I believe that there's one of the committee on the job in almost every area of the State. At Kerrabee it's Mrs. Frank Thompson, of "Widden," at Coolah Mrs. Max Smith, of "Yattendon," at Scone Mrs. Michael White, of "Belltrees," at Quirindi Mrs. Malcolm Body, of "Ardgour," and many others. The exhibition is a new idea and will commence on December 9, the day the school corps of 600 boys returns from camp for the Passing-out Ceremony at the school.

PRETTY young American Lynelle Kilby told me that she is home on holidays from the University of Hawaii to spend Christmas with her parents, the William A. Kilbys, of Elizabeth Bay. Lynelle is doing an Arts course.

ALSO coming home for Christmas, but from America, is Rush Clark II, who arrives on December 22 for ten days with his parents, the Rush Clarks. Rush will be on holiday from the University of Rhode Island, where he is taking Economics and Business Administration.

THRILLED to have first-hand news of their daughter, Mrs. Arnold Knepper, who lives in San Anselmo, California, the Cook Rudwicks heard all the latest gossip from the David Goodsirs, who stayed with them in Sydney on their way home to Brisbane after a world trip. In California the Goodsirs stayed with the Kneppers and their two children, Rachel and Toby, and were able to tell the Rudwicks that the family will be out for a holiday early in the New Year.

YET another charity to launch its own cook book is the women's committee of the Asthma Foundation, which this week proudly presented a crisp red, white, and black "A.M. to P.M. Recipe Book." The recipe which appealed to me most was an English Recipe for Preserving Children, from Mrs. M. Rayner Slade, and read like this:

Take one grass-grown field or paddock
Several dogs and puppies if available
One half-dozen children, one brook, pebbles.
Method: Into the field pour children and dogs, allowing to mix well
Pour brook over pebbles until slightly frothy
When children are nicely brown, cool in warm bath
When dry, serve with milk and fresh-baked gingerbread.

INTERESTING engagement announced this week between Margaret Malam, of Waverton, and the Hon. Alastair Williamson, of "Long Mile Range," Tabulam. Alastair, who is the son of the Lord Forbes of Glenogil, Forfar, Angus, Scotland, and of Mrs. M. H. De Zoette, of Essex, England, and Margaret are planning to wed in 1969 and honeymoon in Scotland. When they return they will make their home on "Long Mile Range."

BEST-DRESSED person I saw this week was, again, a man. Artist Paul Jones, in a grey suit, white-striped, grape-colored shirt, and a cyclamen-spotted navy silk tie. Paul tells me he has just finished another set of paintings for New Guinea stamps — this time, New Guinea orchids.

HEAR of lots of country families who will be in Sydney for Christmas. Among them are the Anthony Wilkinsons, of "Allfarthing," Goulburn, who, with their three children, Andrew, Sarah, and Henry, will spend a week with Mrs. Wilkinson's parents, the Bruce McWilliams, at their house at Palm Beach.

INCIDENTALLY, the Wilkinsons have Mr. Wilkinson's sister, Mrs. Gerald de Bosto, and her two small children as houseguests at "Allfarthing" at present. They've been in Australia for three weeks from their home in Hong Kong.

THERE'S something fascinating about Frenchwomen, and when I met Mrs. Max Henninot, who's on a six months' visit from her home in Liege, Belgium, I realised why her daughter, Mrs. Albert Bribosia, is so charming. It's a second visit to Australia for Mrs. Henninot, who's staying with the Bribosias at their home at Centennial Park.

GREAT excitement at the Peter Pan Kindergarten when the competition for Mrs. Robert Berrick's doll-with-a-wardrobe "Nola" was drawn. Winner was Kate Gentle, Mrs. Alan Copeland's small granddaughter. "Nola's" little friend, who was called "Pen Friend" and also has her own wardrobe, was won by Mrs. Lydiard, of "Uardry," Hay.



MARRIED. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Currie after their marriage at Barker Chapel. The bride was Miss Prudence Scott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Scott, of Northbridge. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Currie, of Lindfield.



TO WED. Miss Fran Murphy and Mr. James Allen, who have announced their engagement. Miss Murphy is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Murphy, of Wahroonga. Her fiancé is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Allen, of Mosman. They plan to marry in March, 1969.



LUNCHEON PARTY. Mrs. Cliff Johnstone, hostess Mrs. Charles Eastment, and Mrs. Bill MacRae (left to right) at the Christmas luncheon held at Mrs. Eastment's home at Gordon by the Town and Country Committee, which works for The Smith Family. Mrs. Eastment is president of the committee.



CHRISTMAS PARTY. Mrs. D. I. Todhunter, Mrs. G. N. Nichols, and Mrs. A. Nichols (left to right) were among those at the annual Christmas luncheon party of the Newington College Parents and Friends held at Menzies Hotel.



AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Peter Morrissey signed the register at St. James' Church, Turramurra, while their flowergirl, Melissa Blanch, looked on. The bride was Miss Diane Roberts, daughter of Mrs. K. Roberts, of Mona Vale, and of the late Mr. William Roberts. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Morrissey, of Walnut Creek, California, United States. They will honeymoon in Indonesia, then live in Honolulu.

ABOVE: Mrs. Eric Gauld, Mrs. Lance Scandrett, and Mrs. John McKeon (left to right) in the garden of Mrs. Scandrett's home at Bellevue Hill, where a luncheon was given by the ladies' auxiliary of Kambala School following their last meeting for the year.



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Obtainable at all chemists.



2776

From pages 8 and 9

TOLL OF THE BUSHFIRES

RIGHT: Blue Mountains homes threatened at Glenbrook, near the railway line. At the height of the fires' ferocity whole districts virtually exploded into flame and the chain of pleasant, peaceful mountain towns suffered heavily. It was one of the worst natural disasters in the State's history.

WILL YOU HELP THIS FUND?

WILL you help the Daily Telegraph and TCN9 fund for bushfire victims?

The Daily Telegraph and TCN9 opened the fund with \$25,000.

If you wish to help the victims of one of the worst bushfire disasters in the State's history, send gifts to—

Daily Telegraph Bushfire Fund, Box 4088,
G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

Gifts of \$2 and upward will be an allowable tax deduction and all will be acknowledged in the Daily Telegraph.

BELOW: The scene at Penrith Leagues Club, where a hundred emergency beds were provided for homeless victims of the fires.



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- SCRABBLE STANDARD
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- THE NEW 3 DIMENSIONAL SCRABBLE — R.S.V.P.

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by the Publishers
of SCRABBLE

An intriguing game that does for numbers what Scrabble does to letters. Free game of Draughts with every game.





ABOVE: A bushfire at Wahroonga, on Sydney's North Shore line, threatened this home in Chunoona Avenue. RIGHT: After a fierce bushfire in St. Ives, this is all that remained of a home. There were outbreaks in many suburbs.

"dairy farmers"

The one
made with
real cream:



NOW
IN A NEW
PLASTIC PACK

Ballet at \$15,000 a minute

● "The Nutcracker" — a TV ballet special that cost \$15,000 a minute to produce, lasts an hour, and ate up a super-colossal budget of \$900,000 — is to be presented by TCN9 as the first of their pre-Christmas-viewing treats.



MELISSA HAYDEN and Edward Villella in "The Nutcracker" — a fairy-tale treat for balletomanes.

THE ballet was filmed in West Germany, with international stars, headed by three famous dancers from the New York City Ballet, Edward Villella, Melissa Hayden, and Patricia McBride.

Scheduled for December 15 at 7.30 p.m., "The Nutcracker" is hailed by balletomanes as one of the most superb interpretations of this popular ballet.

Tchaikovsky's wonderful syrupy "Nutcracker Suite" gets grand treatment from the Budapest Philharmonic Orchestra of 102 pieces.

The story is pure fairy-tale stuff. Klara, a little girl, is given a nutcracker for Christmas. She falls asleep and the nutcracker appears in her dreams and tells his story.

No one will be surprised to learn that the nutcracker really is a fairy prince turned into a nutcracker by a witch. He's trying to find his way back to the land of the Sugar Plum Fairy, and to his real shape, and to live happily ever after.

"The Nutcracker" ballet is all fairy-flossy, gorgeous, beautiful, and wondrous through young eyes; a visual and auditory treat for the oldies.

"WITCH HUNT," ABC-TV's new five-part BBC serial (Tuesdays, 8 p.m.), intrigues me. It is all about witchcraft and black magic, as invoked in England's Gloucestershire, and took me back immediately to Bob Dyer's "Pick-a-Box."

Not that Tennessee Bob uses witchcraft, but one of the final challenges for quiz champ Barry Jones early this year was russet-cheeked Englishman Patrick Bowles, who was an authority on witchcraft.

When I interviewed him, we had an entrancing time talking about witchcraft. He took it extremely seriously and kept entreating me not to tamper with witchcraft.

I didn't ever intend to, I was just frivolously interested.

We were talking about spells and I asked him about bringing on bad luck by putting people's names in a drawer, or sticking pins in effigies. He said they were quite futile.

The only time they were any good was when primitive peoples were involved—very superstitious ones. But he told me the most popular

Television

By NAN MUSGROVE

spell in England was the one with the heart.

You take an animal's heart, and a long and vicious thorn from a blackthorn, and impale the heart on your victim's front door.

I'd forgotten all about witchcraft till the "Witch Hunt" premiere. I sat up very straight when the hero, Rex Fordham (Patrick Kavanagh), arrived home and found a heart impaled on his front door.

Being a strong-minded man and not knowing what the gruesome object was or signified, he wrenched it off and took it inside.

Ghastly things happened: the owner of the house was killed in an unexplained accident; a car crashed for no apparent reason.

"Witch Hunt," because of Mr. Patrick Bowles, now has me firmly hooked. I'll find out what happens when you tamper with the occult, via TV.

Naval comedy is a classic

ALREADY TV is beginning to settle into its December-January doldrums. In the sludge of repeats, a preview—or tasting—of the joys ahead in 1969—has been arranged by TCN9.

"Mr. Roberts," one of their new shows, is being previewed on December 4 at 7 p.m. It stars that old friend from "77 Sunset Strip," Roger Smith, as Navy Lieutenant Mr. Roberts.

It's a comedy, a Navy one, and is a classic that has lived ever since it made its first appearance as one of the great plays of World War II.

I remember the movie of "Mr. Roberts." James Cagney, the joy of today's nightclub impersonators, played the Captain, Henry Fonda was Mr. Roberts, and Jack Lemmon was Ensign Pulver. It was fun. I'm told the TV version is the same.

Doing even more for viewers stuck in Repeat Land, TCN9 starts a new series of "Seaway" the same week. (Thursdays at 7.30 p.m.)

"Seaway" is a crime-on-the-waves job. The hero, Nick King (Stephen Young), is company detective on a shipping line that plies in Canada's St. Lawrence Seaway, and "Seaway" tells of his adventures on the line.

First of the new "Seaway" series is called "The 34th Man." Faye Dunaway, who achieved fame as Bonnie, of "Bonnie and Clyde," guest-stars with Young in this episode. I am reliably informed that she doesn't wear a beret in "Seaway."

"Seaway" will make Thursdays the Stephen Young night on TCN9.

Young plays detective King from 7.30 to 8.30 p.m.—then in a quick switch, from 8.30 onwards, becomes Lawyer Ben Caldwell, Judd's right-hand man in "Judd for

the Defense." Arresting in one and defending in the other gives him a busy night.

TALKING of fun, the fun didn't last long with ABC-TV's "I've Married a Bachelor." I've watched with horror as, from a promising start, it has degenerated into tired old mother-in-law situations, with every episode over the odds, overdone, and over-acted.

I cannot understand why the ABC will drop a show like "Contrabandists" that, while not inspired, is always competently produced entertainment, and carry on into 1969 something as badly done and second-rate as "I've Married a Bachelor."

Lucille will have two rivals

TELEVISION has never seemed to be a woman's medium except for that perennial strawberry blonde Lucille Ball, but it looks like 1969 will find her with a couple of rivals who cannot be underestimated.

The first of them is Doris Day, who has made a weekly series and is now planning specials in which she sings and dances.

She is reported to be "enchanted" by TV, although for years she has refused to appear on it, and says, "I truly love TV, almost better than movies."

Debbie Reynolds is Lucille's second competition. She has just signed a contract with NBC to make a weekly series, as yet unnamed.

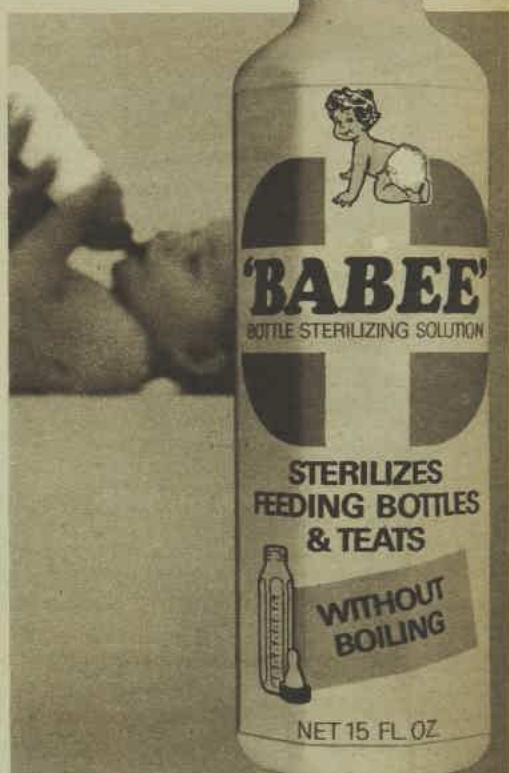
Debbie will play a lovelorn columnist who has a stimulating marriage with a newspaperman.

No financial details have been given, but Debbie is said to be walking round looking like the cat who has swallowed the canary, and insiders say she will make more for each episode than either Lucille or Doris Day.

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— from the makers of 'Nappee'



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49¢

Easy to use. * Clean bottles and teats in warm water and detergent. * In a glass or plastic container, add 1 capful of 'Babee' to 2 pints fresh, cold water. * Completely immerse bottles and teats for a minimum 1 hour. * Remove bottles and teats from solution — do not rinse. Fill with usual formula. * Solution is effective for 24 hours. 'Nappee' — for complete protection from nappy rash 'Nappee' contains the wonder antiseptic Ampholene to kill the bacteria that cause nappy rash. No need to boil with 'Nappee', just add a capful to the final rinse. Keeps nappies soft, fluffy, germ free and fresh smelling.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 11, 1968

Page 15



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Give Sunbeam 777, and you give years of the smoothest, coolest shaves he's ever had—easier, faster, closer. He looks clean-shaven longer, too, because Sunbeam shaves *below* the beardline, has twin polished micro-thin heads, built-in roller, and six hollow-ground surgical steel blades. Sunbeam massages as it shaves—no nicks, cuts, razor-rash or messy lather.

Finishing touch is the barber-style trimmer, to square off side-levers and moustache. And it's a man-size shaver, with a powerful armature motor. There's a choice of handsome presentation cases, or handy zipper padded pouch pack.

Special note: The Sunbeam 14-day free home trial lets him prove that your gift of Shavemaster 777 shaver shaves better than a blade!





PENNY'S NEW BABY

■ PENNY'S "Christmas Shopping List," on TCN9, has a slightly different flavor this year, for pretty Penny is "assisted" by the latest recruit to TV's glamor girls, Eugenie Harvey, now nearly six weeks old. Penny, wife of TCN9's musical director, Geoff Harvey, is a radiant mother and adores her tiny daughter, but finds (at right) she already has a will of her own. Eugenie, who so far has made only a brief appearance on TCN9, arrives at the channel in her basket and spends the day alongside Mum or one of the willing babysitters who practically queue up for the job.

—NAN MUSGROVE



Who knows more about Christmas than Santa?

Revlon of course!



Revlon. Every rich way. To bathe in, powder on, silk into, spray on. In Intimate, one of the world's 7 great fragrances, ravishingly wrapped in Pink Peacock splendour. And Aquamarine, the young fragrance, all wrapped up in wildflowers. Revlon knows all about women. All about Christmas. Doesn't that solve everything?

Seen here, some of Revlon's Christmas dazzlers. Come in and see them all soon. Prices from \$1.30 to \$50.00.







THE SHAH AND EMPRESS FARAH, with Crown Prince Reza, eight, in full-dress uniform like his father, and Princess Farahnaz, five, in the wonderful Niavaran Palace near Tehran. (At left.)

THE ROYAL FAMILY changed out of formal dress after the picture at left was taken, and out they went into the Palace gardens. Above, Empress Farah watches Farahnaz and Reza as they play.

THE SHAH, HIS EMPRESS, AND THEIR FAMILY

● The most beautiful pictures ever taken of the handsome royal family of Iran are in this five-page feature. But photographer Reginald Davis had his troubles. The baby, Prince Ali Reza, aged two, lively and full of mischief, wouldn't take part in the picture at left — he preferred playing with the camera bags and rolls of film. And, outside in the gardens, the family dog, a big black labrador named Patou, was so friendly Davis could hardly work. The pictures are exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

Continued overleaf



Exclusive pictures, continued from previous page



GARDENS at Niavaran Palace, near Tehran, are a dream. Above, Prince Reza and Princess Farahnaz with the family dog, Patou, and Prince Ali Reza with his mother and father.

MINIATURE COPY of a Ferrari, with forward and reverse gears and capable of three mph, was a birthday present to Prince Reza from the Shah and Empress Farah. At left, they sit at back, with all three children in the front seat.

ROYAL horsewoman: In the picture, right, Princess Farahnaz is out riding in the grounds of Babol Palace, near the Caspian Sea, a beautiful spot where family holidays are often taken.

Continued on page 25



"Make my baby smell beautiful.
With JOHNSON'S powder-wowder."

(THINKS)

"Has it occurred to Mummy
that perfume in JOHNSON'S
is uniquely suitable for the
entire family, due to it's
subtle character."



Johnson & Johnson

"Best for baby, best for you."



Continued from page 23

EMPRESS FARAH OF IRAN with her youngest child, Prince Ali Reza, and their dog, named Patou, at Babol Palace.

(Pictures in this feature, exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly, are by Reginald Davis, from the book "ROYALTY OF THE WORLD," to be published by Bertelsmann Sachbuchverlag, of West Germany.)



HELPER. Charlie, well fed, sleek, and growing fast, never misses a day's work as an observer at the lumber mill where he has been raised. Here he waits for his master in the cab of a pick-up truck.



LUMBERMAN friend, played by Ron Brown, feeds him a hard-boiled egg. Charlie is a loyal pet, but not everyone realises he is harmless, and he gets into occasional bad trouble around the camp.



RESCUED. He becomes stranded while taking part in a log drive. Soon he is so big that the men insist on his being caged. He breaks out and flees into the nearby mountains.



STARVING. Unused to hunting for himself, the cougar eventually returns to the camp to steal food. He is trapped in a room, and at first doesn't recognise his former master.



ORPHAN. His mother killed by a hunter, this cougar kitten is left defenceless in the wilds until a logger raises him as a pet.

COMING FILM

"CHARLIE, the LONESOME COUGAR"

AT the Disney Studios, where all sorts of four-footers from mice to moose take their turn in the spotlight, the latest star is a 16-stone cougar (or mountain lion or puma).

The result is the Christmas-release film "Charlie, the Lonesome Cougar," an animal adventure story made in America's rugged Pacific north-west.

Cougars have had notable film roles in the past, but always as villains. This story is different.

It tells of a deserted cougar kitten which is found in the wilderness and raised by loggers at a big timber camp. When the time comes for the cougar to return to nature, he finds it difficult to fend for himself.

The picture features actor Ron Brown, a rugged, athletic type who saw the assignment as an opportunity to combine acting with his love of animals and the outdoors. He took the cougar home with him.

"By the end of the 15 months I spent on the picture," said Ron, "that cat and I had got pretty close. We had shared the same food, swimming-holes, and sleeping quarters. In fact, I could lay a piece of meat on my face or arm and let Charlie lick it off."

Massive lumbering operations were filmed for the picture. Disney cameramen were permitted to cover one of the last great log drives ever made, a 110-mile drive down winding rapids of the Clearwater River to a timber mill in Idaho.

It was a monumental operation to film. Logs were piled 50ft. high along the riverbanks for more than two miles at the outset, and when the key logs were removed the stacks thundered into the water.

The bulk of them reached the mill within ten hours in the 15 mph river. The drive included the hazardous task of breaking up log jams.

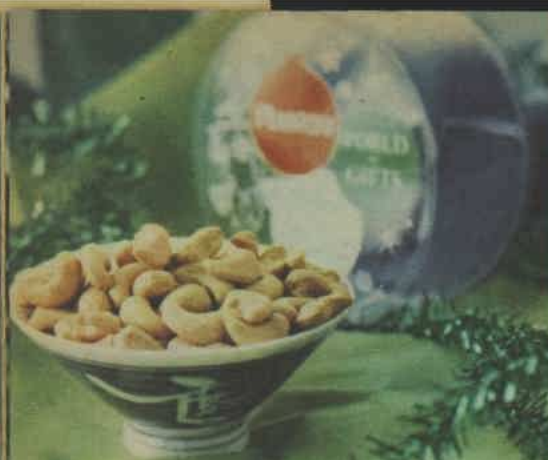
The film is distributed by MGM.



HAVEN. His logger pal takes him to a wild-life reserve, where no hunting is allowed. This is to be Charlie's home, and here he finds a mate to share the new life with him.



**Christmas is a matter
of give and take...**



From Dennis to Linda:
Chinese bowl, filled with plump, salty Planters cashews. You don't have to have a Chinese wife to succeed with this one.



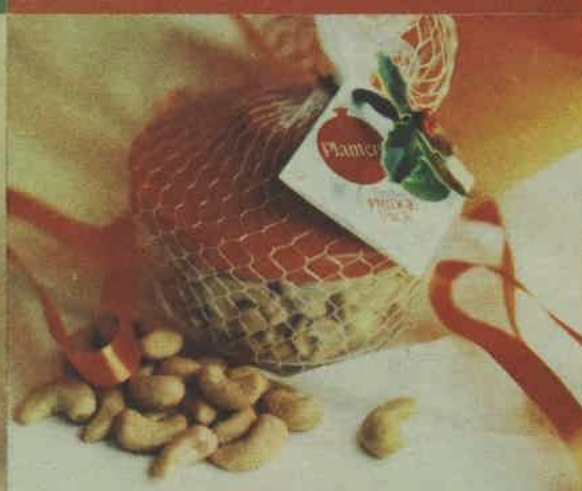
From Harry to Liz:
Salted cashews, a 1½ lb. jarful, no less. Teams nicely with the coffee set he gave her. Lucky Liz.



From Althea to Bruce:
French brandy balloon filled with Planters salted assorted nuts. For brandy-nut lovers.



From Greg to Mum:
Chocolate coated peanuts, 1 lb. worth. Mum will never get through them alone. Clever Greg.



From Ellen to Aunt Sarah:
Canadian fridge pack, filled with plump Planters cashews. She'll probably put fruit salad in, when the Planters run out.



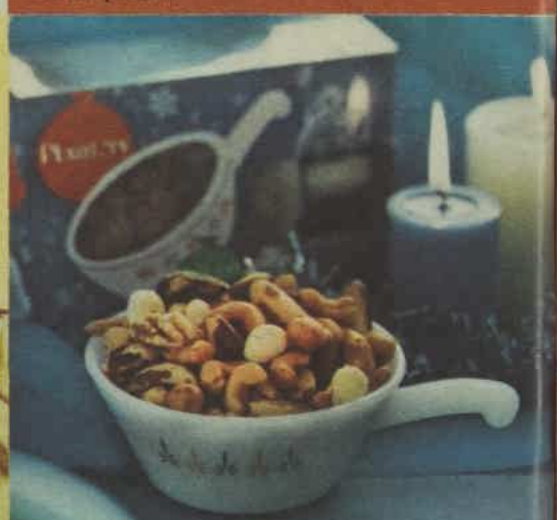
From Mother to Victor:
Salted assorted nuts, in a 1½ lb. Xmas jar. Victor has always been renowned for his Planters Xmas parties.



From Warren to Faye:
Salted peanuts in a 1½ lb. Xmas jar. Crisp and munchy. Faye has been kinky for salted peanuts since childhood.



From Katie to Andy:
Stick pretzels, fresh, crisp and snappy. Andy will enjoy working up a thirst.



From Peter to Jenny:
An American snack ramekin filled with Planters mixed nuts. Try and stop Jenny playing hostess.



From Sally to Mummy:
Knot pretzels, because "Mummy gives parties". Daddy likes parties and Planters knot pretzels, too.



From Linda to Dennis:
German Beer Stein, filled with Planters salted peanuts. After the peanuts, Dad will be thirsting for half a pint of the best.



From Janie to Nell:
Smoked almonds. 1 lb. in an airtight tin. Nell will be lucky to have any left for the new year.



From Victor to Jan:
Danish salad bowl filled with Planters assorted nuts. Very scandinavian. Very Jan. She's a salad tosser from way back.



From Ellen to Joe:
Mini pretzels of the Planters Slim Jane variety. Joe got a Beer Stein as well.



From Mummy to Sally:
Winkie Eye Dolls filled with delicious Planters chocolate coated nuts. And loaded with puppet potential.



From Mandy to Don:
Salt free assorted nuts in a 1 1/2 lb. Xmas gift wrap jar. Mandy sure knows her way around Don.



From Dad to Mum:
A Planters party server, 5 oz. of salted cashews. When guests have had their fill, Mum just refills.



...give and take from Planters



Two towns are born in the West

By DON SHEPHERD



PANORAMA of the Cooke Point housing development, above — a town created out of windswept desert. To have \$25,000 showpiece houses, it will be a suburb of Port Hedland, which is seen in the background.

AERIAL VIEW of the Newman townsite, left, being laid out on a good soil foundation with 100 houses and naturally growing gums and mulga which will be augmented by 6000 plants now under cultivation.

BOONAMAH and Nankabiddy had never grown anything in their lives—and both are in their 60s.

Now they are caretakers of 6000 young trees and shrubs in an infant town being created out of a Western Australian wasteland in a \$200 million mining project.

Sailor and Sam, as Boonamah and Nankabiddy are now called, are Karadjeri tribesmen from the almost waterless wilderness of the Gibson Desert, deep in Australia's north, where men have lived through countless ages without ever growing a crop, without planting even a tree.

In the Gibson Desert there is little point in planting things. What grows there does so against the most hopeless odds. Only the seeds with the most freakish good fortune find a resting-place hospitable enough to take root — and even then there is little chance that they will survive.

A background of being a Karadjeri tribesman is therefore possibly one of the

world's most slender credentials for entry into the field of arboriculture. In a Who's Who of horticultural experts, a Karadjeri would rate only fractionally better than an Eskimo.

Yet Sailor and Sam, with foreman Charlie Snell, make up a three-man team giving the 6000 plants intensive care daily. Theirs is a vital contribution to a unique scheme being undertaken for the towns of the Mt. Newman Project — at Newman, Australia's newest and most modern outback centre, and at Cooke Point, its twin housing development at Port Hedland on the north-west coast.

Newman is the inland townsite for the development of the fabulously rich iron-ore find of Mt. Whaleback.

It nestles in a Namatjira-colored landscape in the shadow of Whaleback, itself a three-mile hump containing 1000 million tons of high-grade iron ore and claimed to be one of the richest single deposits in the world. Mt. Newman is certainly Australia's biggest iron-ore project.



NANKABIDDY (SAM), gardener.



CHARLIE SNELL, supervisor.



BOONAMAH (SAILOR), gardener.



—Complete with master plans for every tree or shrub to be planted to transform dusty construction sites

SURVEYORS AT WORK, above, near Mt. Whaleback, in the north-west of Western Australia, focal point of the entire \$200 million mining and housing project. With its 1000 million tons of high-grade iron ore, Whaleback is one of the richest single deposits in the world.

The two towns are part of a total development of more than \$200 million, which also covers the building of the mine at Whaleback, the development of massive facilities at Port Hedland, and the linking of the two with a 265-mile standard-gauge railway.

Boonamah and Nankabiddy's simple daily care of the 6000 plants in the hessian-sheltered nursery at Newman belies the magnitude of planning behind it. That story is contained in the files of a cool office 800 miles to the south.

Consulting engineer Richard Wittenoom, 30, was faced with a challenging assignment of a type rarely encountered by engineers when Mt. Newman Mining Co. Pty. Ltd., manager of the Mt. Newman Project, commissioned him to landscape the two towns.

"At the time we started work, construction was already under way throughout the townships," said Mr. Wittenoom. "The company asked for a scheme under which the two areas could be turned from dusty construction sites into finished show-place communities in the one operation."

The final plans and specifications for each town had to include not only engineering works, such as paving,

drainage, and earthworks, but aspects such as the planting of trees, shrubs, lawns, and gardens, including master plans for every tree or shrub to be planted.

Work in the housing area alone involved setting down on paper the location of every tree, shrub, and lawn area in each of 70 variations in the layout of the nine basic housing designs. Also included were the children's playgrounds, sporting fields, tennis and basketball courts, plus a water garden, seats, and a terrace cafe area set among lawns and trees in the shopping mall.

Co-ordination

"What made this work unusual, possibly unique in Australia, was that all these diverse features had to be covered in the one set of documents with sufficient detail to enable the work to be let as a single contract," said Mr. Wittenoom. "The company felt that all these differing jobs must come under the control of one firm to give the co-ordination believed essential in such a complex scheme."

One of the earliest decisions was that every existing native tree or shrub should be preserved, if at all possible. In some cases this meant complete revisions of

existing proposals, particularly at Newman. Hundreds of photographs, assembled into panoramic photomosaics, were used, together with aerial-survey photographs to plot the location of every worthwhile native tree.

Richard Wittenoom certainly didn't have all the answers, especially where the landscape gardening was concerned. "The state of my own home garden gives that one away," he admitted. "My own function in this part of the work was mainly technical, to co-ordinate and put together into the required form an enormous amount of detailed work by specialists in their own fields."

One of the specialists was Perth landscape architect Jean Verschuier, who dealt with the aesthetic aspects of placing new trees in unusual terrain in harmony with the natural flora which had been retained.

Mrs. Verschuier had to do all her work within the local limitations. "And they were very limiting," she said. "I wanted to preserve the natural look, softening off the hard engineering corners wherever possible and replanning certain areas to fit in more naturally with the almost-completed buildings and the natural trees."

Mrs. Verschuier explained

that the planting of trees and shrubs in the housing area had been designed to give every house a basic framework of planting in the front garden area, to which householders would be encouraged to add.

Another expert on the scene was the Government Forester for the North-West, Mr. Fred Lullfittz, whose operations are based in a nursery in the jail at the coastal town of Broome. This unusual nursery supplies seedling trees to towns throughout the fast-developing north.

After weeks of planning, 80 varieties of trees were selected. And every type chosen was a tough one — tough enough to withstand the rigors of the hot northern winds, the sand-blasting the winds bring with them, and the odd cyclone thrown in for good measure. Australian native trees, especially gums, predominate, but along with them have been chosen many of the more hardy imports, such as the jacaranda, cape lilac, and poinciana.

The site of Cooke Point — which has some 67 houses, each costing about \$25,000 — was virtually a desert of blowing white beach sand. The planning was such that

Continued on page 87



TRANQUIL BUSH SCENE, above, of a collecting foray by Charlie Snell, Boonamah, and Nankabiddy; the river gum seedlings are for the 6000-plant nursery, a section of which is shown below, with Nankabiddy at work tending the plants.





ABOVE: Bukkulla homestead during the 1902 drought. Celia Wyndham and her husband are in the buggy. With horses in foreground are their eldest son, Hugh, and daughter Celia.

SALUTE TO CELIA

● This is the story of Celia Wyndham, who came to Australia in 1853 and died at Inverell, N.S.W., in 1926. Her long life reflected tremendous changes in history.

NOW that Australia has become history-conscious and local historical societies are springing up everywhere, amateur historians are telling their friends, "You meet such interesting people. They may have been dead for a hundred years."

Many a tyro researcher has experienced the thrill of having a warm, living character step from yellowed archives to become a companion and friend.

Such a one, for me, was Mrs. Hugh Wyndham, who

was born at Harlow, in Essex, in 1834, died at Inverell, N.S.W., in 1926, and was buried beside her husband on their station property, Bukkulla.

Through her own lively reminiscences, and the writings of her in-laws and descendants, I have moved by her side through the tremendous changes that shaped men's lives — changes in ways of living and thinking, in dress and communications, above all in means of transport, which saw greater transformations during Celia Wyndham's lifetime than in all previous history.

The Harlow of Celia's childhood had no railway,

being served by a daily four-in-hand mail coach from London. On this coach, in 1842, Celia's maternal grandmother arrived to visit, greatly impressing the children with her white turban and her snuff-taking.

Celia, with her three sisters and four brothers, loved to walk with their governess by the river and to see horse-drawn barges, with loads of hay, flour, and merchandise, pass through the lock at Harlow.

Country home

Her father, Dr. Thomas Busick Haylock, rented a large country house, with stables for his horses and the children's ponies and donkeys, so that all learned to ride.

About 1848, Dr. Haylock moved to a London practice. The family lived in Euston Square, where the girls were tutored in German, music, and other lady-

like accomplishments, while the boys attended schools or University College.

The social and artistic life of London was agreeable to Mrs. Haylock, a gifted musician, but not to her country-loving husband and adventurous children.

A sympathetic colleague recommended a warmer climate for the doctor's health, and the advice was gratefully accepted.

Dr. Haylock, with his two eldest sons, sailed in 1850 in the *Castle Eden* to New Zealand, in company with Bishop Jackson and his retinue. The doctor later moved on to New South Wales.

Faced with banishment to the colonies, Mrs. Haylock made the most of her remaining time in England.

Celia, now about 16, and her younger sister Eleanor, plunged into a gay round of balls and well-chaperoned outings with young men

whom the petite, vivacious Celia was already attracting.

One friend from this period, George Bell, later became headmaster of Marlborough School and welcomed Celia's son Hugh to England in 1885.

As their sailing date approached, Mrs. Haylock's health, or perhaps courage, failed. She cancelled their passages, forfeiting the fares.

Her fears were confirmed when the ship sank with all hands off the Isle of Wight,

By
MARGARET LORRAINE

and it was 1853 before she finally steered herself to sail in the *Samarang*.

The little ship was becalmed in the English Channel, almost drifted on to a lee shore near the Lizard, went pitching and rolling down the Bay of Biscay (to Celia's great glee, if not her mother's), and was dismayed by a sudden squall in the Indian Ocean, while the four younger children were washed from their beds into three feet of water in the cabin.

Limping into Sydney under jury masts, she anchored near Circular Quay after 185 days at sea.

Mrs. Haylock, Celia, and Eleanor were lowered into small boats by "a kind of chair suspended from a crane" and rowed to the "small, mean wharf" at the Quay.

Holding their skirts clear of the mud and manure, pausing to allow the passing of slow bullock-wagons,

LEFT: A carriage and four matched greys was the acme of prestige vehicles when Celia was a girl. This team, very rare indeed today, belongs to Mr. R. Campbell, Bonshaw, N.S.W.



ABOVE: Bukkulla homestead today. Stonework in foreground is the ruin of the wine storeroom, later used as a church, which was built about 1860 by the West Indian Jack McBean.

exclaiming over the poverty of the shops, they made their way to an address in Elizabeth Street, where Dr. Witt, a friend of Dr. Haylock, had lived.

Finding strangers in the house, who knew nothing of Dr. Witt, they inquired their way to Petty's Hotel, where they explained to a waiter that they were seeking news of Dr. Haylock, and could not locate Dr. Witt.

The waiter replied, "Why, he is dead."

At this final blow Mrs. Haylock collapsed, her horrified daughters endeavored to comfort her, and the appalled waiter ran to fetch the headwaiter, who hastened to explain that it was Dr. Witt who was dead, and that Dr. Haylock was practising at Port Macquarie.

Mrs. Haylock, who had had enough of adventuring, settled with Eleanor into an expensive boarding-house in Cumberland Street.

Sailed north

Here they awaited the unloading of their furniture from the *Samarang*, while the indefatigable Celia embarked, with the four younger children, on a small coastal schooner bound for Port Macquarie.

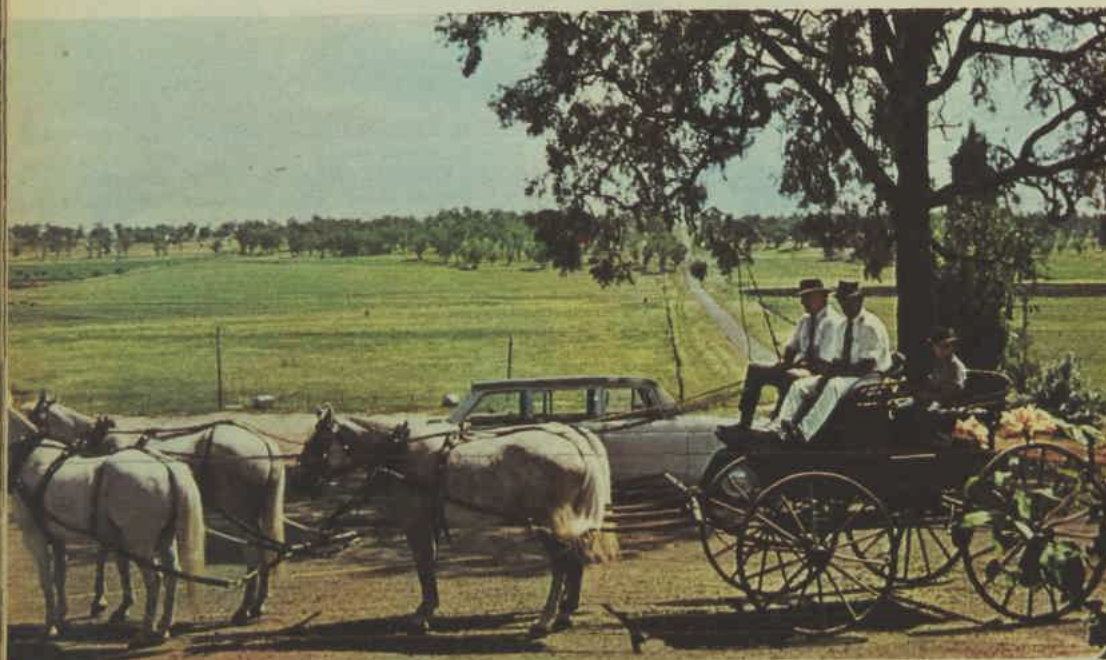
This trip made the *Samarang* seem luxurious. Meals were eaten in a tiny cabin with rough benches, no tablecloth, and pickles in a pint pot.

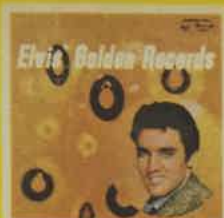
Passengers spread their own bedding on sacks of flour and sugar in the hold, and the rough seas tested even Celia's sea legs.

When they sighted the entrance to Port Macquarie, its treacherous bar still adorned with wreckage from Ben Boyd's yacht *Wanderer*, the passengers were sent below for safety, under battened-down hatches, and remained in the hot, claustrophobic darkness till the ship was tied up.

Emerging, the young Hay-

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Elvis' Golden Records, Vol. I. Hound Dog, Loving You, All Shook Up, Jailhouse Rock, Love Me, Too Much, Don't Be Cruel, Teddy Bear, Love Me Tender, Anyway You Want Me, others. *L10545



The Monkees, (Theme from) Saturday's Child. I Wanna Be Free, Tomorrow's Gonna Be Another Day, Papa Gene's Blues, Take a Giant Step, plus others. COM101



Elvis' Golden Records, Vol. III. It's Now Or Never, Stuck on You, Fame and Fortune, I Gotta Know, Surrender, I Feel So Bad, Are You Lonesome Tonight? Many more. LPM2765



Belafonte At Carnegie Hall. *2 Record Set. Darlin', Cora, Sylvie, Cotton Fields, John Henry, Take My Mother Home, The Marching Saints, Day O, Jamaica Farewell. LB10815



The Sound of Music. Original Soundtrack, Prelude and The Sound of Music, Maria, Sixteen Going on Seventeen, Climb Ev'ry Mountain, Do-Re-Mi, Edelweiss, Others. LOC2005



South Pacific, Original Sound Track. South Pacific Overture, Cockeyed Optimist, Some Enchanted Evening, Bloody Mary, There's Nothing Like a Dame, Bali Ha'i. L18010



Fiddler on the Roof. Original Broadway Cast. Matchmaker, If I Were a Richman, Sabbath Prayer, Sun, Sunset, Now I Have Everything, More. LOC1093



Easy Come, Easy Go and Songs From Other Elvis Films. Easy Come, Easy Go, The Love Machine, Yoga Is As Yoga Does, You Gotta Stop, Sing You Children, etc. L101768



The Best of Jim Reeves. He'll Have to Go, Four Walls, Guilty, Blue Boy, You're Gonna Be, The Blizzard, Am I Losing You, Billy Bayou, Anna Marie, Stand At Your Window. LPM2890



The Mamas and the Papas Deliver. Dedicated To The One I Love, Casanova, Twist and Shout, Free Advice, Look Through My Window, String Man, others. L101757



Elvis' Gold Records, Volume II. I Need Your Love Tonight, Don't Wear My Ring Around Your Neck, My Wish Came True, I Got Stung, One Night, A Big Hunk O' Love. *L10831



Nelson Eddy Favourites. Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life, Love's Old Sweet Song, A Dream, Trees, The Hills of Home, Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, The Rosary, Oh Promise Me. *CAM26

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NCR43486



The Best of Mario Lanza. Be My Love, And This Is My Beloved, A Kiss, One Alone, Serenade, Only A Rose, The Loveliest Night Of The Year, Because You're Mine, others. LM2746



Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. Tramp, Tramp, Tramp Along, The Highway, Italian Street Song, Neath the Southern Moon, I'm Falling in Love With Someone, etc. *LPV526



Headquarters. The Monkees. You Told Me, I'll Spend My Life With You, Forget That Girl, Band 6, You Just May Be The One, Shades of Gray, I Can't Get Her Off My Mind, others. COM103



Blue Hawaii. Elvis Presley. Blue Hawaii, Can't Help Falling In Love, Rock-A-Hula Baby, Moonlight Swim, Ho Eats, Slicin' Sand, Beach Boy Blues, Hawaiian Wedding Song. L101174



Elvis' Christmas Album. Santa Claus Is Back In Town, White Christmas, Here Comes Santa Claus, I'll Be Home For Christmas, Blue Christmas, Santa Bring My Baby Back. *L10341



Always In My Heart. Las Indios Tabajaras. Always In My Heart, Over The Rainbow, Woe, Horizon, Moonlight and Shadows, You Belong To My Heart, Central Park, others. LPM2912



To Wish You A Merry Christmas. Harry Belafonte. A Star In The East, The Gifts They Gave, The Son Of Mary, The Twelve Days Of Christmas, Where Little Jesus Slept. LPM2626



Songs Of The Snowy Mountains. The Settlers. Jingle Bells, Farewell, Blowing Down, Snow Kitten (Kosciusko, Yodel), Old Tumbling, The Treadle Stop, Many more. CAM119



The Country Side Of Jim Reeves. A Railroad Bum, Blue Side of Lonesome, Waitin' for a Train, I Won't Forget You, Most of the Time, When Two Worlds Collide, more. CAM110



More Of The Monkees. She's When Love Comes Knockin' (At Your Door), Mary, Mary, Hold On, Girl/Your Auntie Grizelda, I'm Not Your Steppin' Stone, and others. COM102



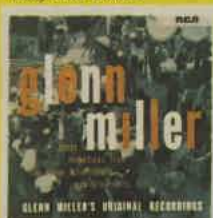
According To My Heart. Jim Reeves. According To My Heart, Don't You Want to Be My Girl, Don't Tell Me, You'll Never Be Mine Again, Stand At Your Window, I Can't Fly, more. *CAM85



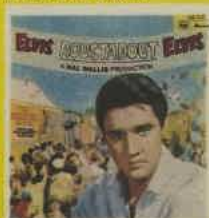
Hark! The Herald Angels Sing. George Beverly Shea, Hark! The Herald Angels Sing, Joyously Sing The Chorus, That Beautiful Name, Have You Ever Seen The Star? etc. LPM2937



Jim Reeves' Christmas Carols. Distant Drums, Is It Really Over?, I Missed Me, Snow Flake, A Letter To My Heart, Lining Your Love, This Is It, Not Until The Next Time. LPM3542



The Glenn Miller Story. Moonlight Serenade, American Patrol, Pennsylvania 6-5000, In The Mood, I've Got a Gal In Kalamazoo, Boulder Blue, Tuxedo Junction, more. *L10351



Roustabout. Elvis Presley. Roustabout, Little Egypt, Poison Ivy League, Hard Knock, It's A Wonderful World, Big Love, Big Heartache, One Track Heart, It's Carnival Time. LPM2999



Twelve Songs Of Christmas. Jim Reeves. Jingle Bells, White Christmas, Silver Bells, C-H-R-I-S-T-M-A-S, O Little Town of Bethlehem, O Come, All Ye Faithful, others. LPM2758



Mario Lanza Sings Christmas Carols. The Lord's Prayer, The First Noel, O Come, All Ye Faithful, Away In A Manger, We Three Kings Of Orient Are, and others. *L16068



'G.I. Blues.' Elvis Presley. Tonight Is So Right For Love, Frankfurt Special, Wooden Heart, G.I. Blues, Blue Suede Shoes, Stand In When You Are Gone, Just Out of Reach, Once Upon A Time. *L101465



Good 'N' Country. Jim Reeves. Don't Let Me Cross Over, There's A Heartache Following Me, The Talking Walls, Little Ole Dime, The World You Left Behind, Lonely Music, etc. CAL784



The Student Prince. Mario Lanza. Overture, Serenade, Drink, Drink, Drink, Summer-time In Heidelberg, I'll Walk With You, Thoughts Will Come Back To Me, And more. L16246



Have I Told You Lately That I Love You? Jim Reeves. Have I Told You Lately That I Love You? I'm Gonna Change Everything, Waiting On Top Of The World, etc. CAL842



Fun In Acapulco. Elvis Presley. Viva, Viva, Y. Amer, Mexico, El Toro, Margarita, The Bullfighter Was A Lady, (There's) No Room To Rhumba In A Sports Car, and more. LPM2756



Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. Favorites In Hi-Fi. Will You Remember, Rosalie, Giannina Mia, Rose Marie, Italian Street Song, Indian Love Call, Others. L10627



Gentleman Jim. Jim Reeves. Memories Are Made Of This, Roses Are Red, After Loving You, Stand In When You Are Gone, Just Out of Reach, Once Upon A Time. *L101465



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CHATEAU IN THE WINE COUNTRY

By RITA DUNSTAN

A CONTINENTAL-style chateau housing a collection of superb paintings and exquisite *objets d'art* is a pleasant and unexpected surprise for visitors touring through South Australia's Barossa Valley.

The chateau and its treasures are recent additions to the Barossa's most unusual winery, Chateau Yaldara, which the owner, Mr. H. J. Thumm, designed him-

self in the style of the old castles on the Rhine in Germany.

Although the turreted towers of the winery building and the multi-windowed stone chateau are decidedly un-Australian in appearance, they seem to settle happily into their background of gum trees and clear blue skies.

The sampling room, where visitors can taste the various wines, overlooks a picturesque stretch of the Para River, and families are welcome to use the banks for picnics and barbecues.

This part of the winery is

open to the public at any time during trading hours, but excursions through the winery and chateau can be made by appointment.

Postcards of the winery are sold to visitors to aid hospitals in the district.

The whole concept of the "castle - on - the - Rhine" emerged from Mr. Thumm's childhood memories of Germany, where his father's people had been wine-makers in the Rhine Valley for centuries.

But the Australian setting was very much a dream of the future when he came to

Continued on page 37

THE CHATEAU in the Barossa Valley which Mr. H. J. Thumm designed to house antiques, objets d'art, and paintings he and his wife have collected. BELOW: A German rococo cabinet of the 18th century contains beautiful porcelain antiques. Mr. Thumm, pictured, is holding valuable Meissen figurines dated 1760.



VIEW of the Para River from the veranda of the sampling room.

Pictures by Vic Grimmett.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 11, 1968



TOP ROOM of the chateau with some of the objets d'art and antiques Mr. and Mrs. Thumm have collected. The table is Louis XV, the cabinet (centre back) Louis XV, and at right is a marble column imported from Italy. Note the polished floor.

Australia more than 20 years ago, and made a modest beginning in the wine business.

He acquired the ruins of an old winery and flour mill at Lindoch, the "gateway to the Barossa," and gradually built up a flourishing business. He chose the name, Yaldara, from an Aboriginal word meaning sparkling.

As keen collectors of antiques, *objets d'art*, and paintings, both Mr. and Mrs. Thumm believe in sharing the beauty of their possessions with other people.

With this object, Mr. Thumm designed the chateau, which is built of

carefully selected weathered stones.

"It would not do to have a new-looking chateau," he said as he showed us over the property.

Huge mahogany doors, made in England about 130 years ago and imported to Australia, look imposing in the main hall of the chateau.

Mr. Thumm delights in his collection and enjoys watching other people's pleasure as they examine the fruits of his many trips overseas and his collecting in Australia.

He expects to make many more sorties overseas in

search of more treasures. It's a prospect not at all unacceptable to his Australian wife and their two teenage sons. The boys, who are at school in Adelaide, spend weekends at their father's townhouse or at Yaldara.

Mr. Thumm expects to be able to keep his pleasant sanctuary on the Para intact, since he took the precaution over the years of buying 120 acres of the surrounding land.

On a high position near the winery, he plans to build a luxury motel which is expected to be completed next year.



FASCINATING French jewel case in Mr. Thumm's collection looks like a doll's house. It was made in the 18th century and has 88 hand-painted panels, and tiny drawers at the bottom.

Give your party a punch.

Porphyry Pearl Punch

Mix (in order) in a large punch bowl with ice, juice of two Oranges, juice of two Lemons, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup White Rum, one large can Pineapple Juice, pulp of two Passionfruit. Stir and pour in two bottles well chilled Sparkling Porphyry Pearl. Decorate with sliced fruit—serve in punch glasses. Serves 15.



PORPHYRY PEARL—THE NATURAL SPARKLING WINE WITH CHAMPAGNE BUBBLES.

LW3123
Page 37

● A veteran taximan recalls the time a Sydney identity — "Australia's best-known and least-understood eccentric" — gave him an object lesson on his own country . . . while the meter ticked over

BEA IN MY BONNET

I GUESS it all started that day on Bebarfald's corner, opposite the Sydney Town Hall. The corner where everybody seemed to congregate, waiting to cross, or to rendezvous with that certain someone, or just to stand and watch the passing parade.

It was about 9 a.m. and I had been working my cab since 6.30, scooping up the cream of early-morning workers getting to the job, and had finally found myself idling in the waiting traffic.

I was in a day-dreamy mood, which I found I could escape into at will every time my taxi rolled to a standstill. It was a habit developed during the tension of taxi-driving.

That's when I met her for the first time — Bea Miles.

If you know Sydney you have probably seen her, or heard of her, at some time; well, so had I, many times. All those stories of how she was once a beautiful young university student, and how she had since become a rebel against convention and the world's hypocrisy. And other tales of fact and fancy that had gradually shaped a general picture of her, or, as we say these days, a public image.

But never had I had first-hand contact with her, until now. She looked about 55. She wore her familiar tennis eyeshade, an old cotton dress, a threadbare cardigan, and no shoes. Over her shoulder hung a bulging calico dillybag.

She was sneaking, or creeping — or stalking might be the best word — through the tangle of traffic. I knew from other cabbies how Bea loved free-riding in taxis, and how, once inside, she would be hard to evict.

Bea increased speed, and in a flash was inside a cab directly ahead of me. Saying a silent prayer of thanks because she hadn't picked on my cab, I settled back to watch with interest, along with the mob, the manner in which my fellow knight of the road would handle his problem.

A man of action and quick decision, he swivelled sideways and brought both feet up; then he made with a rapid pressure and Bea made a rapid exit, still in a sitting position. My colleague got out, too, his fists clenched; and that's where I made my quick decision.

TO THE RESCUE

The "hero" was by this time standing over her. I appeared, like Mandrake, to the rescue, and placed my left hand hard against his chest. "She bent the hinge on the door and I'm going to get square," cried the Black Knight. "Not while I'm around," says Sir Galahad. Right then the law arrived and nudged Bea in the ribs gently with his size 12s.

"Come on, Bea, stop acting. You're not hurt — get up and get lost. You're holding up the traffic."

That little incident began an association that lasted for the next seven or eight years, until I quit the taxi game.

Now I can say with pride, "I knew Bea Miles and I liked her." I really knew her.

There were many occasions after our initial introduction when, out of nowhere, Bea presented herself in the front seat of my cab and begged me to take her riding, until eventually I would compromise and tell her to be quiet, and behave, and she could "jockey" just once.

This was a regular part of my taxi-driving existence. Yes, regular, like taking

medicine — you might not like it, but, if you must take it often enough, you find that you don't dislike it as much as you thought.

I was not yet married, and lived in a men's boarding house at Bondi Junction. My room-mate was a friend called Griffo.

On Christmas Day, 1956, Griffo and I were at my sister's place eating the big, handsome dinner when there was a knock at the door. My sister came back. "Les, there's a — a — a woman to see you — she says her name is Bea — Bea Miles."

"Oh, no. Not here. Not now," I moaned, and went to the door.

Bea didn't waste time on small talk. "I want to go to Broken Hill, via Melbourne, and I want to go now. Will you take me or not?"

Something caught in my throat and I coughed and spluttered violently. "Now? I can't go now!"

Bea gave me that "yes or no" look and stared me into the ground. "I'll be with you in five minutes," I answered.

"Make it three," she said, and got herself comfortable in her usual seat right behind the "For Hire" sign on the ever-ready and eager taxi meter.

I knew that she received a monthly allowance paid into her bank account. I also had heard that she had made one or two extended journeys by taxi before. Therefore, I presumed that her intentions were serious now, and after a hasty farewell to the turkey, I persuaded Griffo to accompany me into the unknown adventure that lay ahead.

He owned his own taxi; we could share the driving and the profits. At first he was hesitant, but I assured him that Bea Miles was a woman of her word. He persuaded himself he had nothing to lose, anyway.

We travelled light. Griffo and I carried only a spare shirt each and Bea her dillybag.

As the meter ticked over I became easier in mind, and more and more convinced that I had been correct in my hasty decision that Bea meant business.

The method of payment for a tour such as this was unique.

The current taxi rate was 1/3 a mile, so every hundred miles Bea would hand over £6/5/-. My co-driver and I watched happily as the delightful digits ticked over.

Naturally, Bea did not carry enough cash with her for the whole trip. So this would necessitate calling in to her bank in Melbourne and also at Broken Hill.

We eventually made Melbourne, and while Griffo's and my cash assets were increasing steadily, Bea's situation was quite the opposite. The bank was there, but it was closed.

"We'll spend the night," said Bea, "and I'll draw some cash in the morning."

After a fast sightseeing run to St. Kilda Beach, we returned to the city bath-house.

It was Bea's suggestion, and it proved to me once and for all that there was no truth to the malicious, slanderous assumption that Bea Miles did not wash.

While she was in the women's section, Griffo and I also took the water treatment in the men's, and debited the charge to expenses en route.

As for the night's accommodation, Bea's plans were already made. "Just take me to the church in Collins Street — they're very good to me there: I can sleep at the top of the steps just by the entrance any time I'm in town," she told us.

We found our way there, and Griffo and I sat in the car and watched her slowly climb the steps to her haven.

"So much for Bea," said Griffo, "Now for us." We gave it a little thought.

As we cruised down-town toward the bright lights we had some ideas of visiting a movie or winning a couple of hearts, but the growing feeling of tiredness became too great. There was no need to think further about accommodation. We were riding around in it. The price was right, too!

I pulled into a quiet part of the outer city limits, under a large protective fig tree, and we called it a day.

Next morning we woke, absolutely frozen, at 8 o'clock. We were half an hour late for our rendezvous with our benefactor. We could see Bea giving us up for lost and disgustingly departing for an unknown destination, leaving us to find our own way back to Sydney, at nothing per mile.

We were wrong. At the church, Bea was almost in tears, thinking that we had abandoned her.

We breakfasted on sandwiches and milk in the nearest park, and Bea paid a visit to the ladies' convenience to catch up on a little laundry.

STRANGE FLAG

It was not until the wheels began rolling toward the unsuspecting teller in her bank that I noticed, with a jolt of embarrassment and amusement combined, just what that little laundry consisted of. Hanging out to dry, on the small triangular front window, for all the wide-eyed world to see, was one large, bilious-colored pair of bloomers.

When I discovered this picturesque postcard scene we were immediately opposite the busy exit of Spencer Street Station. I pleaded with Bea to remove the bloomers, but she flatly refused.

After making the day for many a citizen of Melbourne, we were able to move on a little. I had another idea.

"Listen, Bea, now that you've gone this far, why not go to extremes and complete the job?"

The response was not really as I had expected.

"Turn up here," Bea indicated the direction with a fist waving erratically out by her fluttering flag of femininity. "Wait for me and don't leave me again like you did before."

Her voice, quivering, had the tone of an apprehensive child who had once been lost in a maze at sunset, and was still unsure whether it had really been a stupid mistake or a purposeful oversight.

It wasn't long before she reappeared, having changed into a spanking new dress, ticket still attached, showing the bargain-sale price of 12/6. The only thing that puzzled me was the fact that she had made this budget buy at a chainstore, and I wasn't sure if they had any change-rooms.

If not, where did she change? And what about her bloomers, which we had by now transferred to the back seat? Bea had no false modesty and little regard for etiquette or social hypocrisy. If this set of circumstances suggests to you what it suggested to me, you will understand my ambition to be some place else, any place else, as quickly as possible.

One more short but very important delay, this time at the bank, and we were on our way to Broken Hill.

On this part of our, so far, enjoyable and amusing tour we were to learn the true nature of the best-known and yet least-understood eccentric (and I use the word good-naturedly) in Australia today.

When I asked why she wanted to make

such a remarkable trip as this, she had replied, "What do you mean, 'why'?"

"Haven't you ever wanted to see this wonderful, vast expanse of Australia for yourself?" She really yelled the words at me, with conviction and indignation.

"Well, of course," I admitted. "But I can't afford to just up and go."

"Oh, don't talk damn rubbish! You sound like an uneducated clot. Of course you could! That's if you really wanted to. You could save up like I have to."

The broadening landscape stretched forever in front of Griffo's Holden's bullet-shaped bonnet.

"I dearly love this country," she told us, "and I am not content to just read about it, or let others give me their version or impression of what they have seen. I want to go and see for myself, and you two should make the most of this chance to do likewise."

"Now shut up and drive! Can't you go any faster?" The needle on the speedo was between 65 and 70, and my mind turned back to the conditions Bea had demanded must apply, subject to our contract being sealed, before leaving Sydney.

There were five, and I list them in order:

1. Neither Griffo nor I must make any romantic advances to her.
2. We must take care not to run over or otherwise injure any animal, bird, or insect.
3. We must do any cooking necessary.
4. We must stop and pick up anyone at all, according to her decision, and drive them anywhere according to her directions.
5. There was to be a steadily maintained speed limit of 30 mph.

There goes one condition, I thought, shot to pieces. Let's hope the important ones remain intact. After all, you have to obey instructions if you want to be paid.

I need not have worried. The disclosure that Bea felt so strongly for her country had been a surprise. She had been such a confirmed city dweller. (However, I do recall that she did show a distinct preference for outdoor living by sleeping at times under the stormwater channel at Rushcutters Bay Park, which was very convenient to the city and about as near to nature as one could get.)

LOVE OF COUNTRY

Now Griffo and I were seeing, in many indirect gestures and inspired quotations, just how much Bea really did love all of Australia and how very much she knew about her country. She could give us interesting factual information about any district through which we happened to be "low-flying," and also the names of its plants and animals. And not just the ordinary names but scientific names as well.

On our arrival in Broken Hill, Griffo came to a halt outside a hotel. We were feeling dry and thirsty. In the beer garden we placed Bea at an inconspicuous table and ordered three life-saving liquids.

There weren't many patrons, but it wasn't long before all eyes were turning toward us, and faint flashes of recognition began to show in them.

I wasn't sure at first whether it was recognition of our famous friend, or of the fact that she was still not wearing shoes and her big red-dust-covered feet were protruding ungraciously from under the table.

When, after a meal, we left Broken Hill, I felt like royalty as we waved goodbye to fascinated citizens on the footpaths. Of course, I realised Bea was the attraction,

By
LES DAVIS

but the limelight seemed to be splashing just a little over my inflating ego.

Sixty miles later, however, I was deflated by a sudden doubt and dejection. Bea informed us that she had forgotten to visit the bank.

We were faced with two alternatives. To ensure a continued cash-on-the-hundred-mile-line basis, it would be necessary to return and withdraw enough money for the remaining centuries that lay between us and home, although doing this meant an additional 120 miles.

Despite the prospect of an increase in revenue, Griffio and I were beginning to be anxious to proceed homeward, and we listened to the alternative with a feeling of indecision. After debating for a short while, we took the latter, which was, I feel, the forerunner to the present-day "travel now, pay later" plans.

We travelled now on tick. This was the time when Griffio began to enjoy himself less and seeds of doubt began to grow. This was to be a test indeed of my estimation of Bea Miles.

SUCH IS FAME

I hoped to prove her critics wrong, and for more than one reason. Two — my pride and my profit.

We arrived in the town of Wilcannia, which, as far as I was concerned, consisted of a general-store-cum-milk-bar in the shade of, I think, a jacaranda tree. I didn't bother to ask Bea what kind of tree it was, for I feared that she would surely tell me, and I had had just about enough education so far.

As we made our grand entrance across the wooden boardwalk, Bea stopped and began a conversation with an Aboriginal girl. She would have been about 19, tall and slender. I followed Griffio into the store and breasted the milk-bar.

The proprietor, who was either Italian or Greek, had something on his mind.

"Say, listen, boys, isn't that woman out the front there called Bea something or other? I'm pretty sure I recognised her from years back."

Before we could answer, he excitedly informed us, "Yes, that's her. I remember now, I last saw her in Pitt Street about 16 years ago. She wasn't wearing shoes then, and she's still not wearing them now. Yes, that's her, all right." He smiled. "Bea Miles!"

I ordered a refill. This woman is known everywhere, I thought. I could imagine a trail of local newspaper headlines behind us.

I went to the doorway and beckoned. "Come on, Bea, get yourself a drink and we'll be on our way." She nodded, and resumed the conversation with her attentive friend. From where I was seated I plainly saw Bea's hand enter her dilly-bag (which I don't ever remember her removing from around her shoulders) and withdraw holding a ten-shilling note. This was handed over to the open palm outstretched before her.

Then Bea came in. The proprietor, a pleasant-mannered man, recalled his visual encounter with her so long ago, and Bea apologised that they had not actually met at that time.

"I don't think that would have been possible," said the proprietor, "for when I saw you, you were going past my shop at about 20 miles an hour — clinging to the front of a tram."



BEA MILES giving one of her Shakespeare readings some years ago. She retired to the Little Sisters of the Poor at Randwick, N.S.W., and is the home's best-known resident.

We left him, still smiling broadly, under the shade of that jacaranda tree. On into the monotonous hot land we raced. For now we were in the straight, so to speak.

The farther we went the cooler it got. In imagination I could smell the salty air of the frothy-white coastline.

But not for long. "Stop the car! Stop the car!" Bea almost screamed the words. "Go back. Back to that bridge. I want to see where that fellow is going. Hurry up, damn you!"

Griffio spoke up as we turned. "Gawd strike a light, Bea, he's going the other way — he wouldn't want a lift from us."

"Go back, I say! I'm still paying you, aren't I?"

Griffio and I joined voices in a spontaneous "No, you're not!" But she cut us short. "But, I will, so you've got to do as I say." The last part trailed off into a whimpering plea and I just couldn't resist it.

"Where are you going? Do you want a lift?" she said to a very astonished part-Aboriginal in her finest speaking voice.

"Why, yes, thanks, lady, I do. I'm just goin' home. It's about seven miles down the track." He climbed in the rear and I took off.

His home was about half a mile off the main road, up a winding track that led to a number of humpies and galvanised-iron shanties grouped near a clump of dry and dust-covered trees. Bea held a short conference with him and his family and finally produced another ten-shilling note.

"God bless you, missus, you're a real fine lady. How would you like a drink of plonk?"

Bea declined gracefully. Any time lost was soon made up. Bea dozed occasionally and our destination loomed nearer.

WITH NEW EYES

The next day were back in more appreciated surroundings. There were, at last, green hills and green trees and all around us green grass. There were houses and traffic and now and then a cool breeze.

At Newcastle we shuffled into a milk-bar-coffee-lounge. It was empty and I was grateful, for I don't think we presented a pretty picture after the day's hard travelling.

I had not shaved since we left Sydney, and neither Griffio nor I had bothered to change into our clean shirts as yet. Come to think of it, I don't think we ever did! Anyway, I did not relish the prospect of being seen in public in this condition, and it looked as though I wasn't going to be.

But in no time the three tired, dirty, and hungry travellers were the centre of a good deal of shiny, clean, and well-dressed attention. Bea saw no reason to hurry her

meal. She was used to attention, welcome or otherwise, and it left her totally unaffected.

We pulled off the road for the night a few miles beyond Newcastle, and Bea, as usual, slept beside the car under the stars.

When I awoke, just after dawn, a feeling of well-being swelled inside me. Here I was, only a few more hours away from home, and the prospect of a return to the everyday monotony appealed to me immensely. However, realising that we were indeed on the last stage of the course of Australian inspection, I wanted to drive slowly, and thoroughly absorb the scene.

This was the most pleasant part of the trip. I forgot to worry about the money we were owed and, instead, reached out and collected every sensation and inspiration of beauty and awareness that seemed to be soaking the very atmosphere. This whole experience had had an effect which I realised would possibly last for the rest of my life.

My perceptions had changed. This woman, here alongside me, had shown that some of the important factors for inner serenity lay in her own standards, which included love of country and true consideration for the less fortunate.

In Sydney, near Central Station, Bea reached out and shook my shoulder. "This'll do, Leslie, just in there. I'll see you tomorrow. How much will I owe you? And don't try to rob me. I haven't got much left, you know, till next month," she pleaded.

Out came a pencil and, from the glove-box, the piece of paper with the speedo reading recorded on it, so far back there, 60 miles this side of Broken Hill. Right to the mile, the total liability amounted to £70 exactly. "Right," said Bea. "See you later."

Griffio looked at me with the sad eyes of a cocker spaniel, and I sat and watched silently as barefoot Bea, or rather, our £70, shuffled away, padding the pavement to perhaps a point of no return.

This was a Sunday morning, about 7.30. There was nothing to be done except wait and wonder till the banks opened.

Griffio had all but kissed the money goodbye. I was more hopeful.

At seven next morning, the housekeeper came to the boarding house dining-room and quietly motioned me out into the hall. "Les, there's a—a woman—"

"I know," I grinned, for I'd heard this before, and seen that same expression on my sister's face on Christmas Day.

I went to the door. "Hello, Bea, you're early, aren't you? The banks don't open for three hours. I've got to go to work today, so I'll pick you up in Martin Place at ten." I turned to leave her.

"No you won't. I'm going to come with you now, and then we can go to the bank together."

Bea tried all her usual tricks, the pleading, the moaning and the whining, and even went so far as to threaten not to pay up at all.

Then: "All right, damn you, I'll hire you to drive me around town till the banks open, but under my instructions implicitly." She was almost weeping.

FINAL PAY-OFF

"Bea," I said, "here's the keys. You get in, and I'll be straight out." I gulped down a lukewarm cuppa and joined my impatient client. "On the clock, today," I said, flicking the flag to the number two position, "right up to the doors of the mint."

For the next three hours Bea guided my cab into whatever part of the city she so desired, repeatedly stopping me and demanding that I pick up "that old lady at the bus stop," or "that man there with the walking-stick," and insisting also on delivering free of all charge any prospective passenger that had hailed me. It was certainly an unusual morning.

Most of the people chosen to benefit under the Bea Miles Free Transportation Scheme were either amazed or cautious. Few were willing to realise there was no catch, no gimmick, just a plain gesture of kindness and goodwill.

And fewer still were gracious enough, or well-mannered enough, to even show their gratitude with a plain and simple "thank you."

At 10.22 a.m., however, I was! "Thank you, Bea, thank you." I thanked her twice and I meant it twice, for she had proved herself to me, once and for all, as she carefully counted out £73/10/-, and I confess I felt a little ashamed of ever having doubted her. I thanked her sincerely for that (but she didn't know it) and I thanked her, secondly, for the money itself.

Griffio and I shared an overall profit of £100 clear of expenses, but I really felt we shared so much more than that, more even than we might ever fully comprehend.

The last time I happened to see Bea Miles she was sneaking, or creeping — or stalking might be the best word — through the congestion and tangle of cars, trucks, and buses, silently and surely toward a vacant and inviting cab.

YOUR

1. **Berlei Fancy Free, No. 325.** Low-cut lacy bra with pretty semi-stretch ribbon straps...softly contoured for a soft, rounded shape. In black or white, French lace. A-B, 32-36, \$5.95. Also natural cup style 315, black or white, B-C, 32-36, \$4.95.

2. **Berlei Fancy Free, No. 249.** Designed for new waisted styles. Fine lace and Lycra stretch panels, lightly boned, give smooth, trim shaping to a tiny waist. Gentle fibrefill lifts you high and round. Low cut at front, back and sides...pretty. Stretchy straps and suspenders are detachable. White or black, B-C, 32-36, \$12.50.

3. **Berlei Make Believe, No. 295.** Basic stretch bra that's fully padded—low at back and underarms. And Make Believe converts. To a halter neck. To cross at back. To a low, low back. Or totally backless. Yet it's a basic stretch bra as well! Stretch straps do the trick, comfortably. White, 30-36, \$6.25.

4. **Berlei Convertible, No. 220.** 5 bras for the price of 1. A pretty stretch bra...that converts to a halter, backless, low, low backed, and cross-over back. Black or white, A-C, 32-38, \$4.95. Softly contoured style 221. Black or white, A-C, 32-36, \$5.95.

5. **Berlei Fancy Free, No. 205.** Basic stretch bra in the prettiest nylon lace with French ribbon straps. Low-cut underarms and back are cool and comfy under summer's barer clothes. White, A-C, 32-38, \$3.99.

6. **Berlei Fancy Free, No. 207.** Midline version of a basic stretch bra. In light lace and stretch Lycra, this bra gives gentle midriff control, without bones...low-curving back is ideal under bare holiday dresses. White or black, B-CC, 34-42, \$6.95.

7. **Berlei X-lasy, No. X1121.** Strapless 5-way contour bra in the prettiest nylon, trimmed with soft feminine frill. Wear it as a basic, or strapless. White, A-C, 32-36, \$3.25.

8. **Berlei Fancy Free, No. 225.** Pretty stretch bra with soft fibrefill in the cups to shape you round and pretty. Stretch straps sit wide at shoulders. Sides and back are cut away low...never show under fashions. White, A-C, 32-36, \$5.50.

9. **Berlei Fancy Free, No. 828.** Strapless. With a low, low back, softly contoured cups. Detachable straps convert 5 ways...if you want them. White and black, A-C, 32-36, \$6.00.

10. **Berlei Gothic, No. 991.** Pretty embroidered care-free cotton, with stretch straps and back. Cordtex petals under the bust give a gentle rounded shape. White, A-D, 32-42, from \$4.25.

Main illustration pictured at far right...

11. **Berlei Fancy Free, No. 335.** Pretty French lace bra with both underwiring and fibrefill undercup for added support and uplift. The shape is high and round, soft and pretty. Low back. Semi-stretch, lace-trimmed straps. White or black, A-C, 32-36, \$5.95.



1.



2.



3.



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7.



8.



9.



10.



Berlei

HOLIDAY GUIDE TO BERLEI

Pack your bags...throw in a bikini, a wrap-around dress and a Berlei. Several Berlei's. One for parties, pretty and low-cut and flattering, and a couple of light, cool, comfy knock-about. Now you're set for a swinging holiday.





A delightful duo—Gemey De Luxe Talcum and refreshing Skin Perfume (small).



Gemey's Luxury Christmas gift set—Gemey De Luxe Talcum and Gemey Hand & Body Lotion.



Gemey Christmas gift trio—Gemey Skin Perfume, Gemey De Luxe Talcum and Gemey Parfum Concentree.



The feminine fragrance of Gemey Skin Perfume (two sizes).



Above Left. A precious gift duo—De Luxe Talcum and Parfum Concentree. Above Right. De Luxe Talcum—luxuriously gift-wrapped.



Gifts by Gemey

are the nicest to
give and receive

Keep this advertisement to assist with your selection of Gemey gifts
from your chemist or department store—priced from 75c to \$3.50.



An elegant Christmas duo—the feminine fragrance of Gemey Skin Perfume and Gemey Parfum Concentree.



Above Right. Fragrant, feminine Gemey Talcum—luxuriously gift-wrapped. Above Left. Parfum Gemey—the exotic fragrance, exquisitely gift-packed—two sizes.



An exciting gift duo—Gemey De Luxe Talcum and refreshing Skin Perfume (large).



Luxury gift set—Gemey Hand & Body Lotion, Gemey Skin Perfume and Gemey De Luxe Talcum—an exciting trio.



A most appealing duo—Gemey Skin Perfume and Gemey Hand & Body Lotion.

DRIED FLOWERS

And leaves and grasses, too. Here's how to dry them all for year-round displays

DRYING flowers is an art. It doesn't take much in the way of materials, but it does take patience, as the materials are fragile. But the finished effect is worth your trouble, for dried flowers and leaves have surprisingly rich colors that blend with contemporary or traditional furnishings.

Shining copper containers, natural earthenware or earthy-colored ceramic pots and mugs, brass jars, dark green glass bottles

all tone well with dried arrangements. But take care when arranging them that your dried flowers and leaves never get wet.

Basic equipment for drying the raw materials is simple—an airy cupboard or dry garden shed, bucket, some glycerine, tissue-paper and newspaper, and a large box or two.

Overleaf is a list of suitable flowers and leaves and instructions for drying them. Cut out along dotted line and keep for reference.

Kangaroo paws, honesty, pussy tails, eucalyptus, teasels, kurrajong, strelitzia, protea, drumsticks, knobbly rush, dryandra, banksia, native pear, golden everlasting daisy are all used in this attractive dried arrangement by Mrs. Rita Langstaff, Woollahra, N.S.W.

Continued over the page





GLYCERINING

SUITABLE MATERIALS

Leaves of many varieties (Oak, Beech, Chestnut — most deciduous foliage).

Larkspur
Laurel
Eucalyptus
Montbretia
Gladioli
Castor-oil Plant
Ivy
Ferns
Hypericum leaves
Magnolia
Camellia
Dogwood
Mountain Ash
Whitebeam
Heathers
Privet berries
Cotoneaster berries
Pyracantha berries
Holly (pick well before birds get berries)
Old Man's Beard (wild clematis)
Figwort seedheads
Rose hips
Spindle berries.

METHOD

Gather material while in its prime. Scrape and split stems of tough plants and crush with a hammer. Make up the following solution: 1 part glycerine to 2 parts boiling water (to dissolve glycerine). Stir well, then place stems in jars of solution for about two to three weeks. If there is a time lapse between gathering material and preserving, give plants a drink of water before glycerining. If plants refuse to take glycerine, remove and replace with fresh material.

Leaf coloring depends on the time of year the leaves are picked. It is possible to get varying hues by gathering over a number of weeks—but don't wait until autumn coloring has set in or the sap in the leaves will have fallen too low to take the glycerine.

STORAGE

Bunches wrapped in tissue paper and stored in ventilated boxes will last several years.

NOTES

Berries should be painted with clear picture varnish after glycerine treatment. They will not last as long as leaves and flowers.

Ornamental flax, pampas grass, and bush reeds in an arrangement by Mrs. Norman Kirby in her home at Molong, N.S.W.

WATER DRYING

SUITABLE MATERIALS

Hydrangea
Marigold
Love Lies Bleeding
Bells of Ireland
Acanthus
Aspidistra leaves
Achillea
Many flowering shrubs are worth experimenting with.

METHOD

Cut the flowers while in their prime. Crush stems and plunge them into a bucket of water. Leave in bucket for several weeks until they have absorbed all the water (do not



add extra water during this time). Hang upside down in bunches — they will dry out naturally and retain color.

STORAGE

When thoroughly dry hang (heads down) in small bunches wrapped in tissue or newspaper in a dry shed or airing cupboard. Be very careful to keep them in a dry place, dampness is the enemy of all dried flowers.

NOTES

Hydrangeas should, if possible, be cut on a mixture of old and new wood. Do experiment with various species of flowers and shrubs, as many take well to water drying.

AIR DRYING

SUITABLE MATERIALS

Achillea
Honesty
Love-in-a-Mist
Lavender
Chinese Lanterns
Delphinium
Snapdragon
Helichrysums
Sea Holly, Globe Thistle, Teasel
Fennel (seedheads)
Lupins
Golden Rod, Statice
Gaillardia
Poppy
Iris, Gladioli
Hollyhock, Foxglove
Candytuft
Grasses (Quaking Grass, etc.)
Yarrow
Hemlock, Cow Parsley
Rushes (Reeds, Bulrush)
Dock (seedheads)
Sorrel (seedheads)
Corn, Wheat, Oats, Barley.

METHOD

Gather on warm, dry day. Defoliate completely and tie in small bunches.

STORAGE

Hang (heads down) in small bunches wrapped in tissue or newspaper in a dry garden



shed, airing cupboard, or attic. When dry, store in ventilated boxes. Keep very dry, as damp will cause flowers to mildew.

NOTES

All materials should be gathered while in their prime (preferably during dry weather) and treated as soon as possible.



Dried aspidistra, banksia, acanthus, and pampas grass arranged by Mrs. Nora Price, of Mosman, Sydney, a member of The Flower Club of N.S.W.

VEGETABLES

All can be preserved by Air Drying method: artichoke heads; leek heads (when in seed); onion seed heads; chive flowers; sweet-corn cobs.

SKELETONISING

SUITABLE MATERIALS

Leaves of:
Magnolia
Laurel
Rhododendron
Chestnut
Bay
Cherry
Viburnum.

METHOD

Soak leaves in warm water and household bleach (1 tablespoon bleach to each pint of



water) for 48 hours. Loose flesh should then strip off easily. Rinse leaves in fresh cold water and place flat on newspaper to dry.

STORAGE

Store carefully between sheets of newspaper under carpet until required. Then very carefully wire on stalks and use in an arrangement.

NOTES

Choose only perfect leaves. Any blemishes will be magnified when the leaf is skeletonised.

IRONING

SUITABLE MATERIALS

Bracken
Ferns
Montbretia leaves
Raspberry foliage
Pansy
Nicotina flowers
Maple leaves
Liquidambar leaves.

METHOD

Place between sheets of blotting paper and iron gently with a cool iron, taking care not to crease foliage.

STORAGE

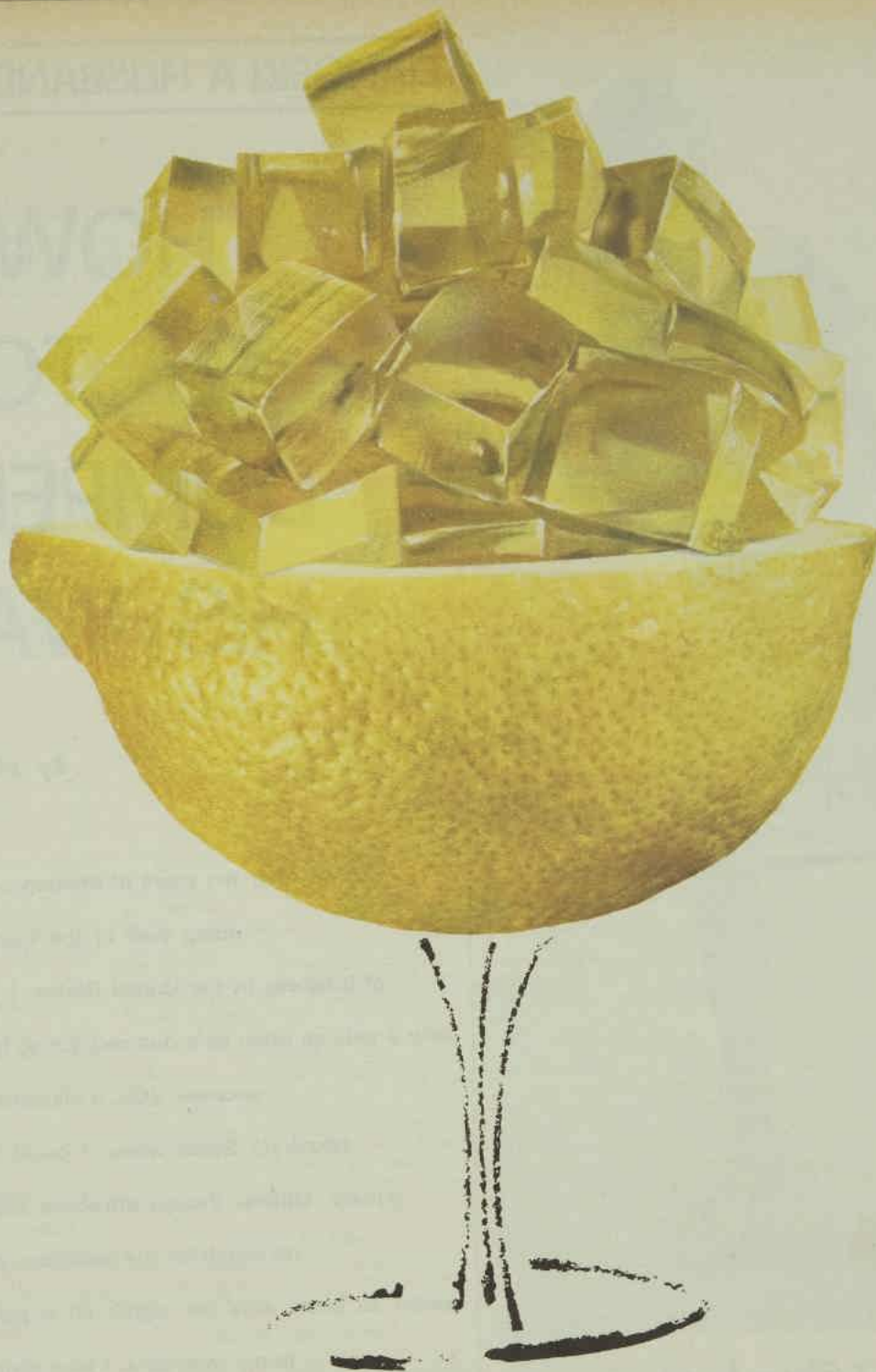
Store very flat between sheets of newspaper. Make sure that the delicate leaves of plants like ferns don't get crumpled as you lay them down for storage.

NOTES

Must be gathered on a dry day in prime condition. This is important, as only by following this rule will you get really good results.



CUT ALONG THIS LINE



New! Cottee's Jellies with fresh fruit taste

Your favourite jellies now have a delicious new fresh fruit taste.
You'll notice the difference right away.

Make up a Cottee's Lemon Jelly and enjoy the fresh new tangy taste.
Then try Strawberry, Raspberry, Orange or any of Cottee's nine delicious new jellies—all with fresh fruit taste.

For a family treat, try ice cream as a cool topper for new Cottee's Jellies.
And what could be a better match for Cottee's fresh fruit taste than fruit itself, fresh or canned?

You can even make a jelly fruit salad—combine two or three new Cottee's fresh fruit flavours in a bowl. (Imagine the fun if you use all nine!)

For other new and exciting recipe ideas for jelly desserts look for the Cottee's Jelly display at your food store.





Sandals your feet are Mad about- by Scholl.

Feet feel fitter in them. Legs look livelier.

Your step gets springier. So go get yourself a pair of Scholl exercise sandals.

Go get yourself the young look. Everybody's doing it!

Adorably mad? Madly practical? Both! It's all in that clever, exclusive Scholl toe-grip.

Tones and braces your muscles. From toe to thigh. Strengthens your arches.

Makes you walk better. Can even slim legs.

And Scholl exercise sandals don't just do you good. They're incredibly cool and comfortable.

Flat or raised heels. Different colours. And they last like crazy!

Scholl

Every step a step to beauty

Exercise Sandals

At chemists, stores, and Scholl shops

SAP. 5

DANGER! A HUSBAND STARTS TO

HOW NOT TO GET DUMPED ON HIS WAY UP

By **MARIAN TREMPER**

● After ten years of marriage, and with my husband doing well in the highly competitive world of business in the United States, I began wondering just why a wife so often gets dumped during her husband's climb to success. (Oh, it happens everywhere, in every country!) Some wives, I could see, were simply too dowdy. Others, though attractive and bright, too, proved no match for the ambitious younger woman, who, smart as paint, sets her sights on a particular married man.

In my own case, I was slimmer, prettier, funnier, a better dancer, and a better cook than when I married.

But I began to wonder: What if an equally slim, pretty, funny 19-year-old suddenly trips into my man's life? When I'm ten years older?

The thought was shattering. So I started to find out why wives get dumped and how not to get dumped myself. I questioned psychiatrists, a marriage guidance expert, hairdressers, a gynaecologist, a wolf, and many dumped and about-to-be-dumped wives. What I learned is in this article.

Getting a man isn't quite the same thing as holding him

FIRST, you must pull your ostrich head out of the sand and see reality. The man-on-the-way-up is growing. His needs are changing. His mind is expanding. **AND:** His values may alter.

And, most alarming of all, he grows more attractive every year.

It's outrageous how a man who was a perfectly ordinary, everyday sort at 25 can become quite exciting, virile, and attractive at 30, even more fascinating at 35, positively irresistible at 40.

My own husband, the beautiful boulder, was a not-terribly-extraordinary, gangling 24-year-old beatnik when we met.

Today, he has the confidence of success, vast new poise, a cuniking tailor, the best barber in town (his "do" costs more than mine). He is a polished veteran in bed.

And a certain amount of power and money do not exactly detract from his overall appeal.

In an earlier, more conservative era, family and social pressures kept couples together. But divorce today has become a terribly casual ceremony in human lives. Hedonism rules.

Your husband may find it easier to dump you than to persuade you out of your rut.

Of course, he is still "sort of fond of you" — that uncomfortable old shoe — but life-on-the-way-up demands a wife who's growing with him.

"It's the woman who has got to make the adjustment," insists my neighbor Carla, the trim and realistic wife of a fast-rising young insurance salesman.

"I nursed half a dozen friends through this scene," she said. "And they were not fat frumps. They were chic, aware women, and I told them: 'He doesn't have to give in an inch. You do. What he adored in you ten years ago isn't enough for him now.'"

Some women, like Carla, thrive and grow on his success. But others flounder and retreat.

Watch for the warnings

How can a wife recognise and head off those first tentative movements designed to dump her?

This, possibly, is how:

Men are not notoriously subtle. They throw out all sorts of clues.

Your man changes his tastes (his barber, his tailor). He criticises harshly and then, suddenly, not at all (he has given you up as a bad job).

He's restless, sheepish, embarrassed, more absent than present, more forgiving than you deserve. He's suddenly more friendly than usual with the children. And the house depresses him. He avoids all his old friends. Learn to recognise the signs.

Talk

An enemy identified is less formidable than an enemy you refuse to admit is there. Make him talk about what he's finding wrong with you — force him to be truthful. Don't waste too much time defending yourself. Even his most outrageous complaints have a legitimacy if he feels they really matter.

What to do?

But knowing all this is no good unless you take positive action. How far should you go? (I'll tell you in a minute.)

Know your man

Surely you know his flaws, his weaknesses. Now is the time to be particularly loving and pretend to him that the flaws and weaknesses are not there. Is he a morning person . . . but you function best after noon? Don't throw a crisis at him in his semi-functioning hours.

Know yourself

Face the mirror. Full lighting, please.

Is it really "just five pounds extra weight since the honeymoon" or more like 15? Are you as amusing and as with-it as you like to think? How many times did you fall back on discussing the brilliance of your children at last weekend's party?

He says he doesn't want you to work, but does he mean it?

Sometimes you have to ignore his narrow vision. A paying job for you might wipe out a dozen problems.

For instance, that is one way the house will be less grubby (you can afford and justify help); the bills less pressing (more cash on hand); your mind more alert (it has to be!); and you'll look better (vintage dresses and old-fashioned spike heels won't do on the job scene).

Take a harder look

You sense you are about to be dumped. What can you do? Back to the mirror.

A wife's appearance is the one thing most men complain about first, according to many husbands I talked to.

"Monica never leaves herself enough time to dress before a party," one young lawyer said. "She always looks half-tossed together."

"Jeannie is too young for grey hair," a dentist friend confided. "I feel she is letting herself go grey deliberately so I'll know how hard she works and how she suffers."

Others said: "Myra has fantastic legs — why doesn't she wear the new shorter skirts?" "My wife says she can't afford to buy clothes that will be out of style tomorrow, but she spends a fortune on stuff for the kids."

What to do? Here are the first rules:

1. Diet. As the fabulous best-dressed Mrs. Babe Paley, wife of CBS Board Chairman William S. Paley, says, "A woman can never be too thin or too rich." Diet you can do something about.

2. Look chic even when you're walking the dog.

3. It's not necessary to tell him how much effort you're making. So don't walk around with your facial mask and rollers. And don't tell him how much your new contemporary face has cost. Just do up the new face and let friends tell him you look good.

4. Sure, he was crazy about your bubble-top head in 1962, but this is 1968. Get a great new hairstyle.

5. If you haven't time and money for an hour a day at the hairdresser's (and who in the world has?), buy a fall and some wiglets. And false eyelashes come in thicknesses ranging from "theatrical" to "discreet."

Own everything and keep it all hidden; men just can't bear to see pieces of you scattered around the room.

"I keep thinking she'll unscrew her arm next," one over-sensitive engineer confided.

But don't be without these things. The girl you may get dumped for has them.

6. Love may be blind, but it's not deaf. Have you listened to yourself screech lately? Borrow a tape-recorder and hear how you sound.

7. Love can also smell. Perfume should be a ritual. Scented soap scattered through your wardrobe drawers will reinforce the sweet smell of you.

8. Never pull yourself together with safety-pins.

9. Stop procrastinating about hemlines, hoping they'll drop next season. Some undumpables have taken hems up four times.

Don't misjudge the situation

Perhaps your husband has made a fool of himself all evening over a bra-less nineteen-year-old in a clingy mini dancing the horse.

It's possible he is not saying to you: Mia, cut your hair, dispense with your underwear, hike your skirt nine inches above your knees.

Don't interpret his clues too literally. Perhaps he is really saying: Vitality excites me. Dedication fascinates me. The style of contemporary dress is amusing, sexy, pleasantly shocking, adaptable. Health, poise, femininity turn me on.

Certainly nothing is more pathetic than the threatened wife who tries to do everything in the image of a girl her husband seems to hunger after. But she can do a lot to improve herself.

You can't be 19 any longer if you're 29 — or 29 if you're 39 — but you don't have to move as if you're 70. Even 39 can be trim

and vital. It just takes more effort (less, if you start soon enough).

Special Hint: Diet on weekdays when he's less apt to notice. Exercise, but out of sight.

Stay young

Youth is power. Being young is not only looking and moving young, it's thinking young. Do you have a contemporary head? Are you frozen into values and prejudices of another decade? Are you suffering from hardening of the outlook? Are you too boringly predictable? You might:

1. Go back to school.

2. Join a club.

3. Do what you've always wanted to — whatever it is — now.

4. Read all the latest, newest, fashionable books and magazines. Know what you're talking about.

5. Become an expert in some area he doesn't have time to pursue — wine, music, fine furniture. Then let him borrow your expertise when he wants the knowledge.

His ego must be fed always and always—don't forget

1. Stop reminding him that you helped him through his university course. And he doesn't need you to tell him how fat he was, or how naive.

2. Most of all — forget his past foolishness in public. It's rather endearing for a woman to have been silly, but a man is too easily humiliated by your remembering.

3. Never hesitate to recall his past triumphs. "You were fantastic on the football field."

4. "What are you thinking?" he asks. You were thinking something sulky. Lie.

5. Never say: "That joke was funnier the last three times you told it."

6. He comes first. He likes white meat. He gets white meat. He likes to read the front section of the paper. You read the back.

7. He's complaining about the boss. You think the boss has a point. Forget it. Support your husband. Whose side are you on?

8. Be jealous. But not consumed with jealousy.

9. Don't lunch only with "the girls." Lunch with an old admirer or with a new one.

An affair?

Has he succumbed on a lonely night out of town? Is it a full-fledged affair he's involved in?

Try to move slowly . . . don't jump to conclusions. Perhaps you can accept a need in him for infidelity — a need you have always regarded as unacceptable.

Or is he sending out a cry for help?

Resist blackmail and revenge. Which is more important? Scoring a point or not getting dumped?

Play the "status" game

Your ego must come second.

The "status" game he suddenly finds vital may seem like a lot of superficial garbage to you. But the man-on-the-way-up often has no choice.

1. So he dressed like a slob at 22. Now he doesn't dare walk into a boardroom unkempt. Don't tease him. Help him. Make sure his suits are pressed. Sew on buttons. Pair his socks.

2. Maybe he was mad for you in those prehistoric dirndls during your junior year abroad. Now he wants you to wear a genuine Pucci dress (not a \$29 imitation). Labels are silly, but do humor him.

3. Don't keep clinging to the old neighborhood. You may have to move house, or

Continued on page 89

MUCH MUCH MORE THAN A MUSICAL!

The world-famous story...the great international stage triumph... now a brilliant motion picture that opens up a new era in screen entertainment!



COLUMBIA PICTURES presents
The ROMULUS PRODUCTION of
LIONEL BART'S

OLIVER!

Songs, Glorious Songs

"Food, Glorious Food" • "Oliver!"
"You've Got To Pick A Pocket Or Two"
"Where Is Love?"
"Consider Yourself" • "Who Will Buy?"
"As Long As He Needs Me"
...and much, much, more!

starring RON MOODY as "Fagin" OLIVER REED as "Bill Sikes" HARRY SECOMBE as "Mr Bumble" and SHANI WALLIS as "Nancy"

with "Oliver" played by MARK LESTER "The Artful Dodger" played by JACK WILD Book, Music and Lyrics by LIONEL BART
Freely Adapted From Charles Dickens "Oliver Twist" Musical Supervision and Arrangement by JOHN GREEN Choreography and Musical Sequences staged by ONNA WHITE

Production Designed by JOHN BOX Photography by OSWALD MORRIS Screenplay by VERNON HARRIS

Produced by JOHN WOOLF Directed by CAROL REED PANAVISION® TECHNICOLOR®

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GREAT FAMILY HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT

SYDNEY	MELBOURNE	ADELAIDE	BRISBANE	PERTH	HOBART	LAUNCESTON
LYCEUM	ODEON	Sturt	GEORGE	Windsor	ODEON	MAJESTIC
DEC 5	DEC 6	DEC 13	DEC 10	DEC 13	DEC 27	JAN 3

COMPACT

An odd tree grows in Kenya

A DISPLAY of 27 Christmas trees from all over the world opened at Farmer's Blaxland Galleries, Sydney, this week, and can be seen there until December 18.

The display, which has been organised by the Black and White Committee of the Royal Blind Society of New South Wales, was flown in by Qantas.

Blaxland Galleries will be open to the public each day from 9.30 a.m. to 5 p.m.

All proceeds go to the Royal Blind Society of New South Wales.

The tree (in the display) at right is a Kenyan one.

It is made out of dried banana-tree fibre wrapped around a frame of wire and newspaper.

The tree represents the thorn (or "fever") tree of Africa, which is a common sight on the horizon there.

The miniature animal is of the same material.



IN THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY ... 25 YEARS AGO

● DECEMBER 11, 1943: About 17,000 girls had enlisted in the Australian Women's Army Service (AWAS). They were serving as operators of range-finders and as signal-women, stenographers, clerks, mess orderlies, etc. . . . Bing Crosby answered his old rival, Bob Hope, in an article specially written for the Women's Weekly . . . Jinx Falkenburg was a Hollywood studio's most popular starlet—and she was a hostess at the Hollywood Canteen, meeting servicemen . . . A stocking manufacturer explained the shortage of silk stockings by pointing out that silk was used for parachutes. In an ad, an airman said: "Forgive me, lady—I threw your stockings to the commandos" . . . Our "excellent" current film reviewed was "Ox-Bow Incident," a Western, starring Henry Fonda, Dana Andrews, Mary Beth Hughes.

GIFT FROM JENNY FUND

★ Dr. Paul Vincent (seated), a clinical haematologist at Sydney Hospital, examines the microscope presented recently by the trustees of The Jenny Trust Fund for Leukaemia Research. Behind him are (from left) Dr. F. W. Gunz, Director of Medical Research, Kanematsu Memorial Institute of

Sydney Hospital, who received the instrument; Mr. W. J. Mashman, Jenny's father-in-law; Mr. L. A. Landahl, Jenny's father, and the founder of the Trust; and Professor R. J. Walsh, Department of Human Genetics, University of New South Wales, who made the presentation.

The Jenny Trust Fund was founded by Mr. Landahl in memory of his daughter, who died two years ago from leukaemia.



● Merle Bailey

CHECKS DIDN'T BOUNCE

■ "Clear the machines . . . press the motor bar . . . all clear . . . ready . . ." A lone voice gave out the instructions. There was tension in the air.

It sounded rather like a count-down. But it was, more correctly, a count-UP.

For we were at the finals of the All-Australia Checker of the Year Quest for 1968, at the Southern Cross Hotel in Melbourne.

Between 1200 and 1500 checkout operators in supermarkets and self-service stores throughout Australia had entered the contest.

They had gone through preliminary judging, answering questions ("What would you do if you saw someone shoplifting?"), and being judged on good appearance, good speech, manner, personality . . .

Now this was the final speed and accuracy test for the six State finalists. There were three runs, with about 40 grocery items to be listed each time in about as many seconds.

● So nimble

The machines clacked incessantly as the girls' fingers flew nimbly over the keys, while at the same time pushing the groceries away with their left hands. A perpetual motion.

The winner was 19-year-old Queensland champion Miss Merle Bailey, of East Chelmer.

This was the second time she had entered the contest. The first year she had been unplaced.

Merle won prizes to the value of \$1500, including a trip for two to Singapore.

A checkout operator for the past five years, she started work in a grocery store part-time while still at school.

Second was Mrs. Suzanne Plant, of Victoria, who was last year's winner. She won prizes valued at \$750, including a holiday for two in New Zealand.

rapid relief of mouth ulcers



with 'SM-33'

mouth ulcers 'SM-33' provides rapid relief from pain of mouth ulcers, under-denture ulcers and inflamed gums. It inhibits germs in the mouth safely, soothingly and swiftly. 'SM-33' promotes quick healing of the sore areas or tender gums after extractions.

baby teething 'SM-33' is indispensable during the teething period. It soothes pain and heals gums quickly. Safe and simple to apply.

use 'SM-33' the family preparation for treatment of mouth ulcers, sore gums and teething troubles.



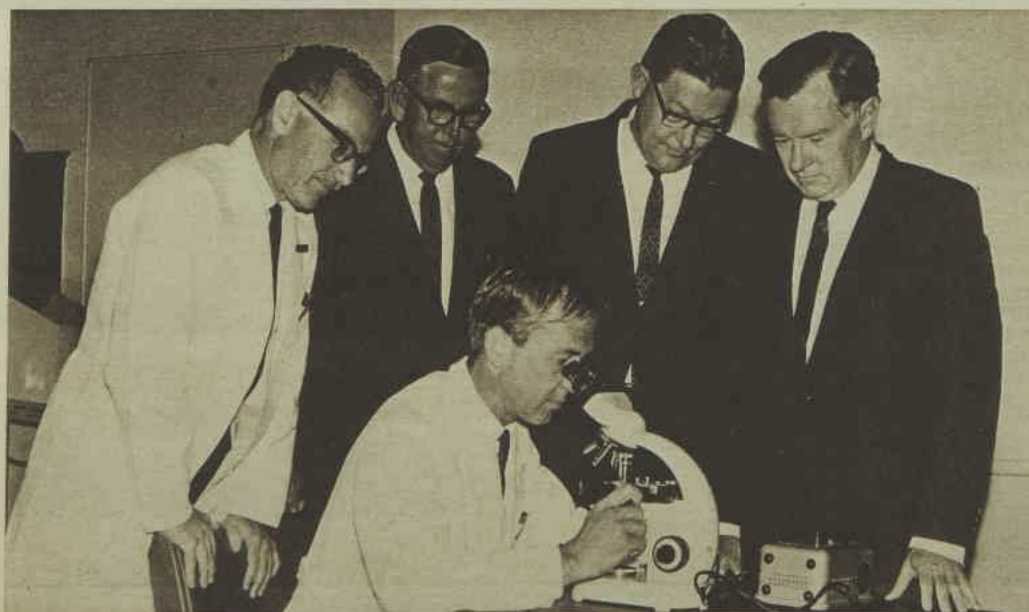
A NICHOLAS PRODUCT FROM CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

Don't let your dog suffer with SUMMER ECZEMA



clear this unsightly condition within one week with . . .

VETPHARMA
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SKIN LOTION
From your chemist only
VETPHARMA PRODUCTS
461 Victoria Rd. Glendora, N.S.W.



add a little
sunshine...



A sunshine kind of Christmas

PINEAPPLE FRUIT CUP

1 15-oz can
pineapple juice

Juice of 2 oranges and 1 lemon
1 family size lemonade

Pour pineapple, orange, lemon juice into a big jug, and add lemonade and cubes of ice.

GLAZED HAM WITH PINEAPPLE

1 cooked leg ham—about
10-12 lb
1 can 15-oz pineapple
slices

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar
1 teaspoon dry mustard
whole cloves
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon white pepper

Score ham with knife. Combine brown sugar, mustard and pepper and rub into ham. Decorate with cloves. Place in large baking dish; place pineapple slices with liquid around ham.

Glaze in hot oven, basting with liquid for about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Serve cold with pineapple slices.

COLD CHRISTMAS PUDDING

2 cups milk
2 heaped tablespoons
cocoa
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
2 level tablespoons gelatine
dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
1 teaspoon vanilla

1 15-oz can crushed
pineapple—drained
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dates, cut small
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped raisins
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sultanas
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped almonds
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped cherries

Place milk, cocoa, sugar and dissolved gelatine into a saucepan. Heat over low fire—do not boil—until sugar and gelatine are well blended in. Mix in rest of ingredients. Place in prepared mould and refrigerate until set. Turn out, decorate with glacé cherries and sprig of holly. Serve with whipped cream. Serves 8.

Other exciting Christmas recipes in the new Golden Circle recipe leaflet...at your store.



Sundrenched Golden Circle... tropical sunshine in a can

and Crushed Pineapple, Pineapple Juice.



By KAY MELAUN

NEW YORK LETTER

THE rag trade here are always saying things like "Fashion is doing your own thing—a search for identity." Is it the same at home?

Will it be nice or dull when everybody finds themselves and they turn out NOT to be gypsies or pirate kings or fake Hiawathas or phony bearded seers from India? Dull, I suppose.

... Teenage point of view: Two 16-year-old school-boys were thumbs-down on the entertainer's choice of a rich silver-thread material in a stage gown.

"That's the sort of material people can afford only if they're rich. To be that rich, they have to be old. She should wear something a young audience can relate to."

How to be a good loser

THE party to celebrate Pakistan's hockey gold medal couldn't help but be fun, with the entire team in green Olympic blazers and grey caracul caps, and grins as wide as Lahore. Even without the 18 joyful athletes headed (literally) by 6ft. 4in. Lieutenant-Colonel Atif, there were two men to every woman.

The party was at Pakistani House, formerly one of New York's grand private residences, complete with

marble hall and wrought-iron balustrade curving up to the reception-room. I've always been one for a touch of crimson plush on a banister.

New Yorker George McGann, of our office, known here as the dean of the sporting foreign Press, took me along to keep Australia's end up.

Pakistan Ambassador Agha Hialy and UN representative Agha Shahi gave us a big welcome. "A-ha," said Mr. Shahi, "Pakistan won from Australia."

"On the contrary," said George. "Australia lost to Pakistan."

Between the happy speeches, I had a when-I-was-in-Moscow chat with Tass newsagency's Alex Poroshkin. Then the crowd thinned, and George and I felt we'd smiled enough to show that Australians were good losers.

We left the hockey team celebrating. They'd formed a ring round two of their number who were dancing in the centre — one of them playing the female dancer with an outsize kitchen colander on his head.

Enlarging a bungalow

COLUMNIST Suzy says in the "Daily News" that

Billy Baldwin, of the New York decorators Baldwin and Martin Inc., spent three days on Skorpios at Jackie Onassis' summons. It wasn't to do over the yacht or make plans for diddling-up Jackie's Fifth Avenue apartment, but to consult on plans for the big living-room the Onassis couple are building on their three-bedroom bungalow on Skorpios.

Baldwin did most of the decorating for Jackie's house in Washington before John Kennedy became President. He also decorates for Mrs. Bunny Mellon, her best friend.

Suzy doesn't quote Baldwin, but he's evidently her source for the information that Jackie doesn't call her husband Telly, after all, as everyone was saying. She calls him Ari.

Flowing cape at Horse Show

THE newsman at the next desk in the Press box at Madison Square Garden was right when he greeted me with: "The Aussies will provide some competition tonight." I wrote off the remark to courtesy, and was all the more thrilled to see Kevin Bacon, of Dungog, N.S.W., take the International Jumping trophy — especially from such international celebrity competition as Steinkraus, of the U.S.A., and Pessoa, of Brazil.

Traditionally, the New York social season opens with the first night of the Horse Show.

There were no jet-setters around, but plenty of old, entrenched money, conservatively dressed, the men in tails and topers. One man even had a satin-lined evening cape. It was olde-worlde enough to make a Hip green with envy. The young man in dinner jacket with black ribbon Mozart bow tying back his longish brown hair *did* seem to turn a trifle green as the cape swung by.

After a party

THIS man was clever, witty, nice. We got on like a house afire. He quite made the party for me.

Next day one of the women who'd been there reproached me for not telephoning him. "Do call him," she urged. "It would make him feel so secure if you did."

Logical Manhattan

DO New York addresses puzzle you? — 229 West 43rd Street, 1 East 59th Street. Here's the answer:

Manhattan is an island shaped very roughly like a Christmas stocking. The avenues run from south (the toe of the stocking) to north. The house numbers on the avenues start in the south.

The streets run east to west. These streets have numbers starting from First down the toe to Hundred-and-Something at the top.

Fifth Avenue divides the streets into East and West. For instance, 229 West 43rd Street, is 229 house numbers away from Fifth Avenue on the west side of the avenue; 1 East 59th Street is the first building next to Fifth Avenue on the east side of it.

East is fashionable, West isn't, although with the housing shortage so acute, West is starting to get some fine apartments, too.

Telephone accessories

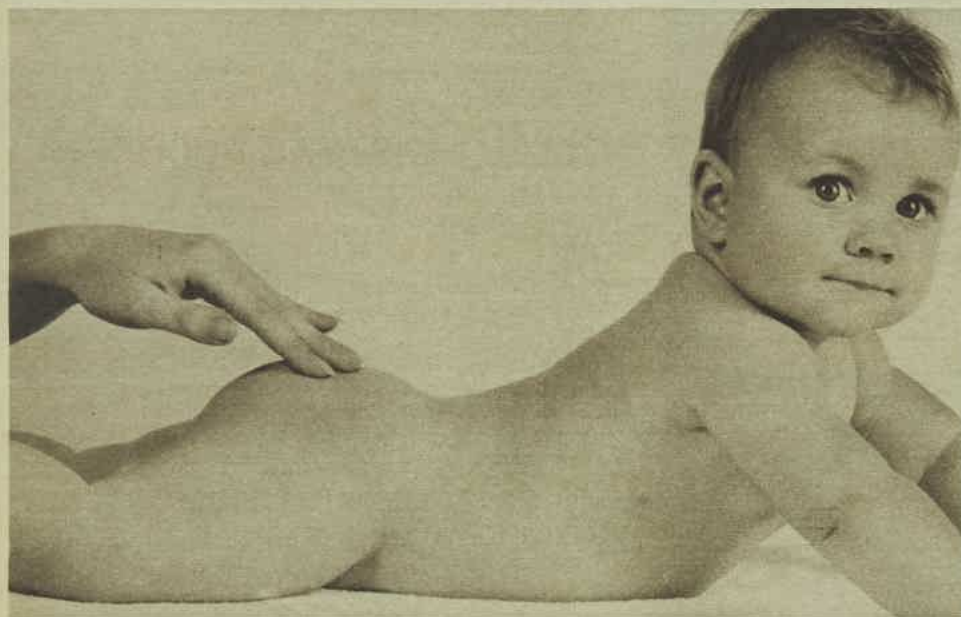
THE telephone in my flat is a handset, small and pink and plastic, like a toy telephone. It is 8in. long and 4½in. high, almost weightless. The cord is so long you can walk all over the place talking — just like the people in the movies.

It has two features I wish the PMG would adopt for Australia.

One is that when you lift the receiver, the dial lights.

The other is the little switch under the set. If you don't want any calls, you just flick the switch and go off the air.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 11, 1968



No nappy rash with Vaseline Petroleum Jelly!

Try this test and see how it waterproofs skin. And how powder doesn't!



Rub Vaseline Petroleum Jelly generously over the palm of your hand.



Wipe off with a napkin.



Pour on water. See how it runs off, leaving your skin perfectly dry.

Now, with baby powder, do the same test on your other hand. Feel the moisture going right through to your palm. You've just proved that Vaseline Petroleum Jelly keeps irritating wetness out better than powder, because it waterproofs skin. Use Vaseline Petroleum Jelly at every nappy change. You'll have a happier baby.



Cyclax speaks the fragrant language of Christmas giving.



Top Row

- Nuit d'Or: an exotic, worldly fragrance for the sophisticated woman.**
1. Presentation Trio—Bath Cubes, Bath Powder and Eau de Parfum \$6.95
 2. Skin Perfume \$2.15
 3. Hand and Body Lotion \$1.75
 4. Bath Soap \$1.15

Centre Row

- Santalwood: a heady, spicy fragrance for the modern girl.**
5. Hand and Body Lotion and Bath Powder \$3.20
 6. Sandalwood Bath Powder and Hand Soap \$2.30
 7. Skin Perfume \$1.50

- Gay Chiffon: a hearts-and-flowers-fragrance for the romantic.**
8. Skin Perfume \$1.65

- Bottom Row**
- Joie de Vivre: for the woman who loves every beautiful thing in this world.**
9. Deluxe Basket—Extrait Parfum, Hand and Body Lotion, Bath Powder and Hand Soap \$9.95
 10. Skin Perfume and Bath Powder \$3.80
 11. Eau de Parfum \$3.25

At Selected Stores and Pharmacies throughout Australia.

Cyclax



JUST TAKE A

When Mrs. Jeffreys drove her family across the Nullarbor Plain, they were warned against dust. Instead they met seas of mud, stretches of water, and were bogged repeatedly. "But we really had a wonderful time," she says.

WHEN first I mentioned to friends in Perth that I intended to join my husband in Brisbane by driving overland with the children, I gathered the impression that they considered me either crazy or irresponsible.

Eventually, when they realised I was determined, they softened their ridicule somewhat and cast around for ways to make what they considered an impossible journey possible.

I planned the trip to take in a few days in my home town, Melbourne, to provide a happy break before continuing the next leg of the journey.

We left Perth, my three sons, our siamese cat, and I, on a glorious morning.

If we all, except for Ming, were excited by the challenge ahead, we were also more than a little sad that this might be our last look at a place that had become inexpressibly dear to us in only four brief years. Perth appeared more beautiful than ever. The massive Swan River, spreadeagled in its efforts to enfold the city, shimmered and rippled in the pearly pre-dawn.

That first day out we had perfect roads and delightful scenery. We lunched shortly after passing through Coolgardie, and our high spirits seemed to communicate themselves to the cat, who was excited and playful. Our only concern, all that first lovely day, was for Ming — and how he would react to such a big adventure.

A credit to us

As it happened, right through the trip Ming was the soul of discretion and a credit to us. He spent most of his waking hours either perched on the back of the driver's seat (he firmly believed in keeping an eye on things) or curled up snugly with my youngest son.

He ate well and slept well — was rarely worried, except when we thrust him, regardless, out on the roadside, hoping for "the best." He would show his disdain of our crude methods by jumping straight back into the car. If toilet troubles came his way, he would let us know when he was ready.

That evening we stopped soon after passing Norseman and barbecued chops for tea. We had travelled 455 miles, but none of us felt tired. We decided to go on. There's a fine motel at Balledonia, possibly the last of the good ones, and we

certainly appreciated all its luxurious comfort.

At four the next morning we were on the road again. It wasn't very long before we realised the true meaning of those two words, "unmade roads." We winced as each nasty little stone spat at our shiny duco.

The night before I had worried about kangaroos, and, believe me, the road signs advising care while in "kangaroo areas" are not there for fun. Now there were dead kangas to the right of us and dead kangas to the left of us, but, for all that, I'm sure I preferred the worry of the animals to those sneaky stones.

Road impossible

We were filling the petrol tank at a place named Cocklebidy when two weary, mudcaked cars pulled in from the opposite direction. In the way of all travellers on the Never-never stretch, the Drivers, mud-stained, dirty, and dishevelled, called a cheery "hullo" as they braked.

We asked where they had come from—I felt they must surely have been working out on a property where animals had been bogged in a dam. Certainly I was far from prepared when they told us we couldn't possibly get through beyond Eucla. "The road is impossible," they said.

"Turn back, and put your car on the train at Kalgoorlie—it'll be three days at least before they get that road in any sort of condition."

We learnt that three inches of rain had fallen in less than three hours, and it was still raining solidly and steadily. The highway had become a swamp, then a creek.

I drove away from that service station and pulled off the road to discuss the situation with my team. If we returned to Kalgoorlie it would be too late to catch the last train for the week. Admittedly, we would be in plenty of time for the next, but if all other east-bound motorists turned back, too, there'd be little guarantee we would get car space on it. On the other hand, we had lots of blankets and cushions, plenty of water, and generous boot space for foodstuffs.

We decided to go on until the "going on" became impossible; then we would settle down and await the drying-out.

We reached Madura for a very, very late lunch. Cold rain and a chilling wind made conditions miserable. All available accommodation had been booked, but most travellers we spoke to were

THIS IS A HOME

Castle or cottage, it is at the centre of most of our lives. The visible sign of family. And the strength of our way of life requires the continuation of 'family' more than any other single thing. So the home must be dressed in the best. Not necessarily the most expensive. But the best. Especially in fabrics. And a good example is sheets. The finest are Bradmill.

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CAR, THREE BOYS, AND A SIAMESE CAT

as anxious as we were to get as far as possible before dark.

One driver, accompanied by his wife and four preschool daughters, intended reaching Melbourne in the shortest possible time. It was really something to see that little car pulling with all its might the most heavily loaded trailer I have ever seen. We passed him, or he passed us, several times during that afternoon and the following day.

He would go through vast stretches of water with a courage and dash the rest of us would not dare to emulate, and the tenacious trailer followed, swinging crazily, almost overturning, but always coming through.

The trip from Madura was hard and exhausting. We had walked out through the stretches of water to gauge the depth before taking the car through, and we were all wet and uncomfortable. Eucla was to be our Utopia, our place of dreams-come-true, overflowing with milk and honey, hot baths, and soft beds.

So much for the stuff that dreams are made of; the motel at Eucla was not equipped to cope with such numbers, the rooms were booked out, and no one thought to mention the hot bath bit. The petrol tank refilled, the oil replenished, the tyres checked, we moved on.

Nowadays when people say of some place they have not known, "But that's the edge of nowhere," I think Eucla must be the place they mean. On that cold, bleak afternoon I felt at one with the Bronte sisters — such desolation and loneliness was like Wuthering Heights.

Now the patches between sheets of water were fewer and the water deeper. Shortly after leaving Eucla we were held up trying to help the occupants of a bogged car, driven into the water with a recklessness which just did not pay off. The driver was one of the unforgettable characters of our trip.

Wedding cake

He was a huge man, six feet five or six, and built to scale. He laughed and joked his way through all the little calamities, and his strength matched his size (which made him an invaluable ally). His wife and her sister, travelling with him, called him Tiny.

They were on their way to Canberra to their daughter's wedding — Mrs. Tiny had, with much flattery, coercion, and general skulduggery, persuaded him to make the trip. She lived in constant fear that at any time he would turn that car about and return home. Packed in the back of their utility was the pride of her life, the wedding cake.

When, eventually, we got him out of that bog, we all settled to discussing the best means of going on. Repairmen, over a period, have made quite a decent track alongside the telegraph poles and we decided to try this.

I made my way across the

undergrowth and found what seemed a near-perfect track. Within seconds I changed my mind as the back wheels spun hopelessly in deep, clinging mud.

The boys hurried back to warn Tiny and Mrs. Tiny that the way was impossible and we needed help. But Tiny was bogged again — deeply and disastrously. There was little we could do but wait for the transport drivers who had followed us out of Eucla.

During the wait, our car was freed from its muddy prison and we made our way back to the road, grimly determined not to have anything more to do with little side-tracks. It was cold — and getting colder. A wind, of gale force at times, swept across the plains.

The transports arrived, and the crews got to work helping to drag Tiny's car out. With chains and their own inimitable experience, those boys made short work of the

TRAVELLER'S TALE

by L. V. JEFFREYS

job. Unfortunately, we were now following two very heavy transports, and they were churning that mud up far better than my beater whips the cream.

We stayed right in the middle of the road, and, before we drove into each patch of water, son number two would wade through and test the depth, weaving a little to find the position of big holes. Afterward, it seemed to Roger that he walked across far more of the Nullarbor than he was driven.

This method, naturally, made slow going, and Tiny was an impatient man. We went a number of miles without incident, but he couldn't afford the snail-like pace, so he went on ahead.

It was getting dark and we were tired. It was too cold to get a fire going for a meal, and, anyway, we had hot soup, coffee, and cocoa in flasks with us. At the next settlement we would stop for the night.

Seconds later, in the dusky half-light, we saw a windmill in the middle of the road. Coming closer, we found it was Tiny, standing on the roof of his utility and waving his gigantic arms frantically, to stop us from entering the water that surrounded him.

We stopped at the edge of the flooded area and waded out to the hapless car. He was well and truly stuck this time — almost nose-deep. But the rear end was well up, making Mrs. Tiny hopeful for the wedding cake's chances.

That was the finish for Tiny — he was prepared now to go slowly until we were out of all sections under water. We had laughed before at each other's discomfort, at this stage things were almost hilarious.

We reached Koonalda, had

the petrol tanks filled, and found out that there was no accommodation available. This did not worry us, but the Tinsys were not prepared for such an emergency and were aghast at the thought of sleeping in the car. I can't say I blamed them — three grown people trying to rest in the cabin of a utility would be bad enough at any time, but when one of them is a veritable giant it is impossible.

At four the next morning we were on our way. The car was covered in thick reddish-yellow mud.

Valuable hints

I was thankful now for all the little hints and tips that had come our way before we left Perth. Admittedly, we did not need the one about sealing the car doors because of the dust, but the ones about building up the floor of the back seat with pillows and blankets, and the ones on foodstuffs, vacuum-flask drinks, and driving know-how proved invaluable.

However, the one I liked and remembered best of all was, "Whatever you do, don't lose your sense of humor."

Looking back, we really had a wonderful time and I'll go along with anyone who admires the Aussie's capacity to laugh most when he's in a tight corner.

One such reason for laughter was at "Nullarbor" homestead that morning when we all got out to breathe deeply of the fresh morning air and eat breakfast. Tiny appeared on the



MUD like whipped cream . . . a survey car going over the route for the London-Sydney Marathon recently struck this mud on the Nullarbor Plain.

scene with a vivid blue-and-black blanket wrapped around to ward off the cold; he had a feather (borrowed, I presume, from the wandering homestead fowls) standing in his hair and looked for all the world like a huge and ancient Indian chief.

A little Mini pulled in. We had seen it a couple of times before. The driver was alone except for his huge and pampered dog, who enjoyed all the comforts of home during his travel.

My boys had been very interested when they saw



MRS. JEFFREYS and two of her sons, Roger and David (front), with Ming, at home in Brisbane. Another son, Richard, travelled with them.

behind. Two lads in a fairly old car joined us and were a great help when troubles like wet points came our way.

The day was brighter, but the roads were no better; the day before we had done only 30 miles in four hours.

Tiny's was the lead car now, but he was no longer such an impetuous driver. However, he still plunged into the water in top gear and before he was halfway through would be stopped by water in the distributor.

Won't forget them

At lunch-time we had travelled another 30 miles, but the sun was shining and we were able to cook sausages and chops on a huge and warming fire.

Tiny — poor, impatient Tiny, so anxious to get to the church on time — made up his mind to try to race through the remainder of the unsealed road.

We never saw him and his wife again, but we will never forget them. One rare memory is the sight of Tiny wading back to help when the young lads' old bomb struck trouble, with his arms full of salt-bush, singing at the top of his fine baritone voice, "I bring thee red, red roses."

We drove all through that day and through the night, reaching Adelaide at perhaps its busiest hour. After travelling so long without traffic

problems (as well as sleep) the early morning confusion of a big, busy city is terrifying.

At midday, after a good sleep and a satisfying meal, we were on the road again. Melbourne was our next port of call, and our anxiety to be there was understandable. Baths, fresh clothing, sleep, and food had made us ready to tackle anything.

Just after midnight we were in Melbourne, tired but triumphant. We had enjoyed every minute of our journey. The challenge had been accepted and met!

When the time came to move onward again, we seemed to have lost our spirit of adventure. The pleasure we had found on the first part of the journey was missing now.

The good roads, fine motels, magnificent scenery, the sleek, shiny cars, each in itself a separate and complete world, all seemed far removed from the hazards as well as the hilarity of the Nullarbor trail. The drive to Brisbane was uneventful and tiring.

My impressions of this last leg of the trip lacked the richness and the qualities of the memories gained by driving across the plains — above all, the discovery that, come what may, when the chips are down the Australian sense of camaraderie has never even slightly diminished. So take that long drive yourself, and you'll find out — and you'll never forget.



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**This Christmas we're out to light up faces
—before we light up legs.**

TO TIP, OR NOT TO TIP?

IT was suggested by "Scorpio" that tipping is unnecessary and undemocratic. I disagree strongly. Tipping is a compliment to the employee. Look at their side of it: if you were in their position you would be pleased to receive a tip, wouldn't you? I see nothing at all wrong with it.

\$2 to Fay Harrison, Wodonga, Vic.

★ ★ ★

THE practice of tipping will continue just as long as people keep on tipping. It just wouldn't occur to me to do so—not because I'm mean but because I'm in the habit of simply paying the price asked, whether at the hairdresser's or the grocer's. If people go out of their way to be helpful, I thank them warmly or, if the occasion warrants it, later give them a small present. But I would not insult them with the offer of money. Extra favors in accordance with the size of tips would be a form of bribery.

\$2 to Mrs. K. Fritz, Bundaberg, Qld.

★ ★ ★

TO realise just how different service can be, it is necessary to have worked at one of the places mentioned: hotel, restaurant, or hairdresser's. One person is sloppy, uninterested, and couldn't care less how they serve the customer. Another is helpful, cheerful, and does his or her best. Surely the latter deserves a tip—to show he or she is appreciated. However, not all customers bring forth the best in those who serve them. There is as big a difference in customers as there is in waitresses, etc.

\$2 to "One of Them" (name supplied), Salisbury, Qld.

★ ★ ★

I BELIEVE that tipping is something we could well do without in our society. On principal I never tip, and if I do happen to have "some loose change left over" I keep it and put it into a charity box, where it will do more good.

\$2 to Mrs. A. N. Davis, Lindisfarne, Tas.

Flying object

A RECENT letter made reference to the mention of "unidentified flying objects" in the Bible. This reminded me that quite a stir was caused in our suburb about 35 years ago, when a strange flying "star" was sighted at night as it darted about and then swooped earthward. The explanation came days later—some enterprising youngsters had managed to attach a lighted lamp to their kite. My one and only sighting of a UFO.

\$2 to "Starry Eyed" (name supplied), West Bundaberg, Qld.



LETTER BOX

● We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Where's the wildlife?

I WAS happy to hear of Lady Casey speaking in defence of our unique and fast-disappearing wildlife. I have just travelled overland as far north as Cooktown, back to Cairns, and across to Alice Springs and Ayers Rock, up to Darwin, down again to Katharine, then across to Broome, with various detours to places of interest. I saw 20 live kangaroos, and about that number dead on the roads, 21 donkeys, three camels (being used by Aborigines), and about 21 emus. Yet all these are said to be in pest proportions. Southern tourists also expressed disappointment at the absence of wildlife.

\$2 to Mrs. T. J. Wilson, Nambour, Qld.

Careless smokers

WHEN the tragedy of bushfire is with us again, I would like to make a point. Why is it that on days of total fire ban, when you cannot light a fire in the open, you are permitted to smoke in the open? People who smoke in the open are lighting fires all over the country.

\$2 to Mrs. Jan Bostok, Murwillumbah, N.S.W.

As a child saw it

OUR younger son, aged almost six, has a vivid imagination. One day we were travelling in the country, when he pointed to a tree which had been ringbarked, and started to laugh. "Look," he said, "that tree's got a gap between its shirt and pants."

\$2 to Mrs. Edith Jamieson, Altona, Vic.

Who has the other shoe?

WHAT makes people throw away just one shoe? Quite often I notice one shoe or slipper lying beside the road—often it's quite good. We even found one on our nature-strip, perfectly sound, but without a lace. Can anyone explain it? I always wonder what's happened to the other one.

\$2 to M.H. (name supplied), Parkville, Vic.

Driver's-eye view

WHEN driving, it is about three times out of ten that one receives a smile of thanks for giving way to a pedestrian. My children and I are delighted when we experience this everyday courtesy, and show our appreciation accordingly. But most of the pedestrians for whom I stop walk on with averted noses, like supercilious camels.

\$2 to "Driver-Pedestrian" (name supplied), Hazelwood Park, S.A.

Ross Campbell
writes...

DEADLY LETTERS

I sometimes hear people complain that letters take too long to arrive.

My complaint is a different one—that many of them are not worth getting.

The mails have deteriorated sadly, there is no doubt about it.

I can remember when letters were very interesting.

As a child I used to think the postman wrote them himself.

Susie and William Jenkins, in our street, are under the same impression. They rush out to the postman and ask, "Will you bring me one tomorrow?"

Later on, I discovered that letters could be fraught with romance.

I waited eagerly for them. They

were handwritten on colored paper and sometimes scented. I don't think I ever received one with SWALK on the back, but some people did.

There were stiff letters with invitation cards inside them, too. I opened them quickly to see if I had been asked to Maisie Whitsit's party—at which the alluring Nora Whosis was a likely guest.

Nobody sent me bills in those days. I didn't have credit anywhere. This was inconvenient at times, but



it had one advantage: I did not fear the postman's whistle.

It is a different story now.

Nearly all my letters are addressed in print, often in those horrible envelopes with windows. They are never scented; I have given up sniffing them.

Poor Jackie!

● American gossip columns report clashes between the servants of the former Jackie Kennedy and her husband, Aristotle Onassis. The newspaper "Women's Wear Daily" criticised Jackie for returning to New York in "the same old grey flannel outfit."



All the uncouthed anonymous lasses
Bound for the office in trains and in buses,
Reading their papers and smoothing their dresses,
Harried by bundies and budgets and bosses,
Talk of the troubles of Mrs. Onassis,
Lit by the limelight from toes to her tresses,
Fretted by servants and critics and fusses,
Counting her gains and regretting her losses.
"See how such money so often harasses,"
"There's always a minus as well as the pluses,"
"The rich and the poor all carry their crosses,"
Thus they assert, and none ever confesses,
How in their hearts, those anonymous lasses
Envy the troubles of Mrs. Onassis!

— Dorothy Drain

Dining-room decor

IN the course of a motoring holiday, my husband and I and another couple peeped into a hotel dining-room on the way to our rooms. We were amazed to see a bicycle. (The dining-room!) I suggested they had a super-service, speeded up by the use of waiters on bicycles. Another opinion was that distance made these essential if guests were to get a hot meal. My husband ended any further discussion with his comment, "Probably guests receive Meals on Wheels."

\$2 to Mrs. V. J. Melhop, Christchurch, N.Z.

Lotteries for education?

SPECIAL lotteries are conducted to raise funds for Sydney's Opera House. Now that education is of such vital importance, special lotteries could be periodically conducted to raise funds for education. These would be known as "Dollars for Scholars."

\$2 to "Roma" (name supplied), Kempsey, N.S.W.

UNWANTED HAIR GONE IN TWO MINUTES

Here's the smoothest, daintiest, easiest way to remove surplus hair. Just spread fragrant Neelo cream on with your fingertips. A few minutes later, wipe it off, and the hair goes too. Nothing could be easier. Neelo simply creams hair away, leaving your skin soft and smooth. No tell-tale shaving stubble. And gentle thorough Neelo penetrates the hair follicle, slows hair growth and brings you long-lasting skin smoothness. At your chemist.

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Today, whether the skin is dry, oily or normal, women of all ages have an easy way to keep their complexions youthfully smooth and pretty. Simply nourish the skin with a film of tropical moist oil of Ulan before applying make-up to prevent wrinkle-dryness and tiny lines and to provide a perfect, matt finish for your make-up throughout the day. Each night, complement this skin-nourishing routine by again smoothing Ulan oil over the complexion after final cleansing.

... Margaret Merrill

Painful Hemorrhoids

It strikes 7 out of every 10 people in all walks of life. Yet many otherwise intelligent people know little of its dangers. Piles (hemorrhoids) are aggravated by many factors—including over-exertion and unsuitable diet.

Neglect—and reliance on superficial relief—invites serious medical consequences. Eight years' Swiss research developed Varemoid Tablets—now regarded by overseas specialists as a leading adjunct in the treatment of piles. Improvement was recorded with patients many of whom had suffered for a number of years. A week's course can convince you. Ask your family chemist for Varemoid.

★ Simple and dignified treatment.
★ Two tablets with meals.

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The oral treatment for HEMORRHOIDS

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The Australian Women's Weekly Fashion News

● In this special section we bring you a hand-picked collection of cool summer fashions for hot, humid days and nights, together with a round-up of fashions being worn by people all round the world.

WHERE TO BUY

The summer fashions shown on this page are available at the shops mentioned.

● SYDNEY: Katies Fashion Stores, Pitt Street, Roselands, Parramatta, Bankstown, Wollongong.

● BRISBANE: Katies—Vogue, 148 Queen Street, and suburbs.

● ADELAIDE: Katies Frock Salon, 154 Rundle Street, and suburbs.

● PERTH: Sorel Frock Salon, Hay Street.



Above: Tailored, slightly A-line style in green striped crimplene accented with a white collar. Black bow at neckline is not part of the dress. In range of colors. XXSSW-SW. About \$9.99.

At left: Feminine dress in sunshine-yellow polyester is tucked on the bodice, has a waisted ribbon belt and bow. The fabric is washable. In range of colors. XXSSW-SW. About \$21.99.



COOL and CASUAL

Fresh-out-of-the-box look in cool cotton gingham. The wraparound style, at left, has cotton lace edging and drawstring waist-tie. \$12. Shirtlike dress, at right, with white pique collar and cuffs. \$11.25. Both XSSW-SW. (David Jones', Young Idea Shop, 2nd Floor.)

● FASHIONS
IN THE
SHOPS

PATTERNS BY JACKIE'S FAVORITE DESIGNER

HOW TO ORDER

Patterns are obtainable from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. The patterns are also available in leading stores throughout Australia and New Zealand.



● Here, for make-it-yourself enthusiasts, are three designs by Jackie Onassis' favorite couturier, Italian-born Valentino. Valentino designed Jackie's wedding dress and much of her trousseau. His design skill and color sense have put Valentino right up top. This summer he is having a white period, next autumn it's going to be black all the way. Valentino's flair in fashion has roped in many of the jet set's most elegant women, headed by world trend-setter Jackie.

— BETTY KEEP



1971.—Tunic dress, above, is one of fashion's newest trends. Design has contrast binds and cuffed kimono sleeves. Sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31½, 32½, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. 1971 Vogue Couturier design by Valentino of Italy. The price \$1.65 includes postage.

1978.—Typical Jackie dress is the semi-fit A-line one-piece, at left. The design has a standing collar and front buttoning. Size 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31½, 32½, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. 1978 Vogue Couturier design by Valentino of Italy. The price \$1.65 includes postage.

1970. — Shapely little-nothing dress, at right. This design was established in world fashion by Jackie. Dress has yoke extending into sleeves. Sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31½, 32½, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. 1970 Vogue Couturier design by Valentino of Italy. The price \$1.65 includes postage.



FRESH and CAREFREE

FOR SUNNY DAYS



At left: True fashion look in sleeveless style of white ottoman with unusual neckline plunge. A high-waisted welted band tops two large flap pockets, each with button trim. The dress is fully lined, hand-finished. XSSW-SSW. \$38. (Grace Bros., Showcase Depts., Bondi and Chatswood.)



At left: Crisp white gabardine dress with navy stitching and deep V-neckline by Norma Tullo. In black and white also. 10-16. \$24. (Farmer's, Tullo Shop, 2nd Floor.)

At right: Two cool little waisted dresses in fashion-pitched colors. Daisy-printed voile, at left, in red/white, navy/white, has rows of gathered lace at hem. Check linen-look dress with slim A-line skirt, at right, and contrast trim is in bone, pink, mustard, navy with white. Both 7-13. \$14. (David Jones', Young Idea Shop, 2nd Floor.)



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 11, 1968

● FASHIONS IN
THE SHOPS



Above: Broad-belted summer dress in dacron sheer is lavishly trimmed with lace for a very feminine effect. In navy, pink, black, aqua with white. 10-16. \$24. (Available at Farmer's, Party Shop, 2nd floor.)



Above: The sleek wraparound dress is one of this season's success fashions. The sleeveless version, above, in black with white spots and contrast trim, has tandem pockets at one side and rounds at the hemline. In size range. \$14.50. (Available at Sportsgirl, 77 Castlereagh Street.)



Above: Stunning combination of black and white in a cool, attractive dress of dacron batiste bound with white and with a huge pussycat bow at the neckline. In navy/white, brown/white also. 12-16. \$15. (David Jones', Budget Dresses, 2nd Floor.)



At left: Covered-up look in a swinging little dress of trical surah printed in shades of burgundy, gold, olive, and navy with tortoiseshell button closing on left shoulder. By Kenneth Pirrie. 10-16. \$16. (Available at Farmer's Young Sydney Shop.)

For yourself.
Or someone else
who would like
beautiful hair.

Breck for Christmas.



Breck. Quite unlike any other shampoo. With shining, natural beauty in every drop.

FASHIONS IN THE SHOPS

STRIPED AND PLAIN



Above: Cutaway, cool-as-a-cucumber shift in white cotton pique is banded with three rows of red ribbon caught in a bow under the bust. XXSSW-SW. \$8. (Big W Peek-a-Boutique, Liverpool, Bankstown Square, Chatswood, Warrawong.)

At right: Striking in red-white-and-navy striped cotton, this casual evening dress with crossover neckline and Empire bow is by Trent. In size range. \$19. (David Jones' Evening Wear, 2nd Floor.)



Above: High-waisted cotton pique sun-shift has a half-belt at the back caught at sides with a white button. In navy/white, red/white. XXSSW-SW. \$8. (Big W Peek-a-Boutique, Liverpool, Bankstown Square, Chatswood, Warrawong.)



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It's a fine silken mist, with a delicate bouquet that will leave you feeling clean and fresh through the day.

If we can get you to do that, we know you'll want to try our Skin Perfumes, Hand Lotion, Deodorant, Soap and Hair Spray.

All in the same delicate Driftwood fragrance.

Available from selected Chemists and Department Stores. Talc 99c Talc De Luxe \$1.25



DRESS SENSE

● The cool, sleeveless one-piece at right is my design choice for a northern reader. The design is made from 2½yds. of 36in. fabric. It is chosen for hot-weather wear.

HERE is part of the reader's letter, with my reply:

"I wondered if red is a suitable color to wear during hot weather. I bought 2½yds. of red linen

and now have second thoughts.

The dress is for a rather special occasion and I will be needing a really good pattern in size 34in. bust."

Red worn with white accessories is a very smart color two-

some in summer fashion. In fact, red is more popular this season than it has been for years.

To wear it during hot weather you will need a cool design. The one I have chosen, at right, is ideal. The pattern is one of our Vogue Couturier designs by Italian master tailor Fabiani.

By BETTY KEEP

The dress is semi-fitted, slightly A-line, low waisted, and has cut-away armholes. The white-button trim would be best matched to the accessories — gloves, hat, handbag, and shoes.

How-to-order instructions are underneath the picture.

A second style query came from down south. The reader asked for a maternity pattern suitable for 2½yds. of 36in. lime and ¼yd. of contrast.

Here is my reply:

Illustrated on page 69 is the design you inquired about.



1948.—One-piece dress in sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31½, 32½, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue Couturier pattern 1948. Price \$1.45 includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

The dress has front tucks coming from under the detachable collar and short, set-in sleeves. The pattern also includes the same design with wrist-length sleeves. If you wish to order, lines beneath the picture give details.

"What would be the best way to cut a bodice finished with a soft cowl neckline?"

Cut the front of the bodice on the bias of the material so that soft folds are formed in front.

"I'm a working mother and haven't much money to spend on clothes in general.

My present problem is casual clothes to wear during my weekends off.

Could you suggest some economical and attractive ideas? I am 24 years of age and take 32in. bust size."

T-shirts worn with a skirt or pants, with belts and scarves added, can be worked up into an attractive casual wardrobe. This idea is not too demanding on the budget.

"I have a tailored two-piece made in beige rayon linen. Could I have a suggestion for smart colors to combine for the accessories?"

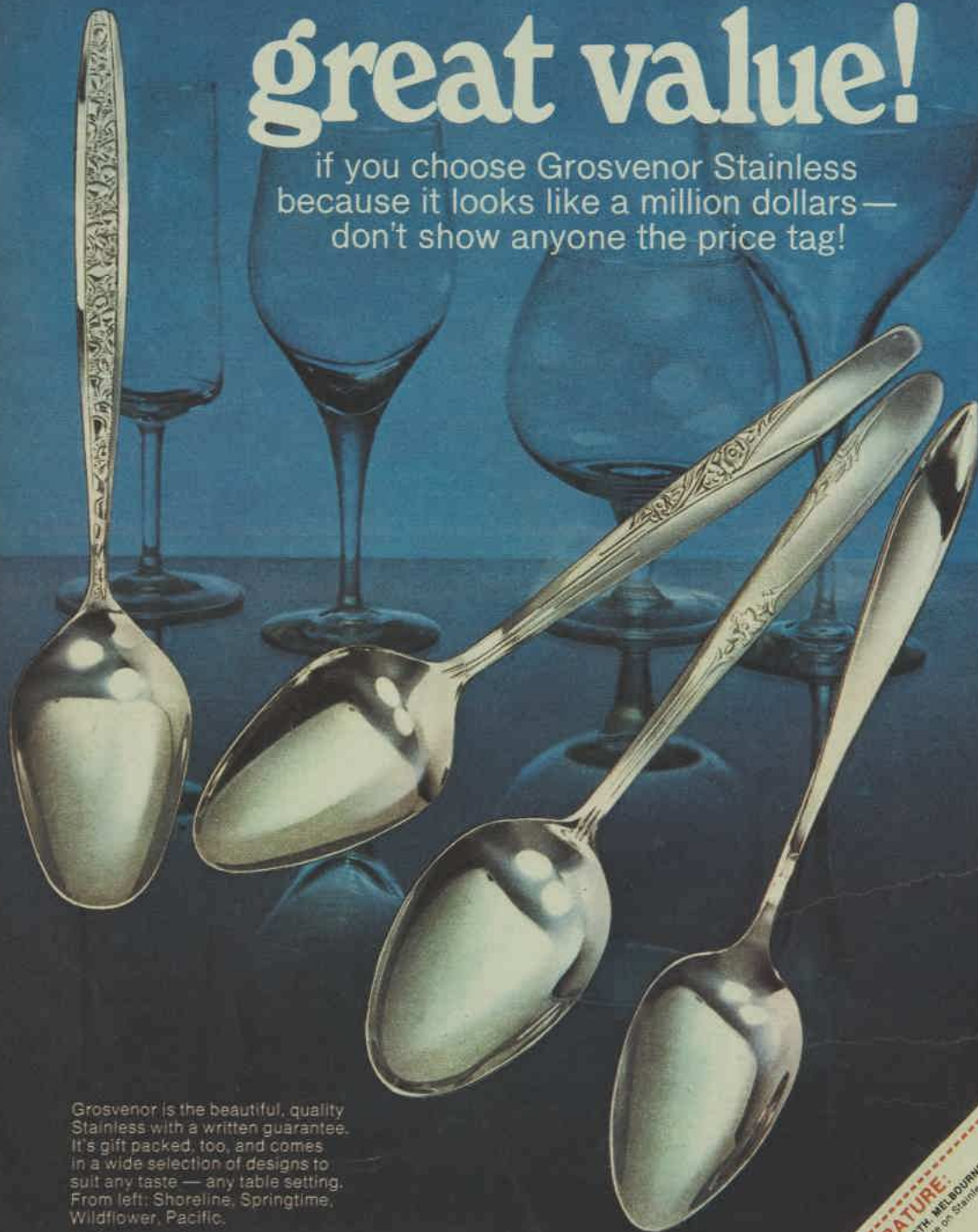
My choice would be brown patterned stockings worn with brown buckled shoes. Add a brown shoulder-strap bag, beige gloves, and a colored scarf.

Continued on page 69

GROSVENOR GIFT IDEAS

great value!

if you choose Grosvenor Stainless because it looks like a million dollars — don't show anyone the price tag!



Grosvenor is the beautiful, quality Stainless with a written guarantee. It's gift packed, too, and comes in a wide selection of designs to suit any taste — any table setting. From left: Shoreline, Springtime, Wildflower, Pacific.

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 NAME _____
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meet the challenger

a newcomer needs a strong advantage.

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1. a fast beat heart

2. the richest range of automatics in the world

Now available in Australia—the most advanced range of automatic watches in the world. Watches with a ball bearing rotor that wears in—instead of an axle that wears out. And a new “Fast Beat” heart.

If you make balance wheels beat faster than they do in normal watches, you achieve increased accuracy, and that's just what we've done. So the Eterna-Matic Fast Beat Collection is remarkably accurate—even the tiniest ladies' watch in the range.

Eterna-Matic 1000: a range which includes the super waterproof *KonTiki* group—rugged, dependable, sporty watches. Also available as a ladies' watch.

Eterna-Matic Centenaire: slim, elegant, with unusually well designed dials.

Eterna-Matic 3000: ultra-thin—the ultimate in automatic watches. Range also includes the *Sevenday*, today's thinnest day and date calendar watch.

Eterna-Matic Sahida extra flat. A magnificent ladies' watch in 18ct. solid gold with bracelet, 36 diamonds set around the face.

The Fast Beat Collection of automatic watches is remarkably comprehensive. Eterna-Matic men's models priced from \$75.00; ladies' from \$100.00. Also in the Fast Beat Collection, Eterna manual watches... men's from \$55.00; ladies' from \$68.00.



Above from left:
Eterna-Matic 1000,
Eterna-Matic Centenaire,
and Eterna-Matic 3000
Left: Eterna-Matic Sahida



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Grenchen, Switzerland

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Box 818 GPO, Melbourne.
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For the OLDER WOMAN

Below: Elegant hot-weather dress in fashionable moygashel features a broad sash and buckle. In red, white, and fully lined, the dress is hand-finished. XSSW-SSW. \$44. (Grace Bros. Showcase Depts., Bondi, Chatswood.)

At right: To appear in smoothly crisp white linen trouser-suit with well-tailored, long, slim pants and the longer-line jacket that flatters the figure. 10-16. \$44. (Farmer's, Sportswear Dept., 2nd Floor.)



This is Super Biodorant.
We created it for people
who perspire a lot.

It works.



Helena Rubinstein's Super Biodorant is a super anti-perspirant. It helps check super perspiration. From over-worry, over-work, over anything. (Proved effective in 105-degree heat.) Super Biodorant is also a super deodorant. It keeps you sweet. And confident. All day. Super Biodorant is for people who need extra protection. It works.

Helena Rubinstein



At left: See-through culotte in white (or coffee) lace, with zip-front, Nehru collar, to wear with a body stocking, leotards, or bikini. XSSW-SSW. \$20. (Big W Peek-a-Boutique, Chatswood, Liverpool, Bankstown Square, Warrawong, Dec. 11.)

Above, left: Bare-shoulder bra-frock comes in a wide range of textured cottons and silky surahs. This version of the popular bra-frock is well designed and comfortable. Sizes XSSW-W. \$6.99. (All Big W Department Stores and Woolworths Apparel Stores.)



coat is semi-fitted and has turned-back revers and a collar. Each garment is made from two main pattern pieces. If you wish to order, please quote Butterick pattern 4584. Price 90c includes postage.

"I have a blue crepe late-day frock made with a draped bodice and plain skirt. Could you advise me about correct costume jewellery to complement the design?"

Wear pearl stud earrings only. The line of the bodice will be best unadorned.

"Could you suggest some shades to flatter an older woman who has blue eyes, white hair, and a rather florid complexion?"

White, dark grey, and all shades of blue and beige are flattering colors to the type of woman you describe.

"I have been invited to a function at 8 p.m. Would it be correct to wear a long or short dress?"

For a formal function at the hour you mention it is usual to

wear a floor-length evening dress. However, it would be a good idea to consult your hostess. For some occasions, such as a party at home, the hostess and guests might choose to wear short-skirted cocktail dresses.

"During the coming year, my job will include a lot of interstate travel. For this kind of travel, what sort of fashion would be best?"

My choice would be a dress and matching jacket or a suit worn with a shirtblouse.

"My problem is I am rather short and very thin. Would a floor-length coat be suitable for me to wear? If so, please suggest the correct type of design."

Actually a floor-length garment will give you height. My style choice would be a double-breasted Empire-line design.

"Could you please tell me what type of fur 'coney' is?"

Rabbit pelts are called coney when they are shorn and dyed. Or they can be patterned to resemble other furs.

4801. — One-piece maternity dress in sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31½, 32½, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 4801, the price 80c includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"I have just bought a length of fabric that has the appearance of open-work crochet. Would this style of fabric be suitable for a day frock?"

Yes, it would. Open-work effects in fabrics are very much in fashion right now. This type of fabric is best made in a simple design. In Europe, open-work fabrics are not lined and are worn over body stockings.

"What type of bridal headdress should I wear with an Empire-line wedding dress made with a long tulle train? I am just 19 years of age and have dark shoulder-length hair."

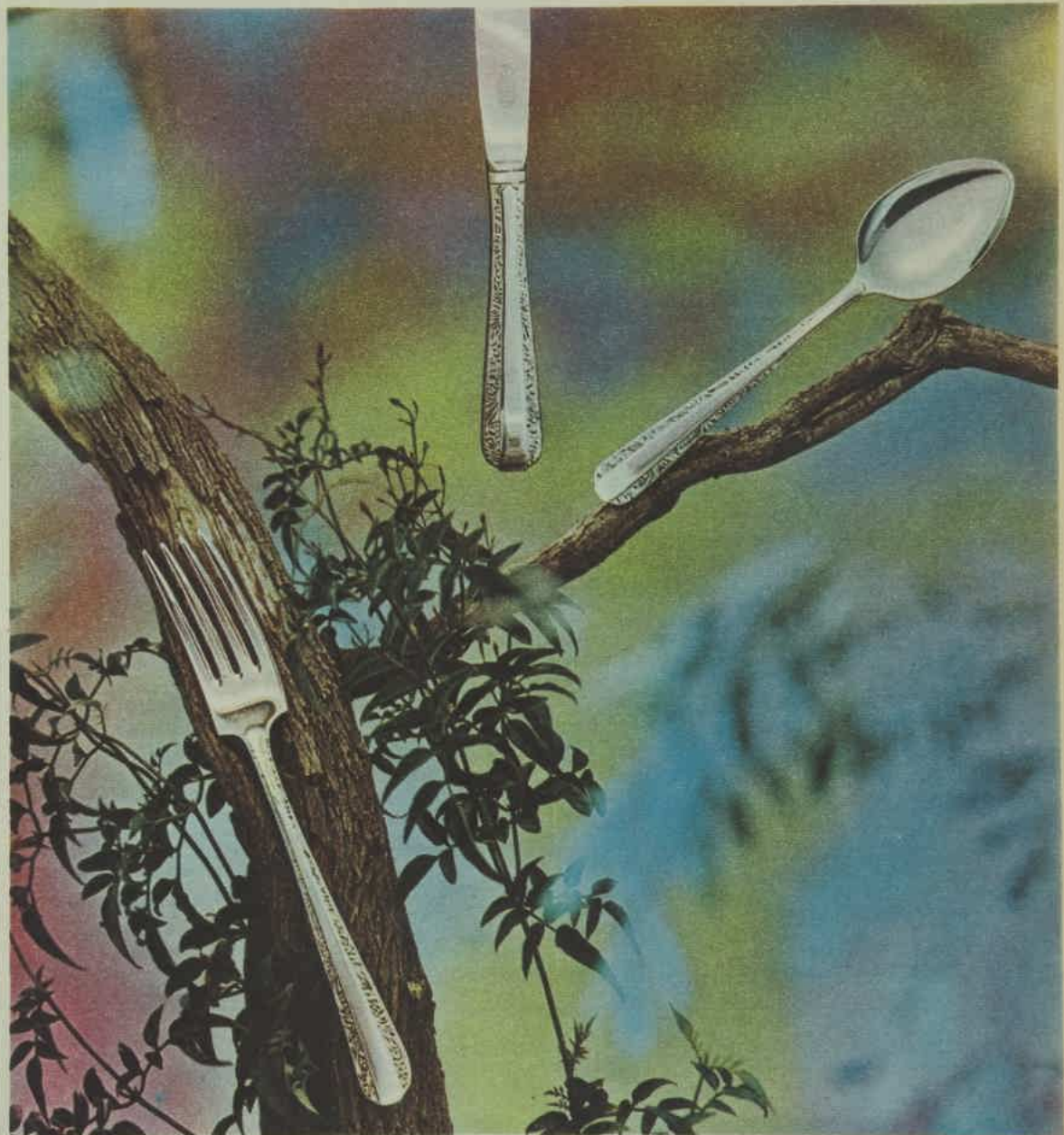
My choice would be a shoulder-length tulle wedding veil, held in place with a circlet of small white flowers.

"I have bought a gunmetal day dress made in a fairly thick cotton-like material. What color accessories could I wear to make it more summery?"

My choice would be all white accessories — including stockings.

"Could you oblige me with a pattern for a simple dress and summer coat? I take pattern size 18. I have 2½yds. of 36in. material for the dress and a little more than 5yds. of 36in. material for the coat."

Yes, I can provide you with a pattern for the coat and dress. The dress is designed with a high, collarless neckline, has little cap sleeves, and is self-belted. The



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and the
excitement
begins

A world of adventure in table silver. The word is out, and the word is "Rodd", if you want to see the most adventuresome designs in table silver. Every conceivable trend — from traditional through to modern — delightfully expressed, superbly crafted. Today, in table silver, the big excitement is Rodd. Excitement like "Nemesia" (Above). A timeless pattern, charming and dignified, that will blend beautifully with almost any setting. Just

one example of the Rodd excitement awaiting you at jewellers, department and gift stores. Each Rodd 44-piece service (6 persons) is modestly priced, unconditionally guaranteed, and packed in a satin-lined timber tray. Extra pieces, replacements and matching accessories available at any time. Say "Rodd" and the excitement begins!



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What People are Wearing



Above: Singer-actor Harry Belafonte, wearing a dinner jacket with satin buttons and revers, and his wife, in a simply styled dress cinched with an enormous belt and ornamented by a novelty brooch, arriving at the premiere of the film "Star!" in New York.



Above: Princess Alexandra, in a black evening cloak and tiara, with actor Sean Connery and his wife, actress Diane Cilento, in a lacy black dress and shoestring pendant, at the premiere of the film "Mayerling" at a London theatre.



At left: Singer-actress Petula Clark in a white brocade gown, with her husband, Claude Wolfe (holding his wife's \$17,200 mink), as they arrived at the Odeon Cinema, Marble Arch, London, for the premiere of the film "Finian's Rainbow," in which Miss Clark stars.



At right: Nightclub singer Jane Morgan and her husband-agent, Jerry Weintraub, at the premiere of the film "Duffy" at Cinema I Theatre, New York. Jane was in glittery black evening pants, white blouse, and striped belt; Jerry wore a Nehru jacket.

OVERSEAS . . .

◀ AT FILM PREMIERES

AT A CHARITY GALA

At right: Miss Sylvia Roth at the Red Cross gala in Monte Carlo. Her striking gown had a long white tube skirt, with deeply scalloped hemline, floating from a lavishly jewelled bodice with abstract flower patterns and fringed elbow sleeves.



Above: Italian actress Silvana Mangano, in flowing black dress with a lacy see-through bodice, with Madame Marcel Palmaro, in a filmy dress suspended from a shoulder-piece studded with jewel embroidery, at a Red Cross gala in Monte Carlo.



At right: Miss Christine Walton at the Red Cross gala in Monte Carlo. Her floor-sweeping, roman-style gown was patterned in a swirling psychedelic-mood print, and had a draped skirt, semi-fitted bodice, matching girdle at the waist, and a high turtle neckline.

At right: Madame Loo Paulette at the Red Cross gala. She wore a dazzling full-length gown, simply styled, free-falling from a wide V-neckline, encrusted with jewel embroidery, ending in trumpet sleeves and a faintly flared hemline.



● More pictures of what people are wearing ■ on page 73.

NEW
K9

Fish Dinner

the first easy-feed cat food, served
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Crunchy, complete K9 Fish Dinner is the new satisfying way to feed cats.

So convenient, too! Simply pour from pack to bowl. No cans to open. No sticky dishes to clean. Nothing to scoop out or refrigerate. And because K9 Fish Dinner always stays fresh, you can put a full day's supply and let your cat eat whenever it wants.

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Fully nourishing! Unlike so many cat foods, K9 Fish Dinner has all the vitamins, minerals, and protein cats are known to need.

Economical! K9 Fish Dinner is a complete diet; each pack gives up to 5 days feeding.

FROM A WORLD LEADER IN NUTRITION — **Carnation**



What people are wearing in SYDNEY



Above: Delicate white embroidered organza dress was worn by Miss Victoria Thorneycroft to the dinner party given by Sir Howard and Lady Beale for her parents, Lord and Lady Thorneycroft, at the Australia Hotel. With Miss Thorneycroft are Mr. Peter Threlfall (left) and Sir Howard Beale.



Above: Mrs. Richard Gibb wore a flowing, black-and-white patterned sheer caftan to the dinner party for Lord and Lady Thorneycroft. The dress had a heavily jewelled neckline.



Above: Slender dresses with cutout armholes were worn by Mrs. Diana Morris (left) and Mrs. John Holman to the dinner party. Mrs. Morris' dress, bought in New York, was of silver lurex with a beaded tulle over-layer. Mrs. Holman wore black lace which was tucked to form a high, stand-up neckline.



At left: A feminine gown in orange-and-yellow patterned french organza was the choice of Mrs. Julian Beale, pictured with her husband at the dinner party. The dress, which was embroidered with a fine silver thread, featured a wide, ruched cummerbund and a ruched, stand-up collar.



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Here's all you do:

1. Select one of the brooches numbered in this advertisement. 2. Post the aroma seal from any size jar of Maxwell House Instant Coffee together with your name and address and the number of the brooch you select to "The Get-Fresh Game", P.O. Box 91, Annandale 2038, N.S.W. 3. Anyone may enter except non-residents of Australia, employees of Coffees General Foods Limited, its Advertising Agencies and associated companies, but the pearl and diamond brooch cannot be won by residents of States where the offering of this prize would contravene the law. 4. All prizes will be drawn from entries received. The first qualified entry to be drawn will be eligible for the major prize: succeeding entries drawn by the ballot will become eligible to receive the brooch they have each nominated. 5. Except in New South Wales and Victoria, prizewinners must pass a test of skill before being awarded their respective prizes. 6. The drawing of entries will be supervised by senior management of Coffees General Foods Limited. Their decision will be final and no entries will be returned nor will any correspondence be entered into. 7. Winners will be announced in a leading morning newspaper in each capital city on the 25th January, 1969. 8. There is no limit to the number of entries which an entrant may submit, but each entry must be in a separate envelope and include an aroma seal.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY. 1. Entries close on 15th January, 1969. 2. It is not necessary to purchase Maxwell House Instant Coffee to enter. An aroma seal is available on application with a self-addressed envelope to "The Get-Fresh Game", P.O. Box 91, Annandale 2038 N.S.W. 3. Anyone may enter except non-residents of Australia, employees of Coffees General Foods Limited, its Advertising Agencies and associated companies, but the pearl and diamond brooch cannot be won by residents of States where the offering of this prize would contravene the law. 4. All prizes will be drawn from entries received. The first qualified entry to be drawn will be eligible for the major prize: succeeding entries drawn by the ballot will become eligible to receive the brooch they have each nominated. 5. Except in New South Wales and Victoria, prizewinners must pass a test of skill before being awarded their respective prizes. 6. The drawing of entries will be supervised by senior management of Coffees General Foods Limited. Their decision will be final and no entries will be returned nor will any correspondence be entered into. 7. Winners will be announced in a leading morning newspaper in each capital city on the 25th January, 1969. 8. There is no limit to the number of entries which an entrant may submit, but each entry must be in a separate envelope and include an aroma seal.

MAXWELL HOUSE



**MAXWELL
HOUSE**
the freshest taste
in coffee



● RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD

TEST KITCHEN

● Cucumbers are plentiful and comparatively inexpensive all the year round — and just one, sliced and added to a dish, adds color and delicious flavor.

THE cucumber, a member of the melon family, is a staple part of diet in the East. In this feature we give a wide variety of recipes in which cucumber is the star ingredient — pickles, relishes, main dishes, so many good things for summer.

CHILLED CUCUMBER SOUP

2oz. butter or substitute	2 cups chicken stock
1 onion	1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon chopped green pepper	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper
2 medium cucumbers	teaspoon dry mustard
1 small potato	teaspoon paprika
	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream

Melt butter, add chopped onion, and saute until transparent. Add chopped pepper, diced unpeeled cucumbers, peeled, chopped potato, stock, and seasonings; bring to the boil. Reduce heat, simmer 15 minutes or until potato is cooked. Puree in blender or push mixture through sieve. Correct seasoning, chill. Before serving, stir in cream. Garnish with a little chopped cucumber. Serves 4.

DUTCH CHICKEN WITH CUCUMBER

3lb. chicken	1 red pepper
2 tablespoons oil	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon turmeric
1 tablespoon curry powder	2 cups chicken stock
2 onions	1 cucumber
1 dessertspoon green ginger	1-2 tablespoons flour
1 clove garlic	salt, pepper
1 green pepper	

Cut chicken into serving-size pieces. Heat oil in large frying pan, stir in curry powder, add chicken pieces and brown well. Add finely chopped onions and peppers, ginger



CUCUMBERS

CHICKEN prepared in Dutch style, with cucumbers and other vegetables in a curry sauce.

cut into fine slivers, crushed garlic, and turmeric; saute 5 minutes. Pour chicken stock over; simmer, covered, until chicken is cooked (approx. 45 to 60 minutes), adding extra stock if necessary. Season to taste.

Cut washed, unpeeled cucumber into $\frac{1}{2}$ in. slices, add to sauce, and simmer gently 10 minutes. Remove chicken pieces, blend flour with a little cold water, stir into sauce. Stir until sauce boils and thickens. Return chicken pieces to sauce, simmer gently to reheat. Serve with hot boiled rice.

Serves 4 to 6.

SWEET AND SOUR PORK

1lb. leg pork chops	salt, pepper
1 egg	oil for frying
3 tablespoons cornflour	

SAUCE

2 tablespoons oil	1-3rd cup brown sugar
15oz. can pineapple pieces	1 tablespoon sherry
1 cup sliced celery	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soy sauce
1 cucumber	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 large carrot	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper
1 green pepper	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ginger
1 onion	1 tablespoon arrowroot
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup malt vinegar	2 tablespoons water

Cut pork into cubes $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in size. Beat egg, combine with cornflour and seasonings. Coat pork in egg mixture and fry in hot, shallow fat until cooked (10 to 15 minutes).

Meanwhile, prepare sauce:

Drain pineapple, reserve juice. Lightly fry pineapple, celery, sliced cucumber and carrot, chopped pepper and onion in heated oil (approx. 5 minutes). Vegetables should still be crisp. Combine remaining ingredients, omitting arrowroot and water, add to vegetables. Bring to the boil; simmer 5 minutes. Dissolve arrowroot in cold water, add to mixture, stir until thickened. Add pork, heat through gently. Serve with hot, fluffy boiled rice.

Serves 4.

BEEF WITH GREEN VEGETABLES

1lb. rump steak	2 tablespoons oil
1 tablespoon cornflour	$\frac{1}{2}$ pint beef stock
1 large green pepper	salt, pepper
1 large cucumber	2 tablespoons soy sauce
2 onions	2oz. roasted almonds

Cut steak into thin strips and coat well with cornflour. Remove seeds and membrane from pepper and cut into thin strips. Slice unpeeled cucumber thinly, chop onion finely. Heat oil, saute meat, green pepper, and onion 10 minutes or until meat is well browned. Add to pan the stock, seasonings, soy sauce, cucumber slices, and almonds; cook

until meat is tender (approx. 10 to 15 minutes). Serve with boiled rice.

Serves 4 to 6.

CUCUMBER WITH YOGHURT

2 cucumbers	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground cumin
10oz. carton yoghurt	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 small clove garlic	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon chopped mint	1 tablespoon white vinegar

Crush garlic, combine with salt, mint, cumin, pepper, and vinegar. Slice cucumbers thinly. Combine yoghurt, seasonings, and cucumbers. Refrigerate. Serve as an unusual salad accompaniment.

Serves 4 to 6.

TOMATO AND CUCUMBER SAVORY

1oz. butter	1 teaspoon salt
3 small cucumbers	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper
2 large tomatoes	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dill
1 onion	1 tablespoon chopped parsley
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bacon	

Peel cucumbers and cut in half lengthwise; remove seeds with a spoon and cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ in. pieces. Skin tomatoes and cut into small pieces; chop onion and bacon. Heat butter and saute onion, add cucumbers, tomatoes, and seasonings, and simmer approximately 15 minutes or until cucumbers are tender. Add chopped parsley and serve sprinkled with bacon which has been fried separately till crisp.

Serves 4.

Continued overleaf

● Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in our recipes.

Happy holiday?

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Strange places and a changed routine may upset your youngster's regularity. Your children may become irritable and grouchy—just when they should be having fun. Don't let childhood constipation spoil your holidays. Give your youngster safe, gentle Laxettes. One pleasant-tasting milk chocolate square at bedtime usually restores regularity overnight. Next day your child will be bright and happy again. When Mother Nature forgets, remember Laxettes. Good for grown-ups, too. 40 cents.

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POLITICAL COMMENT NEWS AND VIEWS
The Bulletin
REVIEWS OF THE WEEK 25c EVERY WEEK

CUCUMBERS . . . continued from previous page

COLESLAW WITH CUCUMBER

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| 1 medium cabbage | 1 red pepper |
| 1 cucumber | 2 onions |
| 3 sticks celery | french dressing |
| 2 carrots | salt, pepper |
| 1 green pepper | |

Shred cabbage finely, dice cucumber finely, slice celery diagonally, grate carrots, slice peppers finely, chop onions. Combine vegetables in salad bowl. Add sufficient french dressing to moisten, toss coleslaw lightly; season to taste.

Serves 6.

CUCUMBER SALAD

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 medium cucumber | 1 tablespoon chopped onion |
| 2 tablespoons sugar | 1 tablespoon chopped celery |
| 1 cup white vinegar | |

Using fork, score the cucumber lengthwise, and slice thinly. Combine sugar and vinegar; stir to dissolve. Add onion, celery, and cucumber; marinate approximately 2 hours in refrigerator. Pour into a bowl. Serve with cold meat or salad. If desired, drain cucumber, arrange on lettuce leaves; add tomato wedges for garnish.

CUCUMBER CHEESE RINGS

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 2 medium cucumbers | 1 dessertspoon grated onion |
| salt, pepper | 1 tablespoon chopped walnuts |
| 4oz. packet cream cheese | 1 tablespoon finely chopped gherkins |
| 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce | pinch cayenne pepper |

Wash cucumbers; cut in half crosswise. Remove centre of cucumber with apple corer, season cavities with salt and pepper. Blend cream cheese, add remainder of ingredients, mix well. Using spoon, fill into cavities of cucumber. Wrap in foil; chill until firm. Cut into 1in. slices, arrange on lettuce leaves. Sprinkle with paprika; serve with french dressing if desired.

CHINESE PICKLED VEGETABLES

- | | |
|----------------|--------------------------|
| 1 cucumber | 1 carrot |
| 1 cauliflower | 1 1/2 cups white vinegar |
| 1 cabbage | 1/2 cup sugar |
| 1 red pepper | 1/2 teaspoon salt |
| 1 green pepper | |

Cut cucumbers in half, remove seeds; do not peel. Cut into approximately 1 1/2in. cubes. Cut cauliflower and cabbage into coarse pieces; remove seeds and ribs of peppers, cut into cubes; peel and dice carrot. Boil cauliflower 10 minutes, remove from water, add carrots, blanch 2 minutes, drain. Heat together vinegar, sugar, and salt until boiling; pour over vegetables, allow to stand 20 minutes, turning occasionally. Cover, let stand 5 hours.

This delightful vegetable combination is the perfect accompaniment to cold meats and green salads on hot summer days. When freshly made, the vegetables are crisp and crunchy—and at their best. However, they can be prepared in advance and will keep, sealed, in the refrigerator, several days.

BREAD AND BUTTER PICKLES

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 4 large cucumbers | 1/2 cup hot water |
| salt | 1 dessertspoon mustard seed |
| 2 cups cider vinegar | 4 strips canned pimento or red pepper |
| 1 tablespoon sugar | |

Wash cucumbers well, do not peel; slice very thinly. Arrange in layers, sprinkling a little salt between each layer (about 1/2 cup in all) in large shallow dish. Cover, let stand overnight. Next day wash cucumbers thoroughly in cold water, drain well; set aside. Sterilise jars, leave in hot water until ready to fill.

In large saucepan combine vinegar with 1/2 cup hot water, 1 dessertspoon salt, sugar, mustard seeds; mix well. Bring to boil, reduce heat, simmer, uncovered, 5 minutes. Add cucumbers, bring just to boiling; remove from heat. Using tongs and working quickly, pack cucumbers tightly into hot jars. Add pimento or red pepper strip to

each jar. Fill with vinegar mixture to within 1in. of top; seal at once.

Makes approximately 4 pints.

CUCUMBER RELISH

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|
| 2 cucumbers | cold water |
| 1/2 cup chopped onions | 1 cup brown sugar |
| 1 red pepper | 2 cups white vinegar |
| 1 green pepper | 2 tablespoons flour |
| 1 dessertspoon turmeric | 1 teaspoon turmeric extra |
| 1/2 cup salt | |

SPICE BAG

- | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1in. piece cinnamon stick | 1 teaspoon whole cloves |
| 1 dessertspoon mustard seeds | 1 teaspoon whole allspice |

Remove seeds and ribs from peppers. Chop unpeeled cucumbers and peppers into approximately 1/2in. pieces. Combine cucumbers, onion, and peppers in bowl. Sprinkle with 1 dessertspoon turmeric. Dissolve salt in 4 cups cold water, pour over vegetables, let stand 3 to 4 hours; drain. Cover vegetables with fresh, cold water; stand 1 hour, drain. Place ingredients for spice bag in piece of cloth, tie with string. Combine brown sugar, vinegar, and spice bag, heat to boiling, pour over vegetables; stand 12 to 18 hours. Remove spice bag.

Place vegetables and liquid into pan; bring to boil. Blend flour and extra turmeric with a little water, adding a little of hot vegetable mixture to flour. Stir into pan and cook, stirring, 5 minutes. Pour hot relish into hot sterilised jars; seal at once.

Makes 3 cups.

SWEET PICKLES

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1/2 cup salt | 1 dessertspoon turmeric |
| 1 green cucumber | 1 dessertspoon mustard |
| 1 1/2lb. onions | 1 dessertspoon curry powder |
| 1/2 cauliflower | 1/2 teaspoon ground cloves |
| 2lb. green tomatoes (or 4-5 chokoes) | 1/2 teaspoon ginger |
| 2 1/2 pints malt vinegar | 1 1/2 cups plain flour |
| 2 1/2lb. brown sugar | |
| 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg | |

Wash vegetables, cut into small pieces, place in large bowl, sprinkle with salt and cover with water. Stand overnight (approximately 12 hours). Drain and rinse in cold water. Place 2 pints vinegar and brown sugar into large pan, bring to the boil. Add vegetables, return to the boil. Mix all dry ingredients to a paste with remaining 1/2 pint vinegar, gradually add to vegetable mixture, stirring continually with wooden spoon. Simmer 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Pour into hot sterilised jars, seal.

Makes 7 pints.

LOW-CALORIE CANAPES

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 large cucumber | 1 cup boiling chicken stock |
| 1 1/2lb. small prawns | 2 teaspoons gelatine |
| salt, pepper | |

Wash cucumber, do not peel; run tines of fork down sides to give fancy edges when cut.

Slice cucumber into approximately 1/2in. slices. Shell prawns. Make aspic by combining boiling chicken stock, seasonings, and gelatine. Stir well to dissolve gelatine. Cool until slightly thickened but not set. Arrange prawns on top of cucumber slices, coat with cooled aspic. Refrigerate until set. Serve on a bed of shredded lettuce.

ICED CUCUMBER APPETISER

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 medium-sized cucumber | 4 sticks celery |
| 1 slice onion | 2 teaspoons lemon juice |
| 1/2 green pepper | salt |

Peel cucumber thinly, string celery. Combine sliced vegetables and lemon juice in blender, blend on high speed 20 seconds. Add salt to taste. Spoon into refrigerator ice trays, freeze until mushy. Fork into small glasses. Serves 4.



Try the 'Vintage Jewel' recipe on page 15 of the new Davis Gelatine Book—Free in every packet.

Speaking of 'pairs,' see how well a Sherry and Davis Gelatine go together. Combine these two in a delicious dessert tonight! Use McWilliam's Sherry you drink, to enhance any recipe calling for sherry. A glass by itself—Sherry over ice? Why not—Sherry can be a refreshing, cooling drink. Keep some in your 'cellar.'

Davis Gelatine, because it is so versatile, is still one of the most handy stand-by ingredients you can have in your cupboard—for any number of recipes, from the exotic to the simple. Davis Gelatine blends with virtually all other food flavours, textures and tastes.

Add Davis Gelatine to a little imagination. The results are delicious.



Pears In Cream Sherry

4 rounded teaspoons Davis Gelatine / 1/4 pint hot water / 1 16-oz can pear halves (drained) / 1/2 pint pear juice / 1/4 pint McWilliam's Sherry / 4 tablespoons sugar (or to taste) / angelica.

Dissolve Davis Gelatine and sugar in hot water. Stir in McWilliam's Sherry and pear juice. Pour into parfait or small tumblers. Refrigerate until thickened (consistency of unbeaten egg white). Into each parfait or glass immerse two pear halves (core side in) with a small piece of angelica or mint protruding from top of the pears to resemble pear stem. Refrigerate until set.

Pears In Port Wine Jelly

4 rounded teaspoons Davis Gelatine / 1/4 pint hot water / 3 tablespoons sugar (or to taste) / 1 16-oz can pear halves (drained) / 1/2 pint McWilliam's Port / 1/4 pint pear juice / angelica.

Dissolve Davis Gelatine and sugar in hot water. Add McWilliam's Port Wine and pear juice, stirring well. Pour into parfaits. Refrigerate. When jellies have thickened (consistency of unbeaten egg white), place two pears upright in each parfait with a piece of angelica protruding from the top of pears to resemble a stem. Refrigerate until completely set.

1905/68

THE MATING SEASON...

McWILLIAM'S WINES DAVIS GELATINE

for cool 'n sophisticated dishes like

PEARLS at L'AUBORE



A romantically light and colourful dessert with a delicate, fruity flavour... and high-spirited appeal!

● "For many years I wore on my left hand a ring of jade and Chinese silver. Though inexpensive, it was unusual, and often drew admiring comments. The silver has long since disintegrated, though I still cherish the bit of jade, carved in the shape of a rose.

"It was to remind me of my pledge to Kala Lu, the Chinese spirit guide, that I would no longer grieve so fiercely for my father, disturbing him with my selfish sorrow."

WHEN the telephone bell rang sharply before dawn that winter's morning in Melbourne more than 30 years ago, we knew its import before we answered it. My father was dying.

We had intended to drive to the hospital in the little car he had given to my sister when he realised he would never need it again to visit his patients, but before we could scramble into our overcoats, our loyal friends, Bess and Reg, arrived in a taxi to take my mother, my sister, and me on this sad journey.

They had been his patients, and our friends, for some years. Bess had first consulted my father when on the verge of a nervous breakdown following the death of their only child, and had never forgotten his understanding and sympathy.

She and her husband had become interested in spiritualism after the little boy's death, and had friends who held a "private circle," as it is known. Bess and Reg had attended the meetings regularly, and seemed to have gained great comfort.

They had asked about my father in

their circle, which was supervised from the "other side" by a Chinese guide named Kala Lu. He had been a very proud sage who hated the Foreign Devils in his lifetime and was now trying to make restitution for his intolerance by coming in service to the Foreign Devils from the world beyond.

The medium was the earthly go-between

The medium and her husband conducted the circle, opening it with a prayer for guidance and help. They then sat, at first in a dimmed light and later in total darkness, singing hymns while Mrs. W., the medium, slipped quietly into the trance state. People then spoke through her lips, using her to bridge the gulf between the world we know and the one beyond.

At a meeting a week previously, our friends had asked about my father's condition, and Kala Lu had given them a message that "the master" was about to pass over. He would pray for him to be taken in his "sleep time."

Less than 20 minutes after we had received the call to say my father was

sinking fast, we reached the hospital. Reg took my mother into the ward. I felt I could bear no more, and Bess waited outside with my sister and me.

They found him lying there, looking so peaceful that he might well have been sleeping, they said. My first feeling was a sense of a terrible strain lifted, and gladness that he had been released at last from pain.

A few days later, however, the realisation of his loss hit me with full force. No philosophy I knew of could lift the burden of my grief. The orthodox teachings of the churches seemed meaningless.

My father and I had been as close in spirit as in physical resemblance, and I have never felt so lost and lonely in my life. Seeing my distress, Bess and Reg suggested that we attend one of their meetings. Their medium was pledged to help people in such grief.

I had tended to steer clear of such things, but my mother and sister seemed to want to go to the next meeting of the circle, and I agreed to go, too.

The night before the seance, I was alone in the flat. We had sold our home when we had to dispose of my father's

practice, going from the security of an established place to an unknown and financially uncertain future. Father's investments had turned out to be bad ones, and his illness had taken practically all we had been able to salvage from the wreck.

Now, I wept as I have never wept before or since, and from my heart sent forth an agonised cry: "Dad, my dearest, dearest Dad! If there is anything beyond, if you have survived the cremation of your body, give me some sign. Let me know that somehow, somewhere you are still the person I knew and loved!"

It was a voiceless cry from the very core of my being, and although there was no answer then, I slept soundly that night for the first time since he had died.

The "private circle" gathered together

The following night, I went with my mother and sister to our friend's flat, where the circle was to be held. My father had visited there many times in the days before illness overtook him.

Mrs. W., the medium, was a tall, good-looking Englishwoman with a beautiful

"Dad, my dearest Dad... if there

With these anguished words, spoken silently within herself, a young girl tried to reach out to the dead father she had loved. Now living in Western Australia, she tells of the extraordinary experience that followed her silent plea, when she and her mother and sister went to a seance in an effort to make contact with "the other side."

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is anything beyond, give me some sign!"

complexion and a bright, vivacious manner. Her husband was a six-foot-one Aussie with red hair, a returned soldier from World War I. Neither was remotely like the people I had imagined would be interested in mediumship and seances.

One member of the circle was a young Italian engineer and inventor. Keenly critical and highly intelligent, he was apparently the attraction for a disintegrated personality who claimed to have been a member of the Psychic Research Society during his lifetime — a German Jew named Reuben.

Reuben was the first visitor on the night we attended. Mrs. W. lapsed into the trance condition after we had opened the circle. One hymn sung was "Abide With Me," I remember.

Bess was sitting at the left-hand side of the medium, whose husband sat on her right. We others were in a circle facing her.

Must not "force communication"

After Reuben had discussed the invention the young Italian was working on (something, incidentally, which was over the heads of anyone else) it seemed as if another personality were struggling to make use of the medium's body.

She was making odd little sounds in her throat, and her husband got up and leaned over her. "What is the matter, friend?" he asked quietly, "If you cannot handle the medium, you must go — you are distressing her."

Again that odd sound, then a sigh and a murmur of something that sounded like "Mrs. K."

I felt the hair on the back of my neck prickle, for that had always been my father's name for Bess. Even as the thought crystallised, I heard her say softly: "Is that you, Doctor?"

My heart seemed to be pounding in my ears. Wearily, as if making a tremendous effort, a voice enunciated slowly: "That was what they used to call me."

The medium's husband said in an undertone to my mother: "Take her hands, please, and see if you can bring him through more clearly by contact. Otherwise we must send him away. He does not know how to handle the medium, and it is distressing her too much." Her breathing had, in fact, become rasping.

Tears were streaming down my cheeks in the semi-darkness. I heard my mother say: "Is that you, Boy?" cautiously, as if she herself were not sure how to handle this extraordinary situation.

"Oh, May!" the wonderment in the voice that gave his name for her. "There are so many around me here that I know. Do you remember Swanny?" One could feel an excitement almost too great to be borne as she said yes, of course, she remembered Swanny. (He had been a friend of their early married life on the west coast of Tasmania, the victim of a drowning tragedy.)

Again came that choking sound, and the medium's husband said sternly: "Friend,

you must leave her. You cannot manifest properly through the physical yet, and you will injure the medium."

In a low voice, he asked my mother to tell the personality that he must not force communication in this way. He would be able to come through later, when he knew a little more about communication from the spirit world.

Again that weary sigh, and the little sob in his voice that I had heard as I turned to smile at him when we visited the hospital the day before he died.

The medium seemed to have shrunk in height

A second or so later the medium came to, and said with a rueful laugh: "Goodness! Who was that? I feel quite exhausted!"

Before we could answer, she lapsed into the trance state again. Reg whispered: "I think this will be Kala Lu."

"Good evening," The voice was high pitched and rather singsong, and the regulars of the circle returned the greeting as to an old friend. It was curious to observe in the dim light (in deference to our first experience of a seance, the rule of total darkness was waived) that the medium seemed to have shrunk in height and was a little stooped. Her hands were tucked in the opposite sleeves of her dress, Chinese fashion.

"Kala Lu," said the medium's husband rather sharply, "why did you allow that personality to try to force his way through when he doesn't yet know how?"

Without replying, the medium (or Kala Lu) moved slowly round the circle and halted in front of me.

"You know who it was and why he came," the singsong voice said. "You called him, and because he loved you so dearly, he had to try to come to you."

In the semi-darkness I nodded silently, my throat closed in an agony of emotion I strove to control.

"He was not ready," went on the voice. "He was resting. He has suffered much, and he needed to rest for a time in the spirit world. But you called, and he heard you in a dream. That is why he tried so hard to come through, to prove to you that he had not been destroyed with the body."

Gently my head was touched by one of those hands released from its sleeve. "You must not grieve, for by doing so you disturb his rest," the voice said. "Remember what old Kala says. All is well with him, except for your bitter sorrow. Wear something to remind you of the message I bring you, and do not distress him in this way."

Was this indeed proof of my father's survival of death? There are many who doubtless will argue otherwise, but to me it brought solace at a time when I needed it most urgently.

To carry out the pledge I made in my heart to Kala Lu, I bought a ring, a piece of jade set in Chinese silver, to wear as a reminder of the message given — not to disturb, with my own selfish sorrow, one who had earned the "peace that passeth all understanding."

- 
- Gives you a leggier look! Wow! No suspenders!
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NEW SILKY-STRETCH SLIMMERS BY BERLEI

Some kids never stop hearing Snap, Crackle, Pop



They're the ones who Rice and Shine!

The world's only talking cereal is on the table. Kellogg's Rice Bubbles! So crisp they Snap, Crackle and Pop right at you, the moment you pour on milk. And when they stop talking, they start nourishing with all the richness of whole-grain rice, beefed up with extra vitamins. Try it in your bowl, tomorrow.

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K265
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 11, 1968

When the breadwinner falls ill

—A READER'S STORY

"I wrote this because I remember my mother, sitting out the long weeks till Dad went back to work, on an almost starvation diet of 'booked up' food, just because she didn't know what help was available. Having found out the hard way myself, I pass on the information in the hope that it might help someone at a time when thinking out what to do is made harder by stress."

If your husband is a laborer on laborer's wages and you have no savings to fall back on, it is not unduly pessimistic to suggest that should he fall ill or lose his job you will be left without ready cash, since the basic wage doesn't stretch further than ordinary weekly expenses.

Of course, if you have a job, or other members of the family work, or even if you can find a job at short notice, there is less of a problem. But if, like me, you have a family of young children and distance prevents your travelling to likely areas of employment, you suddenly can find yourself with only the food in your store cupboard and no prospect of replacing it.



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The first thing to do is to register with your nearest Commonwealth Employment Agency for unemployment or sickness benefit, whichever applies. You can also get these forms from the post office.

The questions on the form must be answered fully and correctly, and need details such as what your husband's wage is, his place of birth and age, and the same for yourself and the children; and when and where you were married.

You must also know the name and address of your husband's employer and various details about any pensions or medical benefits schemes he might be in.

So if your husband is in hospital and you are going to visit him, collect the form on the way and save an extra trip. If it is not visiting day, a nurse might oblige by taking the form in for him to fill in or just to sign. The signature must be witnessed by someone who is on the Commonwealth electoral roll.

It is important that the form be sent in as quickly as possible — and be sure to answer all questions correctly and fully or there may be delay. Sickness-benefits claims need a medical certificate.

Benefit is payable from the seventh day after the day on which the person claiming it had to go off work, and is paid by cheque to the dependant.

Next, if you have any time payments or accounts outstanding, contact the credit managers of the firms concerned and explain the situation. Some firms will waive payments for a while or accept smaller ones. (I used my endowment for this.)

If payments cease without explanation from you, they assume you've absconded, and act accordingly. An extra doctor's certificate about your husband's illness can be handy here.

Meanwhile, any cash you might have had in the house may have been used for fares and "extras" for your husband in hospital. Yet Social Service won't be through for a while, and when it does come will just cover day-to-day expenses. You don't want to run up bills in this waiting period.

This is where the charities come into the picture. Don't turn up your nose at this. You may be in for a worrying time, so don't make it worse by going into debt. The almoner at the hospital, or your minister or priest, can give you the addresses.

The New South Wales charity the Smith Family, for instance, must have proof that you are a genuine case, as they handle public money.

The St. Vincent de Paul Society will also call to see you, but require no proof of details. They will either bring a box of groceries or give you an order on a store. If you can't visit the hospital, they may call to see your husband and take him anything he needs.

I don't know from experience about other charities, such as the Salvation Army and church organisations, but a telephone call is all that's needed to find out.

If you are in the country, the local police station may help out with a food order (Child Welfare usually deals with this kind of thing in the city) so long as your claims can be verified.

If you've never had to go to a police station, this can be a daunting prospect, but I found the constable on duty sympathetic and helpful. He even offered me a cup of tea, as I'd had a long trip to town and probably looked as worried as I felt.

Lastly, don't be too proud to accept offers of help from family and neighbors. It gives them a warm feeling to think they are helping, so don't hurt their feelings with a tactless rebuff, especially as they may have felt shy about offering in the first place.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



Endow Your Skin With Beauty

TO keep your complexion young, pliant and endowed with a beautiful fresh bloom, you need to pamper your skin every day with loving care. Here are some suggestions to help you realize the ultimate in complexion beauty and perfection.

Summer Coolness

TO give a radiant bloom to your complexion you must prevent the hot shiny look of summer skin with the cooling, toning effect of a lemon freshener. First, clear the skin of old make-up, then take a cotton-wool pad, soak well with the lemon Delph freshener and dab over the face and neck until you can feel a lovely glowing radiance. Next, smooth on a film of moist tropical oil of Ulan for added assurance that your complexion will maintain its smooth, velvet-soft loveliness.

Banish Skin Blemishes

A GOOD way to remedy those irritating little skin spots is to dab them with a lemon refining skin freshener before making-up. The gentle toning and mild antiseptic action of lemon Delph freshener will banish blemishes, close the slack pores, which are known to be one of the causes of disturbed skin, while it stimulates and invigorates the skin cells, reducing the chances of new disturbances.

Lovely Shoulders

BEAUTIFUL shoulders are smooth, supple, and either have a gorgeous golden glow from the sun or else are classically, dazzling milk white. It is important that you care for them constantly, so any spots or blemishes should be treated by patting with lemon Delph freshener and then smoothed over with a film of oil of Ulan. This moist oil is isotonic balanced to nourish the skin so that your shoulders acquire a lovely velvet-textured bloom.

End Face Spots

THE quickest and easiest way to remedy skin blemishes and pimples is to dab them over with lemon Delph skin freshener. Mild antiseptics together with the natural lemon toning in Delph freshener soon dry up conditions that can lead to poor fallow skin and acne. You will be delighted to see how quickly your skin is smoothed and refined to a new clear loveliness using this method. To guard against possible infection and entry of acne germs smooth on a protective film of oil of Ulan.

Quick Way To Lose Weight

To lose weight quickly, many women are now using a new tablet called StataVar. With StataVar, as much as 10 lbs. weight can be lost in 17 days. It acts by controlling the appetite, so there is no need to miss meals or go hungry. It also acts as an energiser. Women wanting to lose weight can buy StataVar tablets at the chemist.

The Ideal Gift!

A SUBSCRIPTION TO

Women's Weekly

DATES	6 MONTHS	1 YEAR
Australia		
1st	\$5.00	\$10.00
New Guinea		
New Zealand		
Oceania	\$9.25	\$18.50
AMMAIL		
New Guinea	\$8.75	\$17.50

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Doesn't Goya say it all?



Five fragrances, in assorted gift packs from 90 cents to \$4.20

The 'Safe' Way to Pest Proof Your Home



YOU can now positively control and eliminate annoying infestations of flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches, ants, and all insect pests by regular use of a powerful new safe insecticide.

This new Pea-Beu insecticide is guaranteed safe to spray anywhere in the home, near food or where children and pets because it does not contain any of the poisonous chlorinated hydrocarbons (such as DDT, BHC, or Lindane), which can leave dangerous spray residue to contaminate food. In fact, the active ingredient of Pea-Beu is the only insecticide registered by the United States Department of Agriculture as non toxic to humans and pets.

Pleasantly perfumed Pea-Beu is most economical to use, short bursts only in a room produce an "umbrella-spreading" action that penetrates into every crack and crevice—reaching deep into the backs of cupboards and drawers searching out and destroying all insect pests.

Ensure your home remains free of insects this summer, ask your chemist or leading grocer for Pea-Beu, the "Safe" insecticide.

DRAW A LIGHTHOUSE CONTEST

Here is another chance to enter this great \$2000 (bursaries, sea trips, books, TV and radio) competition—open to under 18-year-olds.

Contest information is available from all branches of the Bank of New South Wales, which has donated big prizes. The Australian Women's Weekly also offers valuable prizes.

Each entry in the contest (arranged by the Commonwealth Department of Shipping and Transport) must be a drawing, painting, or other two-dimensional representation of any lighthouse in Australia or Papua-New Guinea.

Each entry must not exceed the dimensions 9in. x 6in., and must be mailed, unfolded, in an envelope bearing the entrant's name and address on the back, and bearing the words "MACQUARIE LIGHTHOUSE ART CONTEST" on the front.

No entrant shall submit more than one entry.

Entries may be on paper, card, fabric, or such other material as the entrant may choose.

Each entry must be the entrant's own work, and the official entry form (right) must be securely attached to the back of each entry.

The Senior section of the contest is open to girls and boys, residents of Australia, Papua, or New Guinea, or islands administered by Aus-

tralia, who shall not have reached the age of 18 years before March 1, 1969. The Junior section is open to girls and boys, residents of the above-stated areas, who shall not have reached the age of 13 years before March 1, 1969.

All boys and girls in the specified age groups are eligible to enter, whether (a) attending school or (b) not.

The closing date for entries shall be February 28, 1969, and each entry must be mailed in time to reach one or other of the following addresses by 5 p.m. on that date:

• For Queensland, Papua, and New Guinea entrants — Box 311, G.P.O., BRISBANE, Qld. 4001.

• For N.S.W. and A.C.T. entrants — Box 7077, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W. 2001.

• For Victorian entrants — P.O. Box 4239, MELBOURNE, Vic. 3001.

• For South Australian and Northern Territory entrants — Box 184, P.O., PORT ADELAIDE, S.A. 5015.

• For Western Australian entrants — Box X5100, G.P.O., PERTH, W.A. 6001.

• For Tasmanian entrants — Box 1163N, G.P.O., HOBART, Tas. 7001.

The contest is governed by the conditions which appeared in The Australian Women's Weekly, December 4, 1968, issue.

MACQUARIE LIGHTHOUSE ART CONTEST

ENTRY FORM

Entrant's full name (block letters):

Address:

State: Postcode:

Date of birth: Age last birthday:

Name of school (currently, or last) attended:

Name and State of lighthouse depicted:

• I, the above-named entrant, declare that my entry is my own work and that all details on this form are correct. I also declare that, in entering, I agree to be bound fully by all of the conditions of the contest.

Entrant's Signature:

DECLARATION BY PARENT, OR GUARDIAN (block letters)

• I (Mr., Mrs., Miss) of

..... declare that the particulars shown on this form by the above-named entrant are, to the best of my knowledge and belief, correct.

Declarant's Signature:

Date:

• Another entry form next week.

Clean your silver* today Still shining three months away



Cleans table silver in seconds!
No rubbing. Just dip, rinse and wipe. Silver Dip's unique formula instantly dissolves tarnish from between prongs of forks. Swab it onto intricately embossed or filigreed silver, then rinse and wipe. Saves hours.



Shines silver superbly!
Rub on Goddard's Long Term Silver Foam—rinse off! Easy as that. Shine lasts 12 weeks or more. Pack contains special applicator.



Cleans, polishes and protects.
'Long Term' is a Goddard's breakthrough in silver polish. An exclusive active ingredient forms a tarnish barrier that keeps your silver shining three months or more.

Goddard's new three-way plan for silver care.

*Goddard's Brass and Copper Polish gives long term protection to Brass and Copper ware.



Modess *because*

Luxurious softness . . . full-length safety shield.
Unique channel of tiny perforations for instant absorbency.

Choose from **Regular**, **Super**, slim **Vee Form***
or new regular **Blue Shield.***
For complete security, a Modess* belt or panty.



Johnson & Johnson





"Aren't you wearing Tweed?"



LENTHÉRIC

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PARIS
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LN.20.FP

Two towns are born in the West

From page 31

every inch of the sand had to be covered with either lawns, paving, or aggregate mulch.

At Newman the problem was not so great. The townsite, with 100 houses, is on a good soil foundation and has some small gums and mulga in its natural surroundings.

Charlie Snell, head man in Mt. Newman's tree-growing trio, is a 45-year-old former Government dogger who came to the project as a kitchen hand two years ago and is now sub-foreman controlling the town labor force.

Zoo collector

Charlie is a fair-skinned Australian and yet he, too, is a brother of the Karadjeri tribe. He has been a close student of many sections of the northern native population since 1940, but, in particular, he has won the respect of the Karadjeri men. They adopted him as one of them some years ago.

Charlie Snell is something of a local legend at Newman—not so much for his protection of the natives and their rights but more for his great bushmanship and knowledge of nature.

He spends what free time he has on sorties into the bush. On his return to town he can be expected to be toting anything from a 12ft. python to a baby camel. He is a keen contributor to the Perth Museum, the university, and the zoo.

His forte is reptiles—a hobby he learnt from his father who also collected for the museum. Charlie has discovered 12 different new species and sub-species, one of them now actually named after him with a "snelli" at the end of its long official Latin title.

Most of Charlie's years have been spent in the bush. He began as a shearer's rouseabout at the age of 15 and spent 18 years alternating seasons as a shearer and 'roo-shooter. Perhaps his toughest years were the five he spent as a government dogger in the Mt. Newman district before joining the iron ore project.

Big shoot-up

In these years he patrolled alone, two months at a time, in some of Australia's really remote territory, where he bagged a total of 850 dingoes. In his best year he put in 260 scalps, which, at between \$6 and \$10 per dog, plus a weekly \$53 retainer, added up to a healthy pay-pocket. As well, he collected bounties for the destruction of emus, foxes, eagles, donkeys, and camels.

He has shot as many as 50 donkeys out of the one mob, and in two separate afternoons bagged 70 emus and 15 camels.

"East of Mundiwindi there's thousands of 'em," he told me. "The government boys estimated that there were at least a hundred

thousand donkeys in the Kimberleys alone before they started that big shoot-up there a few years back."

It is rather ironic that Charlie Snell, government destroyer, has been in his past life, and is in his present, such a lover and student of nature in every facet.

Tree experts who have seen his handling of the Newman nursery have been surprised by his inbuilt knowledge of the plants of the bush and of his ability to nurture them.

He has proved an able teacher for Sailor and Sam.

As for these two, their proudest possessions are the white industrial hard-hats on issue from Mt. Newman Mining.

If their tribal background doesn't win them billing as Australia's most unusual nurserymen, then the fact that they wear hard-hats to tend their seedlings certainly does.

The hard-hat is the symbol of the industrial man, the company man... a possession to bring admiring, if not openly jealous glances from their fellow-tribesmen and womenfolk.

The nurserymen are two of three Australian Aborigines to be employed by the Mt. Newman project. The third began work in the nursery but is now a driller on the minesite.

Off the desert

Sailor and Sam were young men of about 20 when they and their tribe were forced in off the Gibson Desert by the searing years of a terrible drought. They were just another two of the pathetic shadows of men who shyly edged into Jaggalong when it was a camel-breeding station for the patrols on the rabbitproof fence.

They can tell you they remember it well. They remember the soreness of their bellies, how emaciated they were, and their general wretchedness, but their story has the drama fobbed from it in the retelling. It comes out in sketchy, broken English that is squeaky and punctuated with boyish giggles.

But the eyes of these men show the heat and hardship of the desert. They are eyes which have a swimmingness and a hazy coating—the pain of harsh years that can't be covered by a giggle.

All the tough years weren't spent on the desert. There were harsh years, too, at the stations where native boys like them were treated almost as slaves.

Sailor and Sam are both still steeped in tribal law and custom. Even though they have spent so many years with civilised people, they cling to the do's and don'ts of their forebears. This produces strange contrasts in their lives.

On the Newman project they live in the air-conditioned single-men's quarters, get paid \$1.05 an hour for a 60-hour week, plus a 10 percent bonus at the end of every three

months. The workmen round them accept them and pay no special attention.

But the modern comforts don't replace family life. Several nights a week and on weekends, Sailor and Sam shift over to the 30-strong native camp near the old Mt. Newman homestead, a mile or so away from the townsite.

Sailor goes home to three wives, Sam goes home to two. Neither will speak directly to their daughters, despite their love for them, for they are automatically born into other tribes and are, therefore, taboo—an Aboriginal law which rules

out the chance of inbreeding. These other tribes camp apart, only by a few hundred yards, but clearly apart.

For Boonamah and Nankabiddy these are two separate worlds. They know the old world well. The new one they are learning fast, hard-hats and all.

Newman itself is fast becoming a model town. Signs of the construction days, such as the monotonous rows of portable single-men's quarters, will mostly be gone within the next few months.

Most of the men who have lived in these have already

shifted into a sparkling new twin-storey block, fully air-conditioned, with its tinted-glass windows keeping the direct sunlight from the soft, ultra-modern inner furnishings.

A lock-up, too

On every plot in the town, it seems, there is a hive of building. Workmen are putting the final touches to the new houses, a Spanish-style motor hotel is in the final stages of construction—even the local lock-up is almost ready for tenants.

The buildings are up, so now for the trees. The land-

scape contract has been let to the Perth firm of J. O. Clough and Sons Pty. Ltd. and to the Geraldton Building Co. Pty. Ltd.

In the months until Christmas the spindly little plants will be laid out round the town. It will be a big change for them from the relative coolness of the nursery, but the nurserymen have high hopes for a good survival rate.

Much will depend on the people who care for them. People such as Charlie Snell, Boonamah, and Nankabiddy—and the 120 current residents of the fast-growing town of Newman.



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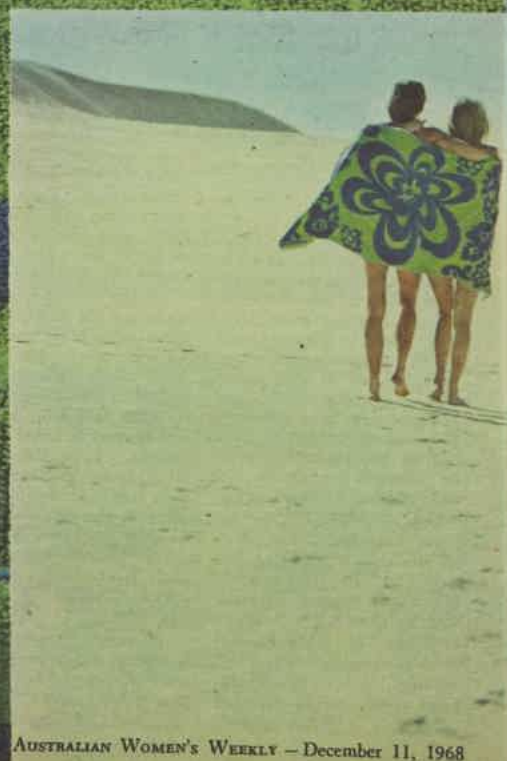
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Guess who gave someone a Dri-Glo for Christmas?

Big and beautiful enough
to give to someone
you want to share your
time with.

DRI-GLO



AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 11, 1968

YOU'VE GOT TO SHOW HIM THAT YOU'RE INDISPENSABLE

Continued from page 47

HOW NOT TO GET DUMPED ON HIS WAY UP

at least dump friends he can't stand. Be loyal. See your dowdy ex-schoolmate at lunch, but don't inflict her and her husband-who-dozes-at-dinner on your husband.

4. Having your own ego and personality makes you less likely to get dumped. He is proud of your poem, prouder when it's published, boasts about your little theatre efforts, brags when you decide to go back to medical school after all these years.

If he's in financial straits and your taking a job might make things look worse, hold off until his status game is won.

5. Don't be a doormat. Doormats are easily dumped.

Be a genius with money

1. Never discuss money while you're mad at him about something else.

2. Keep meticulous records — lots of what you spend is tax deductible. Don't scrimp where you know he wants to be extravagant. He wants good whisky and

prime meat for guests. But also learn fabulous things to do with bargain cuts on other days, and enough about wine to get a good buy. Thrift is attractive. It's neat. It's reassuring. He's impressed.

3. If you have a money disease and you spend like a madwoman and run up huge accounts — stop it at once.

4. Just because you earn money, too, is no reason to use it as a weapon. Stop talking about "my" money. Especially if you earn more than he.

About sex

Men don't agree on what kind of woman they find sexy. And thank heaven for disagreement.

But they do agree: Sexiness is sexy. A sexy woman enjoys sex. If you don't happen to, pretend you do.

If you do enjoy it, don't assume he knows. Tell him.

Do you usually sleep in a faded night-dress, or with nothing on? Surprise him with a sheer red nightie.

Make his life less tense

1. Of course, you and he fight. But there are truths a man cannot bear to face. Don't throw them at him unless it's your farewell bout.

2. See if you can't forgive and forget as quickly as he does. Quicker.

3. Watch how he reacts to a promotion. If he's not sure of himself in the new circumstances, boost him with flattery, feed him his favorite childhood foods, love him more lovingly.

4. Men hate messes. If you haven't the time to clean the house, at least hide the debris. It's got to be a house he's proud of — but comfortable, too, with places to put your feet up.

5. He likes to count on little things, like an inexhaustible supply of soap, toothpaste,

shaving cream, vermouth. You are a master supply sergeant.

6. If you have something gruesome to discuss — bad news, an unpleasant request — don't telegraph your punch with grim forebodings when he rings up during the afternoon. Wait for the gentlest moment.

7. Some men prefer to recover from a grim day by discussing it in detail. Others prefer to forget the whole thing over a fast, dry martini. You can go either way.

8. Is suburbia dividing you? Is a too-long commute sapping his energy, and putting unnecessary temptation in his path? How easy it is to go from "working a little later" to "grabbing a few hours' sleep at the office" to "checking into a hotel because I missed the train." Oh, yes. Checking into a hotel with whom?

My close friend Naomi adored her old stone house in suburban New Jersey, her garden, her sketch class, her craft group, the superior schools. And she almost lost her pop-record executive husband, whose job demanded ten hours a day in Manhattan.

"We lived in two unrelated worlds," said Naomi. "I had the kids, the school committees, local politics. Jerry could have been on another planet."

"I finally moved us all to the city and wooed him back from Brigitta, a very possessive dancer."

If moving out of suburbia is too drastic or impossible, try to choose a town that can absorb you both. Something sophisticated . . . or arty.

9. Convince yourself that his boss is a wise, virile, clever, madly fascinating male — and when you're with the man, make him feel like a threat to both Cary Grant and Jean Paul Getty.

You're an untapped reservoir of appreciative questions and genuine interest. A little apple-polishing will get you somewhere — like, admired by your husband (precious

jewel that you are), appreciated by his boss.

Don't slather on the compliments to the boss, though; even a half-wit will detect a con job.

And don't try to go the sexy route, either. Seducing the boss is the last resort to keep you from being dumped!

Be a level-headed mother

Wife first; mother second. It's imperative not to confuse the priority.

1. Weekends are not set aside for Daddy to amuse the children. Let the children accommodate themselves to him.

2. Your new winter coat is more important than imported organdies for toddler girls. Children don't worry, but quality counts in your tailoring.

3. Farm out the children one weekend. It's essential for you and your husband to be "just you two" before you forget how.

To sum up

What all this adds up to is simply this: The only sure way **not** to be dumped on his way up is to be positively essential to his existence.

Unfortunately, that girl in his office may very well turn out to be as clever and witty, as resourceful and unselfish, as sexy, skinny, rich, and sweet-smelling as you.

Unhappily, she is also (most likely) ten years younger, too.

But the qualities that win a man are not quite the same qualities that keep him.

It is not enough that you are an almost perfect wife — you must also create in him the gnawing suspicion that you are indispensable. Somehow, he cannot survive . . . cannot function . . . would be lost, confused, vulnerable, not quite whole without you.

He must know you are necessary to his comfort, inseparable from his fulfilment — a source of never-ending pride, joy, surprise, and sensual delight.



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Ruth

By VERA CASPARY

AT first she thought she was dreaming, having one of those hideous nightmares in which all doors are locked and every passageway leads to a dead-end. But this was no dream.

She wanted to scream, but her voice was only a slight, dry rasp as she stood at the large front window of her studio, trembling uncontrollably. Her heart thumped so wildly she could almost hear it.

It was two o'clock on a Saturday morning in August. Greenwich Village was deserted. Four storeys below, the usually active street was silent.

Near the corner a man unlocked the door of a parked sedan. She tried to call him — "Sam! Sam!" — but her throat was still paralysed.

Helplessly, she watched Sam drive off. The red tail-light disappeared around the corner.

Now she was completely alone.

Breathing deeply, forcing every nerve and muscle to obey her, she managed to step away from the window. She paced the long studio, walking from the front to the back windows. Presently she sat down, choosing a high-backed, carved chair.

Looking down from the walls were many eyes, all with the same form and shading, light, fan-shaped, darkly outlined. These were the famous Ruth Elliott eyes, beloved by buyers of greeting cards.

She could not keep herself from staring at the one pair of eyes that were different. Sad, dark, deep-set, and painted with romantic softness, these eyes were done in oils while all the others were in pastel or watercolor.

Surrounding the eyes a face, idealised, Byronic (open collar, pale skin, dark curls, sensuous mouth), showed fine proportion and great style. She had caught some of his quicksilver. "Damn your charm!" Her voice had come back, strong.

That afternoon over cocktails he had said, "You drive me crazy. I could kill you." Although she knew how desperate he was and

To page 92

The sight which met Ruth's eyes on entering the studio shocked her to a complete standstill.



how violent when frustrated, she had naturally dismissed his words as a mere expression of anger.

But this! "Could you, Johnnie?" she said to the painting.

The eyes held her in doubt. To escape their mockery she forced herself to rise and walk to the bedroom, hoping senselessly that she had not seen, but only imagined, the havoc.

Havoc remained. On the unmade bed a humped blanket resembled a sleeper's form, on the riddled pillow a dark shape like a head of hair. She stood stonily, looking at the body in the bed; her own. Someone had shot a sleeper who wasn't there. The bullets had struck and gone through the wig, torn up the pillow. Hair and feathers were all over the bed.

She ran to the telephone, dialled without thought, hung up with furious decision. "If

he thinks I'm dead . . . !" Her cleaning woman would not come into the apartment until Monday morning. The body, had there been a body, would lie undetected. For two days the murderer would wonder, suffer suspense. Remorse, as well. She knew his penitent moods.

It would have been saner to call Sam, but she knew that he would insist upon prompt action. Attempted murder ought to be reported to the police. Would postponing this make her an accessory after the fact? She did not care. The police would ask questions she preferred not to answer.

Why not? Surely she could tell detectives about an innocent, not unusual day. She had worked until mid-afternoon on designs for Easter cards (bunnies and chickens with Ruth Elliott eyes), bathed, dressed, and gone to meet John Gould

Price at the bar of the Briarly at four-thirty.

Even while she and Johnnie were arguing, she had become drowsy as she always did with only a couple of drinks. As soon as she had got into the apartment, she had kicked off her shoes, slipped off her dress, and tumbled into bed. The air-conditioner was on and she had pulled a light blanket over her.

At eight o'clock, Sam had rung her doorbell. She called down the speaking tube that he was to come up, unlocked the door and hurried back to the bedroom to dress. She had chosen a becoming dress for Sam, refreshed her make-up, and started to comb her wig. It was a mess from having been slept in, so she had taken it off, tossed it

upon the bed and combed her own hair.

The evening had been pleasant and serene, as always with Sam; late dinner, a good movie, strong coffee and stimulating talk at their favorite Italian cafe. At two o'clock he had brought her home, refusing to come upstairs because he had to be up early in the morning for his hospital rounds. They had parted with a joke and a kiss on the doorstep.

She had found the apartment untidy, as she had left it, but with the light burning near her bedroom door. It must have been this lamp, casting a diagonal beam on to the bed, that had given her murderer the idea that she was asleep with her hair spread upon the pillow.

Even now, in spite of

havoc and terror, she did not demand revenge. To act now, impulsively, would cause too much trouble, not only to herself, but to poor Johnnie, who had suffered quite enough that year. She would make no decision until a night's sleep had cleared her head.

She could not sleep in her bed. Fortitude went just so far. Besides, if the police were called in, they would be angry if anything were touched at the scene of the would-be crime.

She undressed with unsteady hands and sat down again, thoughts weaving themselves in and out of her mind. She tried to think clearly of the morning's decision, but knew that there could be no clear action in the future without an answer to the questions of the past.

When had the past begun? On that snowy Saturday in February, three and a half years ago, when she had taken refuge from a storm in Tannenbaum's gallery? Yes, that was the beginning, and she let herself drift back to it.

Too breathless and frozen to enjoy the paintings, she had regarded most of the pictures indifferently, until she found the treasures and was enthralled. Not one, but two Bonnards, so splendid that she stood before them in pure awe.

Behind her someone asked, "What do you think of this picture?"

"It's magnificent, a masterpiece."

"The artist, is he famous?"

"To people who appreciate art."

The man studied the two small pictures. "Which one would you buy?"

"Both," she had answered, facetiously.

"Both? A great idea. A pair of them."

She thought he was joking. A pair of Bonnards, two perfect gems! He had turned from the paintings to inspect the girl.

It had surprised her that he was not older, for it had never occurred to her that someone of her own generation could buy two Bonnards as she might buy two pairs of stockings. His eyes fascinated her. Deeply set, shadowed but brilliant, they gave a kind of mystery to his face. He approached Tannenbaum and they began to discuss the price of the paintings.

When the sale was made he shook hands with the dealer and came back to where Ruth was still standing. He took hold of her arm.

"Come. I want you to see how these look in my living-room."

If he had been less eager, if his eyes had been less eloquent, she might have refused, or at least have held out a few minutes longer. This was not like her, not like her at all, and she was as fascinated by her own unusual behaviour as she was by him.

Half an hour later they hung the Bonnards in a room high over the East River.

"I can't believe it," she said, standing back to admire the paintings again. "Two Bonnards! You must be a millionaire."

She hadn't really meant it literally. But he shrugged

and grinned. "I've made my basic million," he said.

"Basic million? You make it sound trivial, like a basic black dress."

"A man's not really in these days with less than ten million."

"Oh," she said. "I guess I don't know anybody who's in."

"You know me," he said. "I didn't mean that to sound the way it came out—about the ten million. I was trying to be funny. But it's true in my business, that the basic million's as necessary to me as the basic black dress is in your business."

"You don't know what my business is."

"Girl business." He smiled warmly. "The basic black's essential. You're going home to put it on and come to dinner with me."

She flustered. "I'm sorry," she said. "I can't. Thank you, but . . . but . . . I mean I don't even know your name or anything about . . ."

"I'm John Gould Price. And I don't know anything about you, either. Are you married?"

"No," she said. "Not married, not even engaged." "Why not?" he asked. "With those eyes?"

She had laughed away the answer, although she would have liked telling him that several men had been in love with her; but had failed to appeal to her demanding imagination. She could afford to take her time, prolong the luxury of romantic dreams, for she was one of those lucky ones who achieve early success.

RUTH ELLIOTT,

at twenty-three, was doing nicely, thanks to thousands of infants, dear old grandmothers, impish lads, girl graduates, dainty devils, and veiled brides whose fan-shaped eyes looked out of greeting-card racks from Quebec to San Diego. She had a splendid studio with a separate bedroom, kitchen, and north light; had been twice to Paris, and could afford taxis without thinking about the extra dollar.

She had dinner with him that night and the next, and within a month she knew that here, at last, was a man who appealed to her imagination. His moods were electric, his enthusiasms buoyant. The name John Gould Price suggested inherited wealth, but he told her proudly that he had made the "basic million" when he was twenty-five.

He was now thirty-two and fussy about the vintage of champagne. They were toasting each other in a choice vintage when she asked what his business was.

"Money."

She asked him to explain. He said he was a promoter, that he extended capital to underwrite industrial projects. He spoke of international deals and vast sums as she might talk of a fee paid her for designing a birthday card.

She supposed that his talk was boastful, but she did not mind, because he was so boyish, so enraptured by the miracle of his wealth and success. There was in him a fierce need to compete, to excel, to prove himself. He delighted in extravagance. His generosity was alarming.

To page 96

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SALMON SALAD WITH AVOCADO FROSTING

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 tablespoon gelatine | 1lb. can salmon |
| 1 cup cold water | 1-3rd cup chopped green olives |
| 1 cup boiling water | 1 cup mayonnaise |
| 2 tablespoons sugar | 1 cup finely chopped celery |
| 1 tablespoon lemon juice | 1 large avocado |
| 1 tablespoon vinegar | 1 cup sour cream |
| 2 teaspoons grated onion | 1 teaspoon salt extra |
| 1 teaspoon salt | |
| 1 teaspoon prepared horseradish | |

Soften gelatine in cold water. Add boiling water, stir until gelatine is dissolved. Add sugar, lemon juice, vinegar, onion, salt, horseradish. Mix well, chill until partially set.

Drain and flake salmon, add to gelatine mixture with mayonnaise, celery, and olives. Spoon mixture into wetted 8in. x 4in. loaf tin. Refrigerate overnight.

Next day, peel, seed, and mash avocado, add sour cream and extra salt, beat until smooth. Unmould salmon on to serving plate. Spread avocado mixture over evenly. Refrigerate 1 hour before serving.

Serves 6 as an entree, 4 as a main meal.

First Prize of \$10 and a copy of Robert Carrier's "Great Dishes of the World" to Mrs. D. B. King, "The Pines," Kings Vale, N.S.W. 2692.

HAM AND CHEESE FLAPJACKS

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------|
| 1½ cups plain flour | 1 egg |
| 2 teaspoons baking powder | ½ cup milk |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 2oz. cheese |
| ½ teaspoon dry mustard | 4oz. ham |
| 2 tablespoons semolina | 1 green apple |
| | butter for greasing |

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt, mustard, and semolina into mixing bowl. Make well in centre, add unbeaten egg. Stir, gradually adding milk to make thick batter of a soft dropping (not pouring) consistency. Beat well until smooth. Stir in finely grated cheese, peeled, grated apple, and finely chopped ham. Grease hot griddle or frying pan with a little butter. Drop mixture by tablespoonfuls on to hot pan, cook until brown (approximately 2 minutes). Turn, cook other side. Delicious served hot, lightly spread with a little french mustard.

Makes approximately 3 dozen.

Consolation Prize of \$2 and a set of Robert Carrier's Cookery Cards to Miss J. Heaton, Moulton St., Ashgrove, Qld. 4060.

PARTY PUNCH

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 bottle orange cordial | 6 passionfruit |
| 1 bottle lemon cordial | 6 large bottles lemonade |
| 3 pints water | 1 bottle sweet sherry |
| 15oz. can sliced peaches | ice cubes |
| 15oz. can crushed pineapple | |

Mix together cordials, water, chopped peaches, and pineapple with liquid and passionfruit pulp. Mix well, refrigerate until just before serving. Pour into large punch bowl, stir in lemonade, sherry, and ice cubes.

Gives approx. 50 6oz. serves.

Consolation Prize of \$2 and a set of Robert Carrier's Cookery Cards to N. Fletcher, "Moama," Shipley Rd., Blackheath, N.S.W. 2785.

CRUNCHY PEANUT BUN

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------|
| 2½ cups self-raising flour | 1 cup raisins |
| 1 tablespoon peanut butter | 1 egg |
| 4oz. butter | 2 tablespoons sugar |
| | 2-3rd cup milk |

TOPPING

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| ½ cup finely chopped salted peanuts | 1 teaspoon cinnamon |
| ½ cup sugar | ½ teaspoon nutmeg |
| | ½ teaspoon ground cloves |

Mix together topping ingredients, set aside.

Sift flour into mixing bowl, rub in butter and peanut butter until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs; stir in raisins. Beat egg and sugar together, stir in milk. Make well in centre of dry ingredients, gradually add liquid, mixing to form a soft dough.

Drop dough by tablespoonfuls into topping mixture, coat evenly while rolling into a ball. Place buns into greased 9in. round cake tin, sprinkle over remaining topping mixture. Bake in hot oven 25 minutes, or until cooked when tested. Serve warm, spread with butter and honey.

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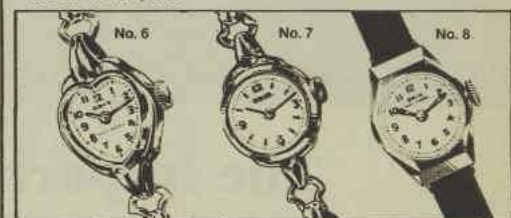
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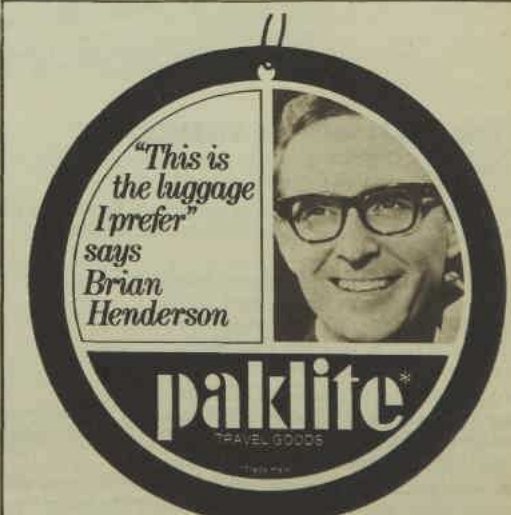
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AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

THINK how ghastly Christmas preparations must have been in the 1750s, when nobody knew for sure when Christmas was, and people stood arguing the question in the streets.

In 1752, long after other countries had made the change, England officially changed over to the Gregorian Calendar. People were angry enough about the change anyway, because to a lot of them it seemed that they'd been robbed of a part of their lives, and groups marched up and down outside the Houses of Parliament shouting: "Give us back our seven days!"

When it came to Christmas Day, things looked black. Old Christmas Day had been celebrated on what had now become January 6, and although the authorities said that Christmas Day now had to be moved back seven days to the new December 25, a lot of people thought the Government had gone too far, interfering with a Christian festival.

In Buckinghamshire, they decided that the test of the matter should be one of the many sacred thorns which were said to have been grown from cuttings of the Glastonbury Thorn. The Glastonbury Thorn itself was believed by many to have grown from the staff St. Joseph of Arimathea drove into the ground at the place where he decided to build a monastery.

So the good people of Buckinghamshire decided to watch the sacred thorns to find out when Christmas was.

The "Gentlemen's Magazine" reported in 1753 that their man in Buckinghamshire sent them this story: "Quainton in Buckinghamshire, December 24. Above 2000 came here

● As you are assailed with reminders that it's only 21 days to Christmas . . . 20, 19, 18, 17 . . . have you ever stopped to think that at least it's nice to KNOW how long it is?

this night, with lanterns and candles, to view a blackthorn which grows in this neighborhood, and which was remembered (this year only) to be a slip from the famous Glastonbury Thorn, that it always budded on the 24th, and was full blown the next day, and went all off at night.

"But the people finding no appearance of a bud, 'twas agreed by all, that December 25 New Style could not be the right Christmas Day, and as accordingly refused to go to church, and treating their friends on that day as usual.

"At length the affair became so serious that the ministers of the neighboring villages, in order to appease the people, thought it prudent to give notice that the Old Christmas Day should be kept holy as before."

Cromwell tried to abolish Christmas

MUCH the same thing happened at Glastonbury itself, where "a vast concourse" of people gathered to see the bush "blowing," but nothing happened there until January 5, when the thorn "blowed as usual."

Exactly a century earlier they were having trouble with Christmas, too. Cromwell and the Puritans didn't just want to move it, they wanted to abolish it altogether.

On December 24, 1652, Parliament spent the day discussing "the Navie and settling the Affairs at Sea," and then they were "presented with a terrible Remonstrance against Christmas Day, in consequence of which Parliament spent some time in consultation with the Abolition of Christmas Day, pass'd Orders to that Effect, and resolv'd to sit on the following Day, which was commonly called Christmas Day."

Well, that was all much too late to affect the ordinary citizen and his Christmas dinner in 1652, but five years later the Puritans were still at it, and the diarist John Evelyn told how armed soldiers surrounded Exeter Chapel, where he was attending a service on Christmas Day. All the congregation were seized, those of the "quality," including Evelyn and his wife, being confined before questioning in a nearby house, where they were allowed to eat dinner with the house's master.

A lot of the humbler members of the congregation were whizzed straight off to prison, but Evelyn was brought before the big brass to be questioned, and left this amusing account of his interrogation:

"When I came before them they tooke my name and abroad, examined me, why

contrarie to an Ordinance made that none should any longer observe the superstitious time of the Nativity (so esteem'd by them) I durst offend, & particularly be at Common prayers, which they told me was but the Masse in English & particularly pray for Charles Stuard, for which we had no scripture: I told them we did not pray for Cha: Steward, but for all Christian Kings, Princes and Governors.

"They replied, in so doing we praied for the K. of Spaine, who was their enemy & a Papist, with other frivolous and insinuating questions, with much threatening, & finding no colour to detain me longer, with much pitty of my Ignorance, they dismiss'd me."

He doesn't tell us whether his cook had managed to keep his Christmas dinner hot for him, but he'd certainly earned it after all that.

But Cromwell and his un-merry men disappeared, and Christmas got merrier and merrier, reaching absolute heights in the Victorian era.

Queen Victoria's Prince Albert is often credited with introducing the Christmas tree to England, though social historians say the English had begun to adopt the tree sometime before Albert arrived from Germany to marry the young Queen. When the royal family did adopt the tree it was "in," and every household had to have one.

Charles Dickens did as much to popularise what we now think of as the old-fashioned traditional Christmas as any other Victorian, and I've always loved the story of the small Victorian child who burst into sobs when he was told that Dickens was dead and said: "Will Father Christmas die, too?"

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FLOTTA LAURO

Ruth did not like to accept costly gifts. "But honey," he would say, "you're an asset to me. A girl I can take out with bankers and first families."

"The first real lady Johnnie's ever gone about with," she was told by his lawyer and loyal friend, Emory Targett. Ruth longed to ask about the girls who were not real ladies that Johnnie had gone about with.

For his sake she gave up an ancient family prejudice. When Johnnie said, "You're a beautiful girl, I'm proud to be seen with you, but the color of your hair, that mouse-brown, it's so plain. And besides, blondes have more fun," Ruth had gone to the hairdresser as to a sacrificial altar,

RUTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

and come out with a pretty silvery hairdo she would have been ashamed to show her mother.

His response had been a white mink stole which she refused until she saw that Johnnie was really hurt by the rejection. She pleased him by accepting the tribute.

In spite of gifts, flowers, dates, urgency, phone calls, and kisses, she never woke in the morning or went to sleep at night without fearing that on this day or the next she would lose him.

One evening, when Emory Targett dined with them and Johnnie had gone off to make one of his usual important phone calls, she asked if Emory knew why Johnnie had never married.

"Johnnie's a wild bird. Doesn't want to be caught."

Was she being a fool about Johnnie? she wondered. How did you catch a wild bird?

He had never come to the studio. When he called for her, he honked the horn and she rushed down the stairs. When he brought her home, the car sheltered their farewells. One night,

when she suggested that he come up and have a home-cooked dinner, he told her he did not care for those four flights of stairs.

"You don't know why? You never noticed me going lame like an old horse?"

She had noticed a slight limp when he was tired. Since he had seemed to guard the small flaw sedulously, she had never remarked about it.

"Really?" she said now. "It certainly doesn't show."

Her reward had been an enchanting smile. Since the flaw was admitted, Johnnie told her that his hip had been fractured on the polo field. Although he had been treated by the greatest specialists, the joint had remained

weak and sensitive. Since the accident, he had been obliged to give up riding, skiing, and tennis. Not long after this, they were hurrying to the theatre when he stepped off the sidewalk and collapsed in the gutter. He pulled himself up, fell again, and could not rise. Not a groan escaped, but the twist of his mouth and the extreme pallor showed excessive pain.

Ruth sat on the sidewalk and held his hand until the ambulance attendants lifted him on to a stretcher. She rode with him to the hospital and waited for reports on the X-rays.

Presently a man in a white coat approached her.

"Are you Mrs. Price?"

"No, just a friend. Is he in danger?"

The X-rays showed a peculiar condition of the joint. Apparently there had been previous injury. Ruth told him about the polo accident, but could not say when it had taken place.

"How long has he been walking around on it?" the doctor asked. He said the fracture had not been properly reduced, and that the X-rays showed severe bone deterioration. "Does he limp badly?"

"Just a bit once in a while."

"He must have remarkable will-power."

"He has," she answered.

T

THIS was a case for Dr. Farnsworth, the doctor said. He wanted permission to call in the bone specialist. Since the patient was unconscious and there was apparently no family to give permission, the doctor wondered if Mr. Price would agree. Ruth was sure he would. Mr. Price always demanded the best.

The next day she met Sam Farnsworth, and disliked him immediately. A big, rugged man with a shock of unruly hair and heavy, dark-rimmed spectacles, he struck her as being righteous and unbending. He showed impatience because poor Johnnie, filled with drugs and half-awake, could not remember the name of the surgeon who had attended him after the polo accident.

This annoyed Sam. He wanted the old X-ray plates so that he would know precisely what the injury had been, and how it had been treated.

Ruth thought Emory Targett might help. But the lawyer said the accident had taken place long before he ever knew Johnnie. Since it was important for the doctor to know the truth, Emory repeated in confidence certain facts he had learned when Johnnie's sister had made her only visit to New York.

"Nice woman, Opal. Plain and honest, the only decent member of the family. Mother's dead, father's a drunkard. Threw Johnnie down the stairs and broke nearly every bone in his body. Johnnie spent almost two years in a charity ward."

"Then why does he have to say it was a polo accident?" Sam Farnsworth inquired.

Ruth thought Sam insensitive and intolerant not to understand. "The same reason Johnnie had to spend six months deciding on a middle name that would give him a bit of class. John Gould Price. But don't get Johnnie wrong, he's a great guy. And please," begged Emory, "never mention to him that I told you."

The lie was never mentioned. As far as Johnnie knew, they believed his story of the polo accident. The protection of Johnnie's pride became Ruth's mission in life. She neglected work, spent long hours in the hospital, and waited through two operations.

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

• Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

ABOUT 20 years ago I picked up a bottle on the beach at Port Sorell, on the north-west coast of Tasmania. I enclose two pictures (not published). It struck me as unusual because of its unusual-shaped base. It is light greenish glass, badly sand-worn, but one can make out the following lettering on it, "Pitts double soda water, 8 Wharf Road, London." Can you give me an approximate date that this type of bottle was in use? Bass passed by the estuary in 1798. Port Sorell was first visited by Dr. Jacob Mount Garrett and Ensign Piper. The doctor was a member of Paterson's party, who made the first settlement in the North of Tasmania at York Town in 1804. In the Sydney "Gazette" of March 10, 1805, it is mentioned that the schooner Integrity had been sent to examine a port westward of the river Tamar which had been discovered by Dr. Mount Garret and Ensign Piper. It was evidently Port Sorell. — J. Maston, West Tamar, Tas.

Soda-water bottles similar to your examples were made during the late-Victorian or early-20th-century times. Before this, it was not customary for manufacturers to brand their bottles with names and contents.

★ ★ ★

TWO copper vessels, which I believe to be whisky measures, are in my possession. The smaller of the two came from the Orkney Islands; the other is of similar design, and both carry a seal or stamp on the inside lip of the top. They appear to be handmade. I am enclosing a sketch of the jugs and wonder if you can tell me something about them. — Mrs. R. Saxton, Tumbarumba, N.S.W.

The copper liquid measures were in constant use in taverns during the past century. The marks which are stamped on a lead seal are official marks applied by the weights and measures office. Usually a crown occurs together with initials V.R. for Victoria Regina or G.R. for George IV.

★ ★ ★

I AM enclosing a picture of three very old jugs and would like you to give me some information about them. They have been in our family for more than 100 years. The jugs are bronze-gold top and bottom, with a 3in.



• Victorian jugs

band of blue around the middle embossed in white and red with a design of a woman in a garden. They have a mark or face under the lip of the jugs. — Mrs. Mary Andersen, Toorak, Vic.

The three pottery jugs are examples of early-Victorian Staffordshire copper lustre ware. The rustic figures in the bas-relief on a blue background are salient features of the period. Lustre ware of similar nature was also made at Sunderland.

★ ★ ★

COULD you please advise the country of origin and approximate year of manufacture of a pair of ornaments which have

been in the possession of my family for quite a number of years? The ornaments (right) stand about 16in. high and 8in. across the mouth and appear to be made of porcelain. — H. R. Mills, Montmorency, Vic.

Although your vases are decorated with fans and birds in flight on a turquoise ground in the "Japan" taste, they appear to be European. It is possible for them to have been made in Staffordshire about 1875 to 1885, but the place of manufacture cannot be absolutely determined per medium of a photograph.

• 19th-century ornaments



To young women
of all ages~



say Happy Christmas with *three flowers**



by Richard Hudnut

Every evening when Sam Farnsworth came in to visit the patient, he found Ruth at the bedside. He fell into a habit of making this his last call of the day so that he could drive Ruth home. Sometimes they dined together.

Ruth still did not care much for Sam, but bore his company because they talked about Johnnie. Sam, who spent most of his time with the crippled and disabled, thought it immature and inexcusable for Johnnie to coddle himself with lies. Ruth became vehement in his defence.

"Why are you so worked up about it?" Sam's tone was scornful. "Are you in love with him?"

"I don't think that's any of your business."

He persisted. "Your devotion seems more than platonic. I hope you're not going to marry him."

This was the first inkling that Sam was in love with her and it stunned her into silence.

"I'm sorry," he said. "You're right; it isn't any of my business." He patted her hand. "Don't worry about Johnnie. He'll always look out for himself."

Indeed, during the months of inactivity, Johnnie proved that he could look out for his own interests. A private telephone line had been installed in his room. He had a tape-recorder, two secretaries, messengers carrying documents, associates who came to hold conferences at his bedside.

A tycoon flew from West Germany to discuss a project, and from Washington a Congressman came to carry on conversations about some vast deal.

"Look at me!" Johnnie yanked off the blanket that covered the cast. "Wrapped up like a mummy and I've finalised the biggest deal of my life. I'm making big money while I'm cooped up in this prison."

WHEN he left the hospital, his apartment became another office with secretaries, assistants, telephones, conferences, arguments, and bursts of bad temper. Convalescence was slow, frustration inevitable, pain too often present. On bad days he shouted, cursed, insulted everyone within earshot.

Even though he had been told by other doctors before he left the hospital that the hip joint Dr. Farnsworth had devised of metal and plastic was a near-miracle, he could not forgive Sam because his disability was now quite apparent.

Actually the limp was not severe, but, with the desperation of an imperfect perfectionist, he gave himself to suicidal moods. Ruth would not have taken his threats seriously if she had not found a gun in the drawer of his bed-table.

"Leave it," he snapped. "A helpless man needs some protection."

"From what?" she asked. "And besides you're not helpless. Oh, Johnnie,

Johnnie," she cried, "sometimes you frighten me so..." "Don't be frightened," he said. "It isn't even loaded." His arm went around her.

"I don't mean to yell at you," he said, "or to be cross. Try to understand what I'm going through."

"I understand," she said. "Oh, Johnnie, I do understand, but please don't talk of such awful things and scare me."

"You're good for me," Johnnie said, "and I love you. Oh, Ruth... Ruth... If only I could ask you to marry me..."

"Oh, Johnnie, ask me... please ask me."

They were married the following week. Johnnie had only one request: that they have a simple wedding here because he had been laid up so long he didn't want to take any more time away from business.

Ruth said she could explain to her parents; they would understand.

Johnnie's best friend approved the marriage. Emory Targett thought it a very good idea for Johnnie to have a wife. He drank their health in champagne. A week later he brought Ruth some papers to sign.

"For your protection," he told Ruth. "Security. Whatever happens to your husband, you'll be solvent. Just put your name on this line."

A new corporation had been formed. Ruth was to be

RUTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

a member. This technicality, Emory said, was used by many rich men who wished to share their interests with their wives. She was very grateful. None of Johnnie's gifts was half so precious as his concern for her future. These papers and others, signed later, were deposited by Emory's instructions in a bank vault held in her maiden name.

Soon they moved to a larger apartment. She was allowed to buy anything she pleased, without a thought of the cost. "My wife's a great interior decorator. She did this all by herself," bragged Johnnie to guests whose financial importance gave status to their admiration.

Ruth's first act as Mrs. John Gould Price had been to hire a couple, Otto and Litz, Hungarians, with formally good manners. Otto was pale, plump, self-effacing; Litz was bold and handsome, dark and light as a gipsy, and with a queen's arrogance.

"But, Madam, I am not of the servant class. I come from a titled family. My poor mother would drown in her tears to see me working in the kitchen. But what can one do when one's country has been seized by savages and one's home turned over to pigs?"

Ruth did not believe all of Litz's stories, but valued her for her efficiency, her superb cooking, and unending devo-

tion. She took up hems, sewed on buttons, polished shoes, pressed frills, all with bursting ardor for the glamor of the gracious lady.

"But you are the wife of a very particular gentleman, Madam, a man much admired by other ladies. It would please him if your lipstick... a bit brighter, perhaps." Or, "Which jewels will you wear with this gown, Madam? The new emerald cardrops, your husband says they make your eyes more beautiful."

Johnnie was amused, but declared Litz a fraud. He showed preference for Otto's quiet service which Litz resented. She wanted all the praise for herself, and would work tirelessly for a compliment.

When she heard that Ruth's parents were coming to visit them, she polished silver and made pastry as though royalty was to be entertained. "You must show your beautiful home to your mother with pride."

It was a beautiful home and Ruth was proud. Her greatest pride, of course, was in showing off her husband. There could not have been a more gracious host, a more devoted son-in-law.

"So handsome and so charming. He has a poet's forehead," Mrs. Elliott said. "Reminds me of Lord Byron."

"A poet whose verses are dollars and whose cantos are contracts," Mr. Elliott, who was less romantic than his wife, said wryly.

Mr. Elliott was not impressed by his son-in-law. He found Johnnie extravagant

and ostentatious. Ruth flared up with the same girlish anger as in her high-school days when her father had disapproved of a wild, reckless boy who had been her idol. She considered her father a bit stuffy.

Sam Farnsworth, she thought, was cut from the same conventional cloth. He had also warned her against Johnnie.

Just the same, she tried to defend Sam when Johnnie cursed his doctor and complained that every ache and twinge of a long, cold winter was the fault of that bungling bonesetter. Complications had developed, inflammation in the tissues around the joint. Sam had hoped to avoid another operation, but Johnnie's bones carried memories of an ill-fed childhood.

"You know why he wants to operate again?" Johnnie growled angrily. "To keep me in plaster so he can see more of my wife."

"That's flattering," Ruth said, "but totally ridiculous."

Evidence of Johnnie's need for her strengthened her indulgence of his whims and tantrums. When he was irritable, she considered his pain; when he strained after the acquisition of money and power, she found excuses. To compensate for his limp he had to make more money, exhibit more shining symbols of success.

He worked harder than ever, spent more time at the office, and often, when he was at the point of exhaustion, forced himself to fly off to attend some conference in a

To page 99



FOR CHRISTMAS TIME

Early American in design. The Virginian battery-operated cordless clock stands (hangs) 28 1/4" high. 8" wide. Antique nutmeg finish.



An Italian motif on this battery-operated, cordless clock from G.E.'s International Collection that also includes Japanese or French designs. 28" x 13".



"Inheritance" is the name of this wood-framed decorative wall clock that runs on a precision-built battery movement. A handsome 15 3/4" x 14 1/2".



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The coffee maker with the exclusive "Peek-a-brew" window to tell how much water to add, how many cups are left. Fully automatic. Brews then keeps your coffee hot.



distant city. When he was too busy to share his evenings with her or off on some trip, Ruth would try to work.

She had kept her studio. She needed a quiet place to work. When Johnnie said, "Why not here?" she tried to explain that her studio was a part of her.

"Does Sam ever come up and visit you?" he asked one night.

"He drops in once in a while. We talk and have a cup of tea. But if you'd rather not have me see him, I'll tell him not to come any more." He was jealous, she thought. He really was serious about Sam.

"Good girl." Johnnie kissed her.

Shortly afterward, Dr. Farnsworth was informed that Mr. Price did not need his services any longer.

One morning in the spring, Johnnie came back to the apartment after only a couple of hours in the office. Ruth found him in a stern and taciturn mood. He told her to go immediately to the bank, remove all papers from her safety deposit vault and take them to the studio. He sent Otto out to buy a strong-box with a combination lock.

"I'll do it tomorrow, darling. I've got an appointment for lunch and I'm awfully late," Ruth said.

"I want you to get those papers out of the vault right now."

"But, Johnnie..."

He cut her off. "Please do what I say, Ruth. It's important to me. I'll explain later." He started off, but

came back to add that she was to keep this a strict secret.

"Is something wrong, Johnnie?"

He left without an answer. Ruth did as she was told. In the evening she asked the reason for the hasty transfer of the documents, and why Johnnie had instructed her to keep it so secret.

"Don't you worry about my business, honey. There's nothing wrong. It's just that I don't want any busybodies prying into our affairs."

"How could they pry into papers in a bank vault? I thought no one could open it except me."

"There are ways. Court orders."

"Please tell me more, Johnnie. I want to understand."

"Honey, it's all just too involved to simplify."

"But I really would like..."

Otto came in with the ice-bucket. Johnnie signalled Ruth to keep silent.

Emory Targett came for dinner and after they had eaten the men excused themselves and went to Johnnie's study to talk privately.

Secrecy became a habit. Johnnie said he was either too busy or too exhausted to explain complicated business transactions that she would never understand. He went off on a number of business trips, mostly to Washington. When the Congressman came to New York, there were theatre parties and dinners every night.

Ruth wondered if Johnnie was paying for the Congressman's lavish hotel suite, but

she had stopped asking questions for fear of her husband's answers.

Johnnie grew increasingly nervous. From time to time he asked her to go to the studio to check on the papers in the strong-box. Lest he become irritated and lose his temper, she obeyed without question. All of the fuss and secrecy made her curious about the documents. She tried to make sense of the contorted legal language, but, though she had signed any

usual, Ruth was sent off to look at TV or read so that she would not be bored by their dull business talk. She fell asleep over the book and was awakened when Johnnie switched on a lamp. He looked anxious. His eyes were sunk in deep shadows.

"Is there something you're afraid to tell me?" she asked.

"Go to sleep, honey. There's nothing to worry about."

She wanted to trust him. Wanted desperately to be a

Johnnie's moods darkened further. He became touchy and unpredictable. Ruth retreated; she saw no other choice.

One morning at breakfast when Otto spilled coffee on the table, John threw an egg-cup at him. Ruth gasped.

"I do not have to take that kind of abuse, Mr. Price," Otto said, wiping egg from his lapel. "I'll be out of your employ and your house before noon. In the old country a servant had to accept brutal treatment. I did not think it would be like that in America."

"Otto," Ruth interceded,

Otto. "He is not my husband," she explained to Ruth. "We played the masquerade because you wanted a couple. I hope you will not make me leave. We do not need anyone else. I can do all. We will get in a woman for cleaning and the rest will be Litz."

IN full command, Litz became a household dictator, but Ruth did not complain. Litz was amazing. There did not seem to be anything that she did not do well. She wore a well-fitting black uniform with a lace-trimmed apron and she teased a bit when she served the meals, often cajoling Johnnie out of a sullen mood.

"You women take such good care of me, I'm a lucky man," he told Ruth and Litz one evening when he was in an exceptionally cheerful humor. He begged Ruth to forgive his bursts of temper, blaming a business deal that was now settled and done with; he would be himself again, he promised, telling her again and again how much he loved and needed her.

His tenderness made her so happy that she wanted to burst with joy. "I love you so terribly, darling. If only I could help you when you're unhappy."

"If anything happened to me, like something bad, would you stick by me?"

"Are you in trouble?"

"Would you stick by me through thick and thin?"

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RUTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD



number of contracts for her own work, she really had no head for this sort of thing.

One day she came home and found a man examining the rooms to see if the telephone wires had been tapped. They had.

"Why, Johnnie?" she asked.

"Don't you worry, sweetie. Things happen in business."

Emory Targett dined with them that night and later, as

part of everything he did and was, but she could not understand this different person he had become. And just that day, looking for a set of keys she had misplaced, she had once again come across the pistol in the drawer of the night table on his side of the bed. She had quickly shut the drawer as if to pretend she had not seen it. But she remembered it now and it frightened her.

"Mr. Price has been under a terrible strain. I'm sure he is sorry about what..."

"Sorry!" Johnnie shouted, throwing his napkin into his plate. "Are you now going to take the part of the servants against me? I pay a lot for service, first-class service, and if I don't get what I pay for they can all get out." He stormed out of the dining-room.

Litz did not leave with

FOR ALL ROUND THE HOME

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"You know I would."

This is the way he should be, the way it will always be, she reassured herself.

The next morning she slept late. The telephone woke her. Dr. Farnsworth wished to speak to Mrs. Price, announced an officious hired voice. Ruth was surprised. She had not heard from Sam for many months.

"Ruth, dear, is there anything I can do?"

Litzi, who had heard the phone and knew Ruth was awake, brought in coffee and the morning papers. She wore the secretly zesty expression of someone bearing bad news.

To Sam, Ruth said, "Is anything the matter?" and at the same time looked at the newspaper. Johnnie's name was on the front page. Ruth said, "It was kind of you to call, Sam. If there's anything you can do, I'll let you know."

She was too stunned to say more.

An agency of the Government had accused John Gould Price of embezzlement.

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 3000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1700 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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He had been brought before the court and released on bail the previous day. Apparently he had borrowed huge sums on farmlands, grain, and warehouses belonging to corporations that were no more than names on paper. The charges were complicated. Even simplified for newspaper readers, the language was hard to follow.

She telephoned Johnnie's office. Mr. Price had gone out; his secretary could not locate him. Ruth did not go to the studio that day, but stayed home to be on hand if Johnnie should want her. He came home earlier than usual.

"You've heard, honey?"

"It can't be true."

"I've been framed."

"Then it isn't true?"

"Only a few small items. They were out to get me."

"They won't put you in jail, will they?"

"Not unless they can furnish solid proof of anything. I'm out on bail. Boy, you'd think I murdered a regiment of babies. They couldn't have been tougher." He looked humbly into Ruth's eyes. "You going to stick by me, honey?"

"What kind of wife do you think I am?"

"I knew it. A girl who sticks through thick and thin."

His need for her was increased. He was like a forlorn boy clinging to his mother. There was great pressure upon him and upon Ruth, too. The telephone never stopped ringing. Reporters, eluding the doormen, came to the apartment.

"Mr. Price isn't well, he can't see anyone," Litzi told visitors. Johnnie lolled about the house, watched TV, read the newspapers, held long conversations with his lawyer. Ruth was barred from these discussions. Johnnie said the talk would bore her. Emory patted her on the back and promised that there was nothing to worry about.

Suddenly pressure ended, reporters disappeared. "Everybody seems to have forgotten about it," Ruth said. "Has something new happened?"

"Technicalities. The trial's a long way off. They've got to get a lot more evidence."

"Now that the pressure's off, I want to understand. Explain it simply, please, in words of one syllable."

"Didn't I tell you? They framed me."

"The newspapers said you raised money on properties that don't exist."

"Do you believe the papers or your husband?"

"I'd like to know. Did you secure loans with stock in an illegal corporation? One that didn't exist?"

"Nothing illegal about it. You're the president."

"Me? How?"

"Don't let it worry you. It's just a technicality. No one will blame you."

"I wish I weren't involved."

No matter how she worded her questions, Johnnie accused her of nagging. One night she said, "It's unfair."

If I'm an officer of the company, I ought to know what it's about. Suppose I'd be questioned, at the trial . . ."

"Can't you ever quit nagging?"

"But," was all she had a chance to say. Johnnie slapped her across the mouth.

She was more startled than angry. Although she left the room haughtily, her heart was sore with compassion. She recognised the blow as impulse, the reaction of a man so hurt and confused that he acted without thinking. And, sure enough, he hurried after her and apologised so humbly that she cried.

A FEW days after this he invited her to have lunch with him. In the restaurant he flirted, flattered, compared every woman unfavorably with his beautiful wife. Later they went to Emory Targett's office where she was given papers to sign.

"I'd like them explained first."

"They're nothing. Income tax stuff."

"Cheating the Government?"

"Don't be a little fool. It's simply business, the sort of thing everyone does."

"I don't want to sign anything I don't understand."

"Don't you want to help me?"

She hesitated. The two

men waited, watching her as hunting dogs watch a bird in a thicket. She put the papers on the desk and folded her hands in her lap.

"Anything wrong, honey?"

"The date. It's dated incorrectly."

"A typographical error," Emory said. "We'll have it fixed."

"This is July. The date on that paper is October. The year before last. Would that be a typographical error?"

Emory tried to laugh. "My secretary's absentminded. Must be in love." He aimed his forefinger at a button.

"Don't bother." Ruth stood up, pulling on her gloves. "I'm not going to sign anything. Goodbye now. I'll see you at home, Johnnie."

She felt chill and lifeless. Although she had never been able to make sense of the legal language on the documents locked away in her studio, she had no difficulty in seeing the significance of the dates. In October the year before last she had married Johnnie. A week later he had brought her the papers to sign. Her husband had used her in trying to get away with some sort of illegality.

She went to her studio, took the papers from the strong-box and burned them in the fireplace. As they burned, she planned a grand drama of confession.

Of course, it never took place. Johnnie came home in the gentlest of moods. As though there had never been a demand, a refusal. Litzi had cooked a splendid dinner, and they sat over it like a

man and woman enjoying a date, trying out each other with light conversation. Ruth did not want to destroy the mood with her confession.

While they undressed, Johnnie said, "Oh, by the way, I forgot. I've brought you something."

He kissed the back of her neck, then thrust new papers into her hand. They were undated. "Just sign those, honey, and get it over with."

"Johnnie, I told you I wouldn't sign anything I don't understand."

"Don't get sore. I'll explain."

"Let me ask you something. Obviously you want to substitute these papers for those I signed before. Why? Is there something incriminating in the others?"

"You're not as dumb as you pretend."

"Tell me the truth, Johnnie."

"What's the idea? Got any plans about those papers in the safe? You thinking of using them in any way?" Clenched, high-veined fists rose.

Ruth did not answer. She could have ended his fears with a short and honest statement, but if he thought so little of her she was not going to tell him that she had destroyed the papers. She would not let him off so easily.

"Answer me," he demanded.

She stared into his eyes and still said nothing.

He raised his hand, then let it fall lightly upon her shoulder. His touch was

To page 101

THE BEST GIFTS UNDER THE TREE

To carve your Christmas feast, all you do is guide this new Electric Slicing Knife that makes neat work of roast poultry, bread, rolls, tomatoes—anything.



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gentle. "Let's not get sore at each other anymore," he said. "None of this is important . . . at least, not as important as we are to each other." He tried to kiss her, but she turned away.

In the morning she was awakened by Johnnie's kiss. "Baby, forgot to tell you last night. I made a date for you this morning."

She sat up in bed. Suspicion had driven away early-morning drowsiness. "What kind of date?"

"Something you'll like. Tannenbaum phoned me yesterday, he's got some new pictures from Paris. There's one he says you'll blow your top over. A Chagall. I said you'd come over this morning and look at it."

"You want to buy me an expensive present now?"

"What kind of question is that? You're not holding a grudge, are you? I thought we weren't going to fight anymore. So I'm asking you to forgive me for whatever I did this time, and to take the picture and enjoy it."

She was tempted. Chagall's fantasy and color fascinated her, and the thought of owning one of his paintings was sheer heaven. But as she stood at Tannenbaum's door she was assailed by fresh doubt. At this time an extravagant gift could not be a gesture of love. To accept would make her vulnerable.

A taxi came along. She jumped in and gave the

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

address of the studio. As always when she was distressed, she wanted to work.

A surprising scent greeted her as she opened the door and she recognised it as Johnnie's after-shave lotion. "So you climbed the stairs," she said coldly.

He crouched before the opened safe. "I thought you were at Tannenbaum's." His tone accused her of illegal entry into her own studio. "What have you done with the papers?"

"Don't worry. They'll never be used against you."

"Tell me where you've got them hidden." He came toward her with startling swiftness. "What have you done with them?"

"I don't have them."

"Where are they? Has someone got them? Your lawyer? Your lover?" He came at her with raised fists, tripped and pushed over the easel. Ruth fled, racing down the stairs, knowing that he could not catch up with her, but running as if danger were at her heels.

She spent the rest of the morning and part of the afternoon walking about the streets, trying to decide upon some course of action. She tried to think about leaving him, but could not force herself to any conclusion. Eventually she had to go home.

Litzi rushed toward her the moment she opened the door. "Are you all right, Madam?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes," said Ruth. "I'm fine."

"We've all been so worried. Your husband has tele-

RUTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

phoned every fifteen minutes." Litzi thrived on excitement. Her cheeks glowed with feverish joy. She went to the telephone and dialed Johnnie's private number. "She is here. Mrs. Ruth is back, sir . . . Yes, she's fine . . . a bit tired, perhaps . . . I'm going to prepare her a nice hot bath with lots of bubbles . . . and yes, yes, I'll try to get her to rest . . . goodbye, sir."

Ruth sighed. "Is something the matter, Madam?"

Ruth put her hand to her head. "I'm just terribly tired and nervous."

"I'll draw you that nice hot bath," Litzi said. "That will make you feel better. Now, you just get undressed and relax."

By the time Johnnie got home, Ruth was dressed, made up, and perfumed.

"Hello, darling," she said as calmly as she could. "Shall I fix you a drink?"

"I hope you're ready to talk."

"That's just what I want to do, but quietly. Let's sit down and have a drink together." She asked Litzi to bring the ice-bucket.

"Where are those papers?" Johnnie shouted.

"Don't scream at me, please."

Litzi came in and set the ice-bucket down.

"Thank you, Litzi," Ruth said. "That will be all."

Litzi seemed concerned, but Ruth dismissed her with

a nod. "What would you like?" she asked Johnnie.

"I'd like those papers," he said, "that's what I'd like. I want an answer. What are you trying to do—send me to jail?"

"Johnnie, don't be absurd." She put two cubes of ice into a glass.

"Listen, Ruth." He reached for her shoulders. "I've got to get hold of those

FROM THE BIBLE

● *Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.*

—1 Corinthians 13: 1.

papers. Now. I'm waiting for a call from Washington. You've got to tell me."

She edged away, her back against the antique liquor cabinet. "I can't talk to you while you scream . . . and I won't."

His hand slapped hard against her cheek. The pain shot through her body and, before she could reckon with it he struck her again with even greater force. She tried to steady herself but her legs gave way. The world rocked and suddenly grew dark . . .

Lying on her bed with a

cold cloth on her face, she remembered that Litzi had rushed to her side—perhaps she had screamed, she didn't recall—and helped her to her bedroom. The bottle had fallen from her hand and knocked over several glasses, she remembered that. And Johnnie . . . where had he gone? Her cheek throbbed.

"Shall I call a doctor?" Litzi asked, replacing the cloth with another.

"No, Litzi, I don't need a doctor."

"Men . . . They are all alike, cruel and unreasonable."

"I do not want to discuss it," Ruth said.

"Is there something you would like? Perhaps a little brandy?"

Ruth closed her eyes and murmured, "No." The pain was one thing; the shock something else. Her head reeled with them both.

Johnnie's voice came from his study. "Litzi! Litzi!"

"I am with Mrs. Ruth," she answered. "You have hurt her rather badly."

It was as though he had not heard. "I have to go to Washington," he said from the doorway. "Pack my bags right away."

"Mrs. Ruth is . . ."

"Now!" Johnnie bellowed. "Do what I say and do it quickly."

Litzi looked at Ruth.

"Help Mr. Price," Ruth said. "I'll be all right."

Of course, she had to leave Johnnie. There was no other choice. There was a limit to

her patience and understanding, a limit to her love. She could tolerate a great many things, but not brutality.

Ruth had only been in Reno a few days when a letter came.

Dear Honey,

I have been laid up since I came back from Washington with another inflammation due to pressure on the area around that phony joint your boyfriend made me. It is no joke to be in traction, but I hope it will do the work and I do not have to go through another operation. Being in all kinds of trouble, it would be more than a man can stand, therapy, etc., and being all alone.

Here in the hospital it is very lonesome, because many so-called friends that used to like being entertained on my money do not know me anymore. I cannot forget that other time in the hospital and keep looking at the door to see if a certain pretty little face is there.

The Dr. thinks this high fever is due to my troubles, including the divorce. But feeling like you do, I am not going to beg you to come back to me. I miss my sweet girl. Love and kisses from Your husband, John.

The letter brought back a flood of memories. Her eyes burned. But a postscript dammed the flow of tears:

P.S. Even if you do not come back, it would help me to get back those papers you hid. Please be a sport, honey.

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COME FROM



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She saw the whole letter then for what it was. Johnnie had played another sordid trick to gain compassion and get what he wanted from her. She stayed in Reno.

A week before the divorce hearing, Emory Targett appeared. "Ruth," he explained, "this is a little out of my line, but I thought I ought to come. Johnnie's in the hospital or I suspect he would be here himself to try to stop you. He's having a rough time of it and he wants . . ."

"I know what he wants. You can tell your client he won't get around me that way."

"Can't you forgive? He loves you."

"He has a strange way of showing it."

"Once . . . just once, he flies off the handle and . . ."

"Emory, you make a laughable cupid. I know why you're here. I've taken the trouble to find out a few things. For example, I've been informed that a wife cannot be compelled to give evidence against her husband. If I'm still married to Johnnie, the chances are I wouldn't be called to testify about certain faked papers. That would take quite a worry off your mind, wouldn't it?"

"Where are the papers?"

Ruth's face was inscrutable. Emory Targett's stake was probably as important to him as the welfare of his client. He was involved financially in all of Johnnie's ventures.

"Just why are you so nervous about those papers?" she asked.

He only answered: "If you wait until after this is over, Johnnie will let you divorce him and give you generous alimony. Or a settlement. Whichever way you want it."

"Tell your client I'm not for sale."

AFTER the decree was granted, Ruth went to visit her parents. She was too restless to stay for more than a few days and returned to the studio. It was in excellent condition, dustless and orderly. This was obviously the work of Litzi who appeared soon after Ruth's arrival with all the clothes that had been left in the apartment. She brought the furs, but not the jewellery or any of the paintings.

"Mr. Price sends you his regards, Madam."

"Thank him, Litzi."

"He is not well, Madam. And his temper is bad. Look." Litzi displayed a bruised forearm. "On Sunday he struck me with the crutch." The bold eyes scrutinised Ruth's face.

"I'm surprised that you stand for it," Ruth remarked sadly.

"He needs someone."

"He's lucky to have you."

Litzi pulled her sleeve down over the bruise. "We get along very well, Madam."

A new life began. Ruth went after, and got, an order for a line of family greeting cards. She worked long hours and began to dine with Sam again. Now that she was free, he could tell her he had been in love with her since the day they met. She admired Sam, found his honesty comforting, but was not ready for love. Sam did not push her. A kiss on the doorstep was as far as they went.

When Sam asked, "Why do you dye your hair?" Ruth's first thought was that Johnnie liked it that way. At once she decided to let it go back to its original color. The blonde locks were part of her life with Johnnie, symbols of artificiality and deceit. As her hair grew in, dark roots showed beneath the bright silver ends. She bought the wig to cover it, a

RUTH

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mouse-brown wig like her own hair.

But when, a few months later, she had to see Johnnie, she was tempted to dye her hair again. "No, no, I must be myself," she decided. By flaunting mouse-brown hair, she would show John Gould Price that she no longer loved him and had no respect for his taste. Nevertheless she was all tremor and uncertainty about facing him.

She had been questioned twice by representatives of the prosecution and, upon the advice of her

lawyer, had said she had known nothing about the transactions in question. Yes, she had signed some papers that had been presented to her by Mr. Targett, but had believed they were mere technicalities. Now, this very morning, a young man had come to the studio. When she opened the door he said, "Mrs. Price, known as Ruth Elliott?" and thrust a subpoena into her hand.

Later in the morning Johnnie had phoned. "We've got to have a talk. Look, Ruth, we were man and wife. We can't just meet in

court like strangers. I'm taking you to dinner tonight."

"I've got a date."

"With Sam?"

"That no longer concerns you," she said coolly.

"I must see you," he said. "Do me this one favor and I promise that I'll stay out of your life. That doesn't mean I'll stop thinking about you or wanting you or hoping that someday you . . ."

She stopped him by agreeing to meet him for cocktails, but not at his apartment, as he suggested.

"Let's meet at the Briarly. Four-thirty. Will you reserve a table?"

Mr. Price's table was at the rear of the room, away from the crowds.

His greeting was exuberant. "Why, you're lovelier than ever. What is it? You've let your hair grow back. It's nice that way. Maybe I was wrong to make you change the color. You look wonderful, honey, fresh and sweet."

And then he said, "I've really missed you. Won't you come back to me?"

Her heart beat wildly and memories flooded her senses. "Oh, Johnnie," she said with effort, "it's too late, too late. We missed our chance, both of us. It's all over."

"You're saying one thing," he said, "but your heart is saying something else. That's corny, but

To page 103



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 11, 1968

it's true. I know you too well, Ruth. You're not the kind of girl who turns her affections on and off like a light-switch. Honey, I know you. This is Johnnie you're talking to. Maybe you can even fool yourself, but you can't fool me."

"I don't want to fool anyone," she said quietly. "I simply want us to forget each other, with as little pain for either of us as possible."

The waiter brought the cocktails. Johnnie raised his glass. "Well, here's to a happy couple." He leaned toward her.

"You know I never meant to hit you, baby. I didn't know what I was doing that night. I was out

RUTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

of my head with pain." He waited. Her silence provoked him to further explanation. "It'd been going on for weeks, getting worse all the time."

"Why didn't you say so?"

"You were sore at me. I didn't want to ask for sympathy."

"It wasn't the cruelty. I could have forgiven you for that, knowing what you'd been through. The lies and tricks were what I couldn't stand."

He went on urgently, "I was all pins and needles waiting for that phone call from Washington.

He'd kept me waiting two days, the Congressman. I was fit to be tied. Everything depended on his influence."

"Apparently he didn't get you out of trouble."

"I bet on the wrong horse. But there might still be a chance. Just wait and see, things could change."

Still hoping to move her, Johnnie gave a detailed account of his stay in the hospital, the pain, doctors' opinions, the weariness of traction. "And with it all, not a word from my wife. I write

her I'm laid up and she's too proud to send a get-well card."

"I wasn't sure it was true."

"Why do you always distrust me?"

Wrapped up in his own concerns, he was unaware of irony. "My wife thinks I'm deceiving her when I tell her I'm in the hospital. And, besides," from under guarded eyelids he watched to see how his words would affect her, "they want to put me in jail."

"You're working on me to get those papers back." He tried to deny it, but she gave him no chance. "You needn't worry any more. I destroyed them."

"You did?"

"I did. I didn't want to be

involved in your filthy business, and when you tried to substitute other papers, innocent ones probably, with that same date, I went to the studio and burned them in the fireplace."

"Why didn't you say so?" He was like his old self, taut, impatient. "If you'd told me that before, we might still be living together."

"You didn't give me a chance. You yelled and threatened and were afraid of me because I knew how crooked it was of you to want to substitute the new documents."

"Is that the truth? You really burned them up?"

"The ashes were cleared out months ago."

He sat rigid. Ruth had seen him like this, as still as death when he was absorbed in some new scheme. And a moment later he came to life and looked into her face with the intensity of interest that had such charm for her. His hand crept across the table to cover hers.

"I've got news for you, honey. Important news. You've made it now as though there never were any papers like the ones you just mentioned. As if those contracts never existed. No corporation was set up like that one you say you were connected with. Get it?" The charm was strained. Upon her wrist his hand sweated icily.

"You mean if I'm asked about them in court? Are you suggesting that I lie under oath? Perjure myself?"

"Don't you want to help me, Ruth?"

"I have to tell the truth."

HIS eyes narrowed. "So that's what you want? To ruin me? To get even because I happened to hit you when I was suffering?" He picked up the cane. "Look, I use this all the time. I can't touch my foot to the floor without terrible pain."

"It's no use, Johnnie. I was taught that suffering chastens and refines people. With you it's just the other way. You make it an excuse for deceit and cruelty. And it won't make me lie for you."

His face became dark and terrible. "You drive me crazy. I could kill you," he said.

The waiter brought another round of cocktails. Ruth picked up the glass and drank too quickly. Johnnie remained still, seeming unaware of her and of the surroundings. Some secret plan obsessed him. He did not notice her gather up her bag and gloves. As she went out, she looked back through dimness and cigarette smoke, saw Johnnie in the same position, rigid, staring at nothing.

That had been the end of it.

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Mrs. H. WIFE



"You carry on with your exercises as though your life depended on them."



Spoon MIRACLE WHIP over fish fingers and hot vegetables for a delectable flavour.

Serve MIRACLE WHIP Salad Dressing with fruit for an interesting taste variation.

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HOUSE of the WEEK

Above: Striking feature in the kitchen is a panel of small red tiles between the wood-grain cupboards and laminated bench. One door of the kitchen opens into dining area, another to family-room, so Mrs. Napier can easily keep an eye on the children.

Right: Living-room and dining area form centre zone. Master bedroom is off one end, while kitchen, family-room, and children's rooms are at the other. Main entrance is off to left of picture, beyond is a separate entrance leading to the children's rooms.



Pictures by Les Gorrie

Architect designs his own home

● Melbourne architect Ian Napier designed the striking house he and his family live in at North Ringwood, Victoria.



Mediterranean simplicity of main bedroom is emphasised by the whitewashed brick walls and polished brush-box floor and colorful heavy Spanish bed-cover. Reading light is concealed behind wooden pelmet on the wall.

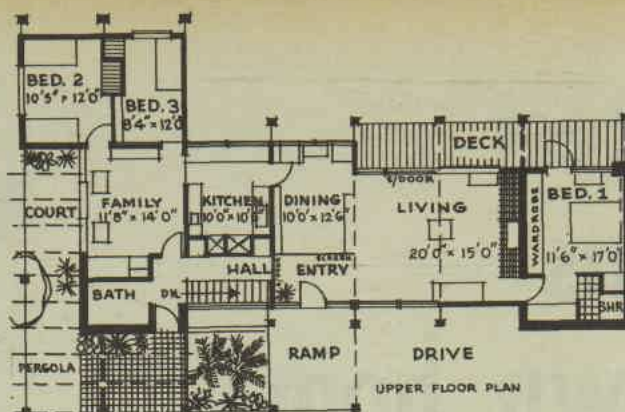
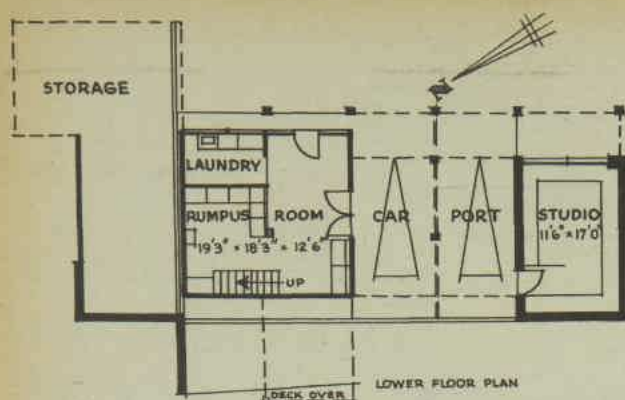
Shadows from a colorful mobile flicker across the wall of three-year-old Justin's bedroom. Mrs. Napier made the mobiles, curtains, and purple towelling bedspreads in the room. One-year-old Marcus' equally colorful room adjoins his brother's.



Entrance is at street level, across a covered bridge. On lower level is the garage, rumpus-room, and studio. The hillside block the house is built on falls about 23ft. from left to right and had to be extensively excavated before building could begin.



Continued over page.



Architect designed his own home

Continued

THE contemporary rect-angle-shaped house in North Ringwood, an outer Melbourne suburb, is white-painted brick at one end and strongly contrasting post-and-beam structure at the other end.

Ian Napier used a 10ft. module, with a double post-and-beam structure and steel deck roof, so extra rooms can be added without difficulty. Soft fibre lining-board ceilings helped reduce costs.

The house is built on a 90ft. by 108ft. block on the slope of a hill, the land falling about 23ft. from one side of the block to the other. Extensive excavations had to be carried out before building could begin.

It was largely a "do-it-yourself" house, for as well as designing it Ian Napier painted almost all the interior and exterior and cleared the bushy area at the back of it.

His wife, Marion, made all the curtains and chair-covers in bright, cheerful colors, which contrast sharply with the white walls, dark beams, and polished brush-box floors. She also designed and made the intriguing mobiles which hang from the ceilings of most rooms.

Constructed with an eye to economy, for, like most young couples, the Napiers were on a budget, the house and furnishings cleverly show more flair and imagination than actual expense.

A lot of glass has been used in the design for the house to take advantage of the tranquil bushland views round it. Full-length windows in the living-room and master bedroom slide open to give access to an elevated deck. In the family-room they open on to a garden courtyard.

There is one feature of the house that will be of interest to all parents—a separate entrance for the children, leading directly to their part of the house.

—BEVERLEY COOPER



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Potter
& Moore

RUTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103

she thought, until he had tried to kill her . . .

Twice during the night she got up to look at the shattered wig, the scattered feathers, the bullet in the headboard. A parade of spectres had marched through the studio. In one night she had reviewed the many roles played by the man who had been her husband.

The sound of the phone pierced like a shot. Too suddenly awake, she did not realise she had dozed, much less slept. Instinct drew her hand toward the telephone. She jerked it back. A corpse doesn't answer.

SUNLIGHT brightened the floor. It was almost ten o'clock. Time to be up and taking action. What action? Confusion tore her apart. If the police came, saw the wig and the pillow, they would ask if she had enemies, if she had recently quarrelled with anyone.

Reaching no decision, she showered and dressed quickly, chose her outfit with care. The ghost appearing at her best before the assassin. The small joke pleased her. Fearful of losing courage, she raced down the stairs and banged the door behind her. She was terrified.

A taxi brought her too quickly to the building that had once been her home. The doorman greeted her with too much enthusiasm. The elevator came too promptly, rose too fast. On jellied legs she approached the door of the apartment. No one answered the first ring. She longed to turn and hurry away. The second ring brought a voice, his voice, bidding the visitor wait. Her tremors were like fresh wounds.

"So sorry," he opened the door, "I was asleep."

He saw who it was, faced her with disbelief and obvious profound shock. Both stood paralysed.

At last, "I wasn't expecting to see you," he said.

"I'm sure you weren't."

"Come on in." He led her into the living-room as though she were a newcomer to the house. "Have a seat." His hair and his pyjamas were rumpled from sleep, his eyes heavy, his feet bare. He begged to be excused while he put on some clothes.

"Johnnie," she said, "let's stop this ridiculous game. I never thought you meant it. I never thought you really would . . ."

"Please," he said, begging in a childish way. "Let me get myself together."

Ruth closed her eyes. "All right, all right," she said, as though it were someone else talking.

There were changes in the apartment. The furniture and paintings were the same, but something had been added, a foreign element in oriental rugs laid over the carpet, in cut glass and gilded ornaments set upon the tables, in a baroque clock on the mantel. Johnnie returned in an elaborately figured silk robe and embroidered slippers.

"The reason I was so shocked seeing you, honey, was I had a nightmare. You were dead."

"Funny, I had a nightmare, too. I dreamed you came to the studio and shot me."

"No kidding?" This was too immediate, too bland. "Hey, what about coffee? Have you had breakfast? Litz's left everything ready."

"Isn't Litz here?"

"She shops early Saturdays. Says the stuff is fresher. If I sleep late, she leaves everything on the



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bedroom table for me. Come on."

She let herself be led.

On the table beside the window, breakfast had been set out: coffee in the percolator, rolls in the electric warmer, juice in a pitcher deep in a bowl of crushed ice. While Johnnie went to fetch a cup and plate for her, Ruth stared toward the bed table. Johnnie's gun had always been kept in the lower drawer. She wondered if it was there now.

"Breakfast together, honey. Like old times, huh? Know something? I've missed you like the devil."

She would not let herself be glad, nor indulge in the luxury of nostalgia. Who but Johnnie could try to shoot a girl at night

and then try to flatter her at breakfast? She was more afraid of his charm than of the gun in the bed-table drawer.

"Something's different about you, Ruth. Your hair's streaked up. Yesterday it looked like you never dyed it."

"I was wearing a wig."

He shook his head. "I'd never have guessed it."

"I couldn't wear it today because someone shot it to bits last night."

"What does that mean? Who'd shoot a wig?" He put on a naive, boyish look.

"They . . . he . . . whoever it was," she faltered, "must have thought it was me . . . my hair

. . . on the pillow. The blanket was all bunched up as if I were in bed. And there was my wig on the pillow."

"You say someone shot it?" Johnnie smiled as though at a child's fancy. His amusement, too easily assumed, was suspect. It was typical of the man to lie serenely.

In a breathy, off-key voice, Ruth demanded, "Can you imagine how a murderer would feel finding himself face to face with his victim? Alive and unharmed."

"Why, honey, it sounds like you suspected me." This was offered like a move in a game played to indulge her whim.

"Was it you?"

"Who shot you in the wig?" He laughed, but with sour amusement. "Did you make up that funny story, dear?"

"Stop acting. You know you were murderously angry when I left you yesterday."

"You shocked me. I was disappointed in you."

"Because I refused to perjure myself for you? You said that you could kill me, remember?"

"People always say that when they're sore."

"Aren't you afraid of what I might say at the trial?"

"What trial? There's not going to be any trial. It's been called off. The charges were withdrawn."

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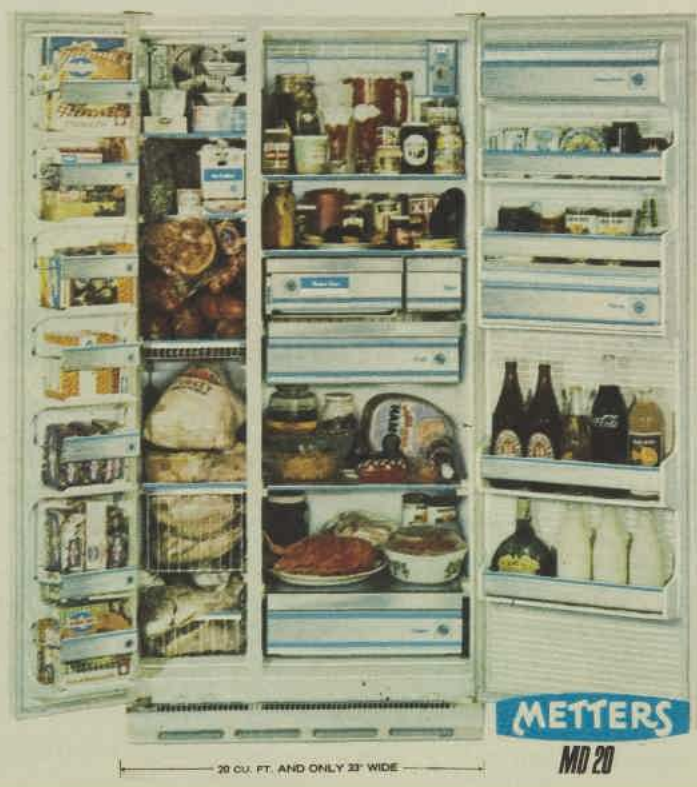
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"I don't believe it."
"I'm telling you the truth. For once," he added with insolent charm.
"And you're free, clear, and innocent?"
"Clear and free." He grinned at the impotence of her anger.
"Why didn't you tell me yesterday?"
"I didn't know I was clear, free, and innocent," he mocked. "It was reported to Emory late in the afternoon. He got back from Washington in the evening and came here straight from the airport."
"You're saying Emory was with you last night?"
"Until half-past two. We went over a lot of papers and then

played gin. He beat me. I guess my mind wasn't on the game."
"Another convenient lie? Emory'll back you up, of course. You say black is white and Emory agrees. He's your alibi for everything."
"Like shooting wigs?" He laughed again.
"Tell me the truth, Johnnie. Please. Has the case really been called off?"
"It might be. Probably. Not enough evidence." A drooping eyelid suggested a wink. "It's not easy for them to get witnesses

against me. In a few weeks, maybe, or a couple of months I'll be as clean as a whistle."
"So you can start doing the same thing again."
"Not exactly. Next time I'll be more careful."
"More careful, not more honest."
"Careful. These things cost a lot of money."
The shamelessness sickened her. She jumped up, crossed the room, turned her back. He did not notice the disgust, but came after

her and laid his hand upon her shoulder.
"OK, don't believe me. But you'll see..."
She jerked away. "You don't even know how cheap you are."
"Cheap?" The word stunned him. Cheap was not a word for John Gould Price.
"Yes, cheap. And crude and vulgar." She hurled the words like weapons. "And vain and ignorant and ostentatious and crooked..."
He cut in, repeating her words. "Cheap, uh? Crude and vain and vulgar." With each a gust of hurt laughter. "So that's how my wife felt about me. And crooked. That's good." The laughter broke off. "A crooked mind in a

crooked body. There are a couple of other words you forgot. Crippled. Repulsive." He made a drama of the point.

Her fury exploded. "That's what I mean by vulgar. Using it, the weakness you hate, to get away with something."

He spoke with tight lips. "So why did you marry me? If I was so cheap and vulgar and crude and repulsive?"

"I didn't say repulsive. That was your idea."

"Why? Why should a girl who's beautiful and makes a good living marry a cheap, vulgar, ignorant cripple? Out of pity. I was sick and you were sorry for me. Is that it?"

"You're wrong," she said. "You couldn't be more wrong. I found you terribly attractive and I loved you very much."

"I knew from the beginning, Ruth. Don't comfort me. You're an artist, you're well educated, you make a good living for yourself, you're beautiful and men want you, so there weren't the regular reasons like with a girl who wants a husband or needs money. With you it's got to be a romantic reason, soft-hearted. Like taking pity on a cripple."

"That isn't true. I'd never have felt sorry for you if you hadn't felt so sorry for yourself."

"Believe me, nobody's grateful to you."

She sought words and could find none that would do. Every phrase that came to mind seemed a contrivance of hollow phrases which Johnnie could mock and misinterpret.

"What do you want me to say? What do you want me to do?" she asked.

"You really thought I tried to kill you," he said. "That's funny. Oh, that's funny. You'd believe that, and yet when I wrote you and told you I was laid up you refused to believe it. You were afraid to come back and let yourself love a cheap, vulgar, crooked cripple."

"Johnnie, don't do this to yourself." She had never felt more sorry for him in her life.

"You want it to be me," he said. "You want to think I shot you. If anyone did. You'll feel easier about yourself if I'm a killer."

SHE was so shaken that she felt lost, so weak that she did not lift a hand to wipe away the tears. Johnnie looked into her eyes and she lowered them.

She felt herself crushed. Strong arms forced her close. His kiss was fierce. Sanity fled, memories of his deceptions and her suspicions, the words they had used against each other, all were dissolved. Nothing remained but their love for one another.

Neither was aware of intrusion, but Litz entered the room. The embrace was watched in bitter silence. The sight turned Litz to stone. Tawny skin went grey. Purse and shopping bag slipped out of her hands. Oranges and tomatoes rolled on the floor, tins and bright boxes lay scattered on the rug. Her eyes were fixed on Ruth like mirrors of horror.
"Why, Litz, you look like you'd seen a ghost," said Johnnie, letting go of Ruth.

Dazed as she was, it struck Ruth all at once. It was written all over Litz's face. How could she have been so stupid? Litz wanted Johnnie for herself, had always wanted him. The significance of Litz's earlier actions became clear. The sweet servant had been too solicitous; had flattered the wife while playing up to the husband.

As in a trance, Litz moved

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RUTH

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RUTH

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forward to make sure a living woman stood there. "You, Madam?" she murmured. "You, Madam, you always come back."

Sensitive, swift of comprehension, Johnnie glanced at Ruth's unwigged head, then at Litz's gloved hand. "Where's my gun, Litz?"

He moved with rare speed to the bed table. Litz swooped down for her handbag. Johnnie opened the drawer, swore, and swung around. A beam of sunlight caught the dark gleam of the gun in Litz's hand.

"You will go away now, Madam. Do not come back."

"Give me that gun," Johnnie hurried toward her.

Litz held the gun firmly. "Go now, Madam. We don't want you . . ."

Johnnie lunged forward to take the gun. Before he could grab it, the shot exploded deafeningly.

Afterward, Litz was to swear it had been an accident, that Mr. Price was angry because she had taken his gun from the bed-table drawer. To protect him, she was to say, because she had known how desperate he was, how bitterly unhappy, always in pain. And last night after Madam had been so cruel to him at that cocktail place, he had despaired so that she felt it her duty to take away the gun.

WHEN she had returned from her shopping that morning, he had demanded it back. In the struggle to keep him from getting it, with Madam standing there and doing nothing to help, the gun had gone off. Madam had been cold, indifferent to the suffering of her husband, had left him when he was in trouble with the law, had not bothered to send a word of sympathy during his illness.

With European sentimentality, Litz described Johnnie's suffering and loneliness, her devotion and the struggle to keep him from suicide. It was, Litz was to say, all the fault of Mrs. Ruth.

All that Ruth could recall of those confused seconds was that Johnnie had seen how the gun was aimed and had swung himself in front of her. "Oh, no," she had cried as she reached out to encircle him with her arms. He, too, had been dazed, swaying as the bullet struck him.

Litz had let the gun drop, kicked it away, leaped toward Johnnie. "Give him to me, he is mine . . ."

He had pressed himself tighter against Ruth, pitifully holding on to her. She lowered him gently to the floor. "Do something, Litz. Hurry! Call the doctor."

"You do it. I will take care of him," Litz had hovered above them. "Let me have him, he is mine."

Since it was necessary, Ruth had surrendered him to Litz, telephoned the doctor, brought towels from the bathroom.

Johnnie's eyelids had fluttered. He had looked at both women and raised his hand to push Litz away. She had held tighter, furiously. Ruth had said, "Get more cloths. At once, Litz."

Coldly, master to servant, Johnnie had commanded, "Do as my wife says."

The servant had obeyed. Ruth had sat on the floor beside Johnnie. His head rested in her lap. His eyes were wide open and bright. "Did you love me?"

"I loved you proudly," she had told him.

A small smile had fluttered his lips. His eyelids had flickered.

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Ruth had not been able to tell whether these were signs of gratitude or disbelief. She was never to know. For many months the uncertainty tormented her.

It was much later, on a snowy night in February, walking with Sam, that she spoke of it.

"Johnnie said I wanted to believe he shot me." She paused, because it was difficult to force this out. "He was right, of course. I was ashamed of loving him, but not for the reasons he thought."

She went on, needing relief and knowing she could trust him to understand. "I lied to myself, Sam. And I hurt poor Johnnie."

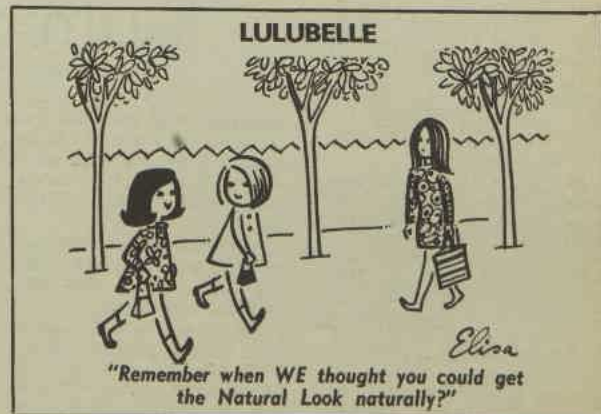
"He knew you loved him," Sam knew. He had stood by and watched the whole thing. "That's

enough for any man, to know a woman loves him."

Sam was a strong man who needed no compassion, but there was a note in his voice that aroused in Ruth the element that had to be there before she could give love. She looked up into the rugged face.

He drew her close, kissed the cold cheek. They were under a streetlight. Anyone could have watched. But this was a quiet street, deserted in bad weather. And if the embrace, which she returned with zest, had been watched, it would have made no difference. Sam was a man no woman need be ashamed of loving.

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locks saw their father riding down to the wharf, hoping for letters from his wife. He was greatly amazed when his family rushed into his arms, having no idea of their date of arrival.

On learning their news he hurried to Sydney.

Perhaps Dr. Haylock had been attracted to Port Macquarie by tales of its picturesque past, when Major Innes entertained royally at Innes Cottage and squatters from all over New England rode hundreds of miles to picnic races by Lake Innes.

Now, alas, Major Innes was in financial straits, the penal settlement was closed, and many inhabitants gone to the goldfields.

Though the Haylocks all liked

their new home, there was little money in the practice, and Dr. Haylock moved his family up to the old Wool Road to Walcha, on the windswept New England Plateau.

Poor access to port facilities is still a grievance with New Englanders, but in 1855 there were real difficulties.

The routes from the tableland to the coast, desperately steep and rough, were passable only by bullock drays, yet large loads of wool were hauled down to the

ports and all supplies for the settlers backloaded.

Travellers rode horseback. Even that reluctant pioneer Mrs. Haylock ached her way up to Walcha on her side-saddle.

Cursing bullock-drivers eventually delivered her piano and other treasures. To complete her discomfort, she was compelled at first to housekeep in a tent.

Walcha consisted of an inn, store, blacksmith's shop, and a few slab cottages with bark

roofs, surrounded by large stations.

Again the doctor found few patients, and soon made another move, this time to Penrith.

His long-suffering wife, after one winter in Walcha, was delighted to pack up again - though she rode much of the way to Morpeth on a pile of bedding in a dray.

Celia and a younger sister, Julia, remained in the Walcha district, staying with the Wilsons, of Aberbaldie Station, where Celia acted as governess to her sister and the four Wilson children.

Though holdings were large and homesteads far apart, there

was much riding back and forth on visits.

Mrs. Wilson, a fine horse-woman, was happy to chaperon the girls, and Celia proudly sallied forth with her own horse, saddle, and bridle, cherished symbols of adulthood.

Sons and jackaroos from neighboring stations came to dance at Aberbaldie and to turn music pages while blue-eyed Celia played the piano and sang, the candlelight gleaming on her red-gold hair.

Picnic races were held that year at Mr. Salwey's property, about ten miles from Aberbaldie.

Mr. Wilson dispatched a bullock wagon laden with tents, bedding, provisions, good clothes, and his wife's piano.

All racegoers arrived on horseback, as there were no passenger vehicles in the area. Tents were put up near the roughly cleared racetrack and a canvas pavilion for dancing.

The womenfolk were in their tents, changing for the evening, when a violent storm arose. Surrounded by a sea of mud, the ladies in their crinolines and dancing shoes feared they would be unable to get to the pavilion.

The evening was saved by Mrs. Wilson's partner, Mr. Vincent Dowling, who, with three friends, placed himself between the shafts of a cart and ran a shuttle service between tents and pavilion.

Soon the unfenced countryside echoed to strains of galops, polkas, and mazurkas, and round-eyed possums gazed at the dancers' shadows on the lamplit canvas walls.

Lonely route

After two years at Aberbaldie, Celia, now 22, and Julia, also reaching marriageable age, longed for wider horizons. They wrote homesick letters to their parents, who at last sent Alfred, their second son, to fetch his sisters home.

They rode south-east from Aberbaldie on a route known as the Peel Line, past the Australian Agricultural Company's station at Nowendoc, then down notorious Hungry Hill—a perilous scramble for two miles on foot, leading their horses.

At the foot of the hill they paused to rest on a flat littered — as it is to this day — with logs which bullock-drivers used to drag behind their drays as an extra brake during the descent.

Celia noted with pleasure the mildness of the climate, so different from bleak New England, and the differences in trees, vegetation, and birdsong.

The ride to Raymond Terrace took them almost a week, along lonely tracks over rough hills and many perilous river crossings.

They passed a few settlements, and sometimes stayed overnight at small public houses, but fellow travellers were so rare that Celia later wrote, "One day we actually met a man."

The meeting occurred at an embarrassing moment. Alfred, leading his packhorse, was riding far ahead, and the girls, tired of the side-saddles, were riding astride with hitched-up skirts, revealing a good deal of leg. They were utterly confused at being caught in such immodesty.

The Peel Line, shortest and roughest of the routes from New England, had been surveyed by the Australian Agricultural Company in 1832, and later much used by Chilean mules, which the company imported, with their mulleteers. However, the

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

December in the garden

By **ALLAN SEALE**

● Look to your garden now as a source of Christmas gifts and decorations.

FOR the Christmas table, low bowls planted with ferns and strands of ivy can make an attractive decoration; or with one or two coleus seedlings, a splash of cheerful color. Cover their earth with river pebbles or mossy stones.

In larger containers you could try your hand at miniature landscaping with small Norfolk Island pines and other conifers; with acorus, like tiny, variegated flax, and rosetted heads of succulents.

Use weatheread rocks for mountains, and small sheets of moss or helixine for lawns or valley pastures. Pieces of plastic will hold water for tiny pebble-lined ponds.

Expensive containers aren't necessary. You could plant ferns and coleus, for instance, in a neutral cane florist's basket lined with green tin foil, or in plastic or wire fern-baskets lined with moss or teatree bark.

Ferns previously identified in pots are best, as they can be tapped out and

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SEDUM SEBOLDI in autumn leaf—but a pretty potplant gift for any time of the year.

transferred without disturbing the roots. If you have to dig, disturb as few roots as possible, or they will need to be cut back, and take some time to re-establish.

Even a simple plant potted in an attractive container makes a nice gift. Ivy is a hardy plant for this, used indoors or out, and is easily re-established if kept in a moist, shaded position for a couple of weeks after repotting. Spillover or prostrate types such as Pittsburg or Weber's Californian make tidy, compact potplants.

A few pretty stones packed round them add to the appearance; potted succulents always look better if the soil is covered by gravel or small stones.

THE GENERAL APPEARANCE of the garden can be improved with a little tidying and feeding. Cut off old bulb foliage now and, if needed, fill the spaces with clumps of petunias, nasturtiums, or other minimum-care plants.

Prune wisterias' far-reaching new growths back to five or six sets of leaves, and tip-prune spring-flowering shrubs with over exuberant growth—that is, pinch out the tip of each new growth.

Geraniums are improved by pruning back stems that have flowered. French lavender is at its lowest ebb toward the end of December. Prune hard now.

Prune the small-clustered climbing wickuriana roses without delay. These flower on new growth, so cut back old canes that flowered last month to encourage flowering canes for spring.

Feeding will help to thicken up lawns, and make them a rich green. Specially prepared lawn foods are best. Avoid burn by sprinkling them evenly over the lawn when it is quite dry, then hose thoroughly to dilute the chemical and wash it off the grass. Results show in about ten days.

Spray citrus trees where scale is troublesome, especially the white wax scale, which can be controlled effectively only at this time of the year, when the young scale is in the crawler or nymph stage on the foliage. It is much harder to control once it moves down to the stems and secretes its wax coating.

Use white oil, 4 tablespoons to gallon of water. First mix the oil emulsion with equal quantities of water, then stir into the bulk of the water. Repeat treatment in later January.

Large brown or black shield-shaped citrus bugs are prevalent in some areas now. Heavy attacks usually cause young growths to wilt. Control by adding about 2 teaspoons of malathion-50 to each gallon of white oil spray.

Sow beans now. Brown Beauty or Windsor give best results, continuing to set beans in heatwave conditions.

Red spider is troublesome in dry areas this season. The tiny mite is hard to see although there may be hundreds below each rose leaf. It also attacks dahlias, asters, beans, fuchsias.

Sprays such as rogor will control it on ornamentals. Spray beans close to harvest with clensel, or dust with sulphur. Frequent foliage watering also keeps the pest inactive.

Don't use DDT or lindane, or red

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 327

spider could reach plague proportions. These sprays have no effect on red spider, but they do kill ladybirds and other insects which keep it in check.

Sow polyanthus this month, if the sowings can be watered over the holidays. Seedlings take about four weeks to come through, and four weeks to be large enough to prick out.

I get best results by filling a couple of plastic punnets or 4in. pots with equal parts sand and moistened peatmoss, with a dusting of lime and either complete plant food or superphosphate. Stand these, just covered, in hot (not boiling) water, leave until cool.

When drained, press seed into the surface, then enclose them in a clean plastic bag. Leave in a cool, shaded place until the first seedlings show through. In the enclosed bag the seeds should remain moist.

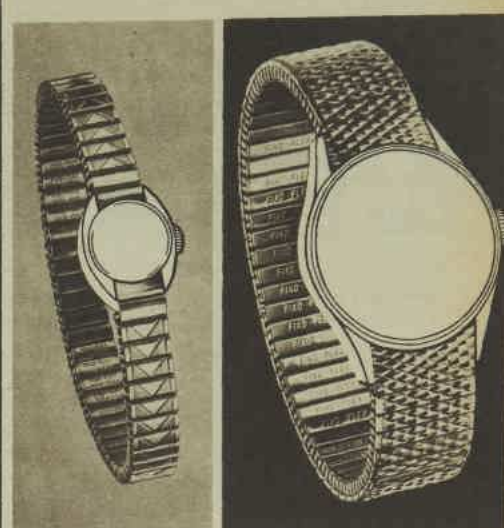
Plants from early sowings will make better showings than those sown later.

Keep hydrangeas well watered this month. Too late now to influence the color of the flowers, but liberal feeding with liquid plant foods will add to their size and lustre. Hose plants and blooms, even in the heat of the day, to help them over hot scorching periods. Leave the blooms up to their necks in water for a few hours before arranging. Scrape or crush the ends of the stems.

Indoor plants should have plenty of water in these months of active growth, particularly in warm, well-lighted rooms. Except for ferns, feed them regularly while conditions are warm with complete liquid plant foods such as Aquasol, Thrive, or Zest, at recommended strength. To avoid excessive chemical build up, stand the pot in a bucket of water to soak before feeding again.

Ferns will respond to occasional feeding with these liquid foods at half strength or less, applied only when the soil is wet. Over-feeding of ferns can damage young, emerging fronds. A little leafmould sprinkled round the plant once or twice a year is enough food for most ferns.

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WHEN Celia was a girl, bullock wagons were the rule. Mr. A. J. Shaw, Boggabri, owns this.

SALUTE TO CELIA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

young Haylocks heard no echo of mule-bells or cries of their Spanish-speaking drivers.

At Raymond Terrace the travellers took their horses aboard the steamer, with a good supply of hay, which Alfred zealously guarded to prevent pilfering by other horse-owners.

An hour-long stop at Newcastle brought a reunion with Eleanor, who was staying there with Mrs. Boswell, niece of Major Innes, of Port Macquarie.

The sisters were much

impressed by the elegance of Eleanor's clothes, contrasting with the countrified air of their own costumes — crumpled print skirts, combined with the upper portions of their tight cashmere riding habits and shady hats.

They entered Sydney Harbor on October 24, 1857, to witness the wreck of the Aberdeen clipper Catherine Adamson upon Inner North Head.

In very bad weather their steamer hove-to and tried to help the distressed vessel, in which 21

lives were lost, including that of the pilot.

A few sailors were able to struggle aboard the steamer, which was soon forced to move on to Circular Quay.

The horses were disembarked and the trio went cantering up George Street, the tired, hungry, but ever-feminine Celia promising herself a smart new habit before she rode that way again.

They ate a late breakfast at a small inn at Petersham, and at last rode up to the comfortable, rose-embowered home at Penrith.

English class-consciousness, not yet wilted by the Australian sunshine, rather limited their circle of acquaintances, but Celia soon found friends among the Coxes, Lethbridges, and others in the Penrith district.

She often rode and drove with her father on his rounds, as she had done at Harlow and at Port Macquarie, and danced with the officers of the Penrith Volunteer Rifles, of which her brother Charles was a member.

She mentions meeting "Charlie Chauvel" (later General Sir Charles Chauvel) at a grand but energetic ball given by the Volunteers. The program consisted of "very few waltzes, but nine polkas interspersed with quadrilles, galops, varsoviennes, mazurkas, lancers, and polka mazurkas, ending with a country dance."

Mail coaches from Bathurst passed daily through Penrith, and Celia loved to see the special "gold escort" coach speed by, with its four fast horses and armed outriders.

Through her visits to Mrs. Annabella Boswell, nee Innes, at Newcastle, Celia met the George Wyndhams, of Dalwood, near Braxton.

George Wyndham was a pioneer vigneron in the Hunter Valley, and some of the vines he planted at Dalwood were still bearing until recent years, when the present owners, Penfolds, moved the Dalwood vineyard to a new site.

Matchmaking

Margaret Wyndham had a large family of sons, and finding "suitable" wives in the limited colonial society was a perpetual worry.

The wholly eligible Celia Haylock was gladly received at Dalwood, the family home, whose timeless serenity has been so finely evoked by the poet Judith Wright — great-great-granddaughter of the George Wyndhams — in her biography "The Generations of Men."

The young Wyndhams were a family of unusual personalities, highly intelligent, fond of sport and music, their thinking original rather than practical.

Celia joined happily in their musical evenings and games of charades, and became firm friends with the gay, hard-riding Miss Laetitia Wyndham.

Together they visited Laetitia's sister, Weeta Mackenzie, though Celia shared "Tish's" dislike of Weeta's husband, Arthur Mackenzie.

She took scant note of the Mackenzie children, among whom was the little girl who became Mrs. May Wright, Judith Wright's grandmother.

Nothing came of Mrs. Wyndham's matchmaking until another son, Hugh, returned home from the Richmond River, where he had been managing one of his father's stations.

He was, perhaps, the s'eadiest of the brothers, and soon was

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Rosella Fruit Chutney
-so rich it clings!



SALUTE TO CELIA

CONTINUED FROM
PAGE 112

earnestly courting the attractive Miss Haylock.

They were married at Penrith in 1862, drove to Parramatta in a hired carriage with a pair of grey horses, thence by train to Sydney, where the sport-loving Hugh spent part of his honeymoon watching the visiting English cricket team playing the Australians.

The young couple travelled by steamer to Newcastle, then by the newly opened railway to Maitland, where they were met by two of Hugh's brothers in two ancient, but smartened-up, gigs.

At Dalwood, "Tish" had decorated the house in their honor, and her mother had made a wedding cake.

Hugh busied himself repairing the "sociable," which was to convey them to their new home. The "sociable"—a vehicle drawn by two horses—had a small rear door with two seats along the sides, facing inward.

George Wyndham had settled his sons on various vast holdings in northern N.S.W. — though they did not always stay settled.

Hugh and Celia faced a 370-mile trip to Bukkulla, in the Inverell district, which Hugh was to manage, in partnership with four of his brothers.

The journey took about a week, nights being spent under the stars or with friends along the way. They passed through Inverell — which boasted one small store, built of slabs, one small slab public-house, and a blacksmith's forge — and came at last to Bukkulla.

Brick cottage

At first they lived in the old Bukkulla homestead, which consisted of a large dining-room and four bedrooms, one at each corner with a big tree-trunk in the centre of each room to support the roof.

But George Wyndham had given Hugh some land of his own, within walking distance of Bukkulla, where he built a new brick cottage, roofed with box bark, later with shingles.

Though the bachelor brothers welcomed Celia to Bukkulla, glad to have someone to darn their socks and play the piano for them, she was thankful to move into her own house, Westholm — though at first she had no kitchen and the servants were cooking in the open, with camp-ovens.

Bukkulla, like all other properties in the area, was unfenced. Cattle virtually ran wild and tested the musterer's horsemanship.

Sheep were split into mobs of 1000 or so, each in the care of a shepherd, who roamed the country with them by day and yarded them at night.

The Wyndham brothers would not tolerate sheep near the homestead, where the pastures were reserved for their magnificent thoroughbred-horse stud.

But Hugh, ever a practical innovator, introduced fenced paddocks for his sheep at Westholm and early realised the value of improved pastures.

Celia settled down to domesticity and childbearing, to hospitality — for Bukkulla was on a main route to Queensland — and to training rough bush girls as domestic servants.

For this she needed her keen sense of humor. Some independent Colonials objected to servant status, expecting to eat with the family and use the sitting-room.

Some pilfered the stores — a serious matter when these came once or twice a year by bullock dray — but some welcomed the opportunity of going into service with a "real lady," as a kind of finishing-school, improving their chances of a good marriage.

Sometimes women from a nearby Aboriginal camp would come to Westholm to do odd jobs, or to trade fresh fish from the Macintyre River for tea, sugar, flour, and tobacco.

Celia was interested in their

native crafts, particularly admiring the skill with which fur from possum skins was spun into thread and woven into mats.

Celia's eldest child, Eleanor, was born in December, 1862. She was followed by Alice (1864), Hugh (1865), Weeta (1867), Celia (1868), Alfred (1870), Mary (1871), Heathcote (1873), Constance (1875), and Philip (1877).

Soon after each child's birth, Hugh would select land in its name under the Free Selection Act till he had built Westholm into a valuable property.

Some amusing situations arose from the provision that the nominal owner of each block

should reside on his own selection.

When word was received of the impending visit of an inspector, each small child was hastily dispatched — "under care of a responsible person" — to take up residence on his or her block.

Hugh once wrote to the Minister for Lands indignantly refuting an inspector's claim that a little girl had been pointed out to him as Heathcote Wyndham, the owner of one block.

The child in question, declared Hugh, was his son Heathcote, but as he was wearing a bonnet and long blouse he might easily have been mistaken for a girl.

The Wyndham brothers at

Bukkulla soon ran into financial difficulties.

They raised fine cattle — which were sold as far afield as Archer Brothers' property near Rockhampton, Qld. — and magnificent thoroughbred horses, which they raced at many meetings in N.S.W. and Victoria and exported to India.

Fine wines came from the Bukkulla vineyard — grown from cuttings which had been carried from Dalwood in saddlebags and soaked in wayside streams at nights.

But in business matters the brothers were astonishingly naive.

To page 114



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SALUTE TO CELIA

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They ran ever deeper into debt, at excessive interest rates, and suffered losses from droughts and cattle duffers.

Stock, especially sheep, became almost unsalable, and were boiled down for tallow.

Plans for retrieving the family fortunes were typically original. One suggestion was that they should raffle two large portions of Bukkulla, each with 10,000 sheep.

Tickets were to be £5 each, every ticket-holder to receive a case of wine, and 200 horses were to be given as additional prizes.

Disappointingly, the patriarchal George Wyndham dismissed the idea as unworthy of gentlemen.

Dalwood was mortgaged to save the other properties, but to no avail. The banks foreclosed on Bukkulla in 1875 and Dalwood in 1887.

During all these troubles the steadfast Hugh had been keeping his house in order at Westholm, and Celia had been doing her bit by teaching her spirited children and sewing their clothes.

Her first sewing-machine, bought about 1865, proved a real treasure. Indeed, 1865 was a great year for her, not only for the birth of her first son but because Hugh bought a new buggy to replace the old "sociable."

An up-to-date conveyance meant a great deal then, as now.

Socks to darn

Hugh and his brothers, with some of their employees, formed a cricket team, which travelled many miles on horseback to play matches with other clubs.

As they frequently played in stockinged feet, Celia always had socks to darn.

But Hugh kept his social activities within reasonable limits. Though almost crippled by his efforts to save Bukkulla, he prospered at Westholm, with some financial assistance from Celia's parents.

So well did he manage that by 1888 he was able to buy back the homestead portion of Bukkulla.

He demolished the house at Westholm, using the materials to build a new house at Bukkulla. Most of the present Bukkulla homestead dates from this period, though some parts are older, notably the stone buildings, which were erected by a West Indian stonemason about 1860.

This fine tradesman is said to have come to Bukkulla originally as an assigned servant, though no one knows what circumstances



Page 114

brought him as a convict to N.S.W.

Celia remembered him with affection as a small, delicate-looking man called Jack McBean.

For the Wyndhams, as for all other families, personal sorrows and disasters came in cycles, and 1870 was a bad year, which began with an accident to one Captain Sinclair, a young man who came to Bukkulla with his cousins, the Andersons, for a cricket match.

BUKKULLA'S present owner, Mr. K. Bloomfield, outside stone storerooms built by the West Indian stonemason Jack McBean.



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author of three splendid, best-seller cookbooks—owner of a superb London restaurant — and the inspiration behind the famous Carrier Cookshops in fabulous stores like Macy's of New York, Harrods of London and across the Continent.



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Following the match, young Sinclair arranged a race between his hack, a Bukkulla-bred horse, and another of the same breed.

The race was at its height, with each team of cricketers wildly cheering their fancy, when a dog rushed out to bark at the galloping horses, causing Sinclair's horse to swerve and fall.

The rider was carried unconscious to Westholm, while a messenger rode post-haste to Inverell, 30 miles away, for a doctor.

Celia, seven months pregnant, organised his nursing, banishing her children to the coachhouse, with their nurse, to keep the house quiet — but, after several

days, her patient died of his head injuries.

Later in the year, Celia's new baby, Alfred, died of gastroenteritis at Dalwood, where his parents were visiting.

This was shortly followed by the deaths of both Hugh Wyndham's parents, to Hugh's great grief.

His reverence for his father and abiding love for his mother show clearly through the somewhat stilted language of his letters to them.

Celia's mother died some six years later.

To page 115

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 11, 1968



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The multi-purpose kitchen appliance you'll use a dozen times a day. Opens cans automatically, whips, beats and mashes. Even sharpens knives. The handy wall rack means it's always there when you need it.

She had never really felt settled in Australia, having disliked Penrith and developed asthma in her next home, Ashfield Vale, a seven-acre estate at Ashfield.

Dr. Haylock at length moved to the higher part of Enfield and was living there in retirement when his wife died.

The Great Northern Railway was slowly snaking its way northward and had now reached Murrumbidgee, so travel was easier and quicker, and Celia was able to see more of her father. Her practice was to drive the buggy from Bukkulla to Murrumbidgee, there to put vehicle and horses on the train.

Dr. Haylock's health must indeed have benefited from the warmer climate. He was born in 1804 and migrated to N.S.W. for health reasons in 1853—yet in 1880 he went off alone to England, travelled extensively, thoroughly enjoyed himself, and brought home to the Wyndhams their first tennis racquets.

He was still extending hospitality and fatherly comfort to Celia in 1889 when her youngest child, Philip, was killed when his horse fell with him. Celia's beloved father died later the same year.

SALUTE TO CELIA

The older children of Hugh and Celia Wyndham were growing up and marrying, some weddings taking place in the old stone "church room" at Bukkulla, originally built by Jack McBean as a wine store.

Hugh, jun., and his beautiful wife, Margaret, built a home on Bukkulla, while Heathcote and his wife, Gertrude, settled on a neighboring property.

Heathcote, like his father, was a great innovator. Between them, father and son installed the first telephone lines and the first

electric-light plant in the district, and owned two of the first motor-cars, a one-cylinder Rover and a steam car.

Heathcote Wyndham was also history-conscious, earning the gratitude of future historians by rescuing an old pillowcase full of letters from the Dalwood attic, long after the house had passed out of Wyndham possession.

These are the well-known Dinton-Dalwood letters, written by English relatives to Hugh Wyndham's parents. Like most Wyndham documents, they are both historically valuable and very readable.

Heathcote enlisted and was killed during World War I.

The children of Hugh Wyndham, jun., who grew up at Bukkulla, vividly remember the notorious 1902 drought, when most Bukkulla stock was sent away on agistment and little returned.

It was a desperate time for their elders, but for the children the drought meant endless supplies of bleaching sheep bones, ever a favorite toy with bush children.

They lived at some distance from the old homestead and saw little of their grandparents, especially Celia, of whom they were much in awe.

The girls considered she favored grandsons rather than granddaughters, but to the boys the preference was not noticeable.

The affectionate, often quick-tempered, girl had become a formidable old lady.

Brigadier H. L. Wyndham, DSO, does recall that, when his revered grandmother interfered in a fight which he was enjoying with a cousin, Philip Cardale, annoyance overcame discretion, and he kicked her.

Hugh Wyndham, sen., died in 1909 and was buried in the Bukkulla cemetery.

Celia continued for a time to live in the old home till the last of her daughters married. She then lived—mostly in Inverell—with various married daughters, losing the sight of one eye, gradually becoming more dependent and less demanding.

She had seen Inverell grow from a few slab buildings to a town of several thousand people.

Transport changes

She had seen, with a fashion-conscious eye, all the changes in women's fashions, from early Victorian days to the short skirts and bobbed hair of the 'twenties.

She had coped with shortages and high prices caused by the Crimean War, the American Civil War, the Boer War, and World War I.

When young she had travelled, as men had travelled for thousands of years, riding an animal or in an animal-drawn vehicle—and had seen the coming to Inverell of the railway, motor-cars, and aeroplanes.

As wife of Hugh Wyndham and mother of Hugh, jun., and Heathcote, she found it reasonable that young men in flying machines should make the trip to Australia that she had made so long before in a sailing ship—and that another young man, far out in Queensland, should start an airmail and passenger service with those queer initials QANTAS.

So might Heathcote have done had he lived.

At the age of 90 she, too, put historians in her debt.

With the aid of her daughter Mary (Mrs. George Cardale) she compiled her "Reminiscences," a fascinating document, with humor, keen observation, and a very human quality—to bring alive a whole remarkable family and an exciting era of history.

Celia Wyndham died in Inverell in 1926 when she was 92 and was buried in the family cemetery at Bukkulla.

Her story is not unusual. Indeed it must have been typical of many women of her period in Australia.

Its attraction for the historian is that it is well documented, the records having been treasured by a family who realised their value in an age when so much unique historical matter was lost for ever.

THE UNCOUNTED WAY

By JACK RITCHIE



Summertime Treat



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Recipe: CHERRY 'N' COCONUT SLICE

Ingredients:
1/2 lb thin sweet biscuits
4 oz Copha
3/4 cup sweetened condensed milk
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon vanilla essence
Few drops cochineal
1/4 to 1/2 cup chopped glacé cherries
6 oz (2 cups) coconut
1 quantity chocolate icing

Method: Cover base of 9" shallow, square tin with half the biscuits. Melt Copha gently until barely warm. Add condensed milk, vanilla, cochineal,

lemon juice, cherries and coconut. Mix well and spread over biscuits. Top with remaining biscuits, press down firmly. Ice with chocolate icing, then chill and cut into slices.

Chocolate Icing—Ingredients:

2 oz Copha
1 oz cocoa (1/4 cup)
2 oz icing sugar (1/2 cup)
1/2 teaspoon vanilla essence

Method: Melt Copha in small saucepan until barely warm. Add sifted cocoa, icing sugar and vanilla to Copha in saucepan. Spread quickly over slices, shaking tin to give icing a smooth and glossy surface.

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MY wife, Lorrie, said patiently, "Dear, it isn't necessary to iron both sides of the handkerchiefs."

Our 12-year-old son, Dennis, shook his head sadly and continued eating his sandwich while he watched me.

I unrolled the last batch of dampened handkerchiefs and resumed ironing. "Just being thorough, dear."

Lorrie turned back to her Name Book. "Natala," she said. "Natalia, Natalie, Natalina, Natasha."

"Natasha is out," I said. "Unless we can clear it with the State Department."

Lorrie looked at Dennis. "Now you're positive you won't be jealous when I get home from the hospital? It'll be just a little bit baby and you'll always have the same big place in our hearts."

Dennis shrugged. "Who's jealous? I'm all for this whole thing. It'll take some of the pressure off me."

My wife regarded me fondly. "I don't want you to get as nervous as you were when Dennis was born. You practically collapsed." She sighed. "Men are just little boys."

I put away the ironing-board and went to the sink to do the dishes. "We'll have to get in there and pitch while your mother is at the hospital, Dennis."

He yawned slightly and began wiping the dishes.

"Dennis," I said. "Either you need more sleep or vitamins."

Lorrie shook her head. "The doctor says he's as healthy as can be and his blood count is the envy of the neighborhood. He's just being relaxed. It's the latest fad at school."

I washed several plates and then dropped one. It shattered on the floor. I laughed lightly. "It was only that cracked plate you were going to throw away anyhow, dear."

Lorrie sighed.

"I don't believe I ought to leave at all. This house will be a mess when I get back. That's the fourth plate you two have broken this week."

Dennis frowned thoughtfully. "Wasn't it my turn to drop a plate this time, Dad?"

I glared at him, but he was looking at the ceiling.

After the dishes were done, I took the plate fragments outside to the garbage tin.

My neighbor George Brock leaned against the fence. "How are things going?"

"Pretty good," I said.

He looked at the plate fragments in my hands. "Not one of her good ones?"

"No," I said. "It was cracked."

He puffed his pipe. "At a time like this a woman really needs

reassurance." He thought for a few moments. "Of course women always need reassurance. About ten times a day. But now you've got to go into high gear."

I tossed the pieces of plate into the garbage tin. "I keep telling Lorrie that she's needed and wanted. Also that she's as beautiful as ever."

George nodded. "Women are just little girls."

At two o'clock in the morning, according to the luminous dial on our alarm clock, Lorrie nudged me awake.

"You do love me, don't you, dear?"

"Passionately," I said.

"You need me?"

"We couldn't do without you."

"Am I beautiful?"

"More beautiful than the day I married you."

Her voice became stiff. "You yawned. I distinctly heard you yawn. That means you're bored with me."

"That yawn wasn't directed at you, dear," I said soothingly. "I love you madly."

"Count the ways," she said.

I sighed. But very quietly. "How do I love thee? Let me count the ways. I love thee to the depth and breadth and height . . ."

It was dawn when my wife woke me again.

I reacted quickly. "I love thee with the breath, smiles, tears, of all my . . ."

"Not that now," Lorrie said. "I think we'd better get ready to go to the hospital."

I fumbled for the night light and knocked the alarm clock off the table. "Let's keep calm. This is no time to lose our heads."

I woke Dennis and told him that I was taking his mother to the hospital. He nodded, rubbed his eyes, and went back to sleep.

There was one more delay when Lorrie sent me back to the house for her Name Book.

"How's Dennis?" she asked.

"Fine. He's really relaxing."

At the hospital the doctor assured me that I might as well go home. Nothing was going to happen for a while.

Dennis made a fine breakfast for me. Bacon, eggs, orange juice, and coffee.

In the afternoon I made a pot roast with potatoes, peas, and asparagus. The pie I baked was quite delicious, too.

When Dennis and I were through eating, I began stacking the dishes on the sink.

Dennis scratched his ear tentatively. "We could do them in a few minutes."

"No," I said. "We stack the dishes."

He sighed. "I'm going to be a bachelor. Life is simpler that way."

The baby, a healthy girl, was born that evening at 11 o'clock. Lorrie decided to name her Amanda. I figured it would be that. Amanda is the name of her favorite aunt. I took the Name Book home.

I spent a lot of time in the kitchen while Lorrie was in the hospital, and Dennis gained about four pounds.

Lorrie was ready to come home in five days. I studied the house critically for a few minutes before I left to pick her up, and rubbed my hands. "Beautiful."

Dennis shook his head. "I'm glad this is over. It may not show, but I nearly cracked up."

"I'll be back in an hour," I said. "Put on another shirt. The one we've been saving."

In the car on the way back home, Lorrie was pensive. Finally she spoke. "Did you miss me?"



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"You bet," I said. "A house without a woman is not a home. The wife is the keystone of a family. Better no roof than no woman in the house."

"How did you two manage while I was gone?" she asked with elaborate casualness.

"Fair," I said. "No complaints."

She was silent the rest of the way home.

Dennis met us at the door and took his first look at the baby. He shrugged.

Lorrie studied him. "That shirt you're wearing is positively filthy."

Dennis sighed and looked at me.

We followed Lorrie into the house.

She blinked at the tremendous stack of dishes on the sink. "Every dish in the house. You haven't washed a dish since I've been gone."

I snapped my fingers. "I knew there was something I forgot. Dennis and I'll take care of that first thing."

"Hamburgers," he said mournfully. "I'll never eat another hamburger in my life."

Lorrie shook her head, but she almost smiled. "You fed that poor child nothing but hamburgers. He looks positively starved."

"With onions," I said defen-

sively. "I thought he ought to have his vegetables."

While Lorrie was inspecting the rest of the house, Dennis remained with me in the kitchen.

"Can I take a bath now?" he asked. "I feel miserable."

"No," I said. "Wait until your mother says so."

He looked at the sink. "About the dishes. Do I get a chance to break one?"

"No," I said. "I don't think your mother will mind if we're efficient now. Besides, we're out of cracked plates."

Lorrie came back into the kitchen smiling happily. "The house is a complete mess. Not a

single bed has been made since I've been gone. This place falls to pieces when I'm not here."

She looked at Dennis. "Young man, you go straight upstairs and take a bath. You're absolutely grimy."

He was hamming it up.

"Upstairs," I said firmly. "Do as your mother says."

Lorrie was radiant. "You two are helpless without me. You really need me."

That is quite true, but not necessarily in the way she thinks. We need her because we love her.

But it takes proving now and then.

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Overseas	\$9.25	\$18.50
AIRMAIL		
New Guinea	\$8.75	\$17.50

MINIMUM PERIOD 6 MONTHS
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

Susan sensed an affinity
between the cruel old
lady and the bird whose
beady, glittering eyes
continuously watched her

THE CAGE

By Wilma J. Buitelaar



WHEN I was 14, my father sent me away to take care of his invalid maiden aunt. "She's a good and wise woman," he said. "She was very generous toward me. I'd like to repay her a little, not in money, because she doesn't need any, but in kindness. She won't live long and, besides, it will be a good experience for you. You've never been away from home, and I think it is high time you started."

I didn't like the idea at all. I dreaded meeting her, living in a strange house, being bossed around by someone I had never seen.

I was shy, painfully shy, and whenever I got through with the chores — and in a family of six there always are chores, especially if you happen to be the oldest — I'd slip away and sit in my favorite hideout, a forked branch of the old apple tree in our orchard, and dream of being a ballerina. That's the nice thing about dreaming: you can be whatever you like to be, and nobody laughs at you. I went far in my dreams; I travelled all over the country, and wherever I went audiences raved about my performances.

I received flowers, praise, great fame; I was wildly happy with my success until I heard Mother's voice, far off and thin but piercingly sharp, call my name: "Su-u-u-san!" and I'd find myself back in my apple tree, the butterfly of beautiful ballerina changed into a homely brown cocoon with limp, brown hair that wouldn't hold curl and scared-rabbit eyes and big hands and feet.

I would never be a ballerina. I would never be anything. I got frightened into running whenever I thought strangers were looking at me. I didn't have any special talents; who'd ever need me?

I didn't want to go and take care of Aunt Ivy, but Father felt that it was his Christian duty to see that she had help, and on a sunny day in June I boarded the bus which would take me to Aunt Ivy's town.

"You'll only have to do the housework and a little cooking," Father said. "She has a nurse who comes to help her twice a day, and there's a charwoman for the heavy work once a week, so you'll mostly have to keep her company. She's been in a wheelchair for years. When she was young, she was thrown from a horse and broke her back in two places.

"It must have been very hard on her. I've heard that she used to be very gay and full of fun, and she loved to dance. So I want you to be especially nice to her, Susan."

"And you can always come home if you don't like it there," Mother added comfortingly.

That made me feel better. If anything went wrong, or if I couldn't get along with Aunt Ivy, I could come home right away. Mother would understand. Mother always understood. At home I wasn't frightened. At home there was plenty for me to do. I wouldn't stay long; Mother said I didn't have to.

I promised I'd be an angel, kind, helpful, entertaining. I'd tell Aunt Ivy about the fun we had at home, how we played games after dinner during cold winter nights, and how in summer we went on picnics and splashed around in our secret swimming-hole.

I made up stories to tell Aunt Ivy, and I could almost

picture her, a sweet, white-haired old lady with a kind face, smiling at me, wanting me to sit and read to her. I'd... but all my good intentions left me, shrank away in fright, when the nurse ushered me into the half-dark bedroom and I saw the real Aunt Ivy.

She sat in her wheelchair, a little slumped over, her small, dark eyes peering at me. Her hands, bony, with the yellowed skin drawn tight over the knuckles, were clenched in her lap on top of a black-and-grey plaid blanket. Her chin jutted out a little and trembled, trembled all the time. Behind me I felt the nurse, smiling coldly and politely at my rigid, frightened back, standing between me and escape.

She looks like a buzzard, I thought, waiting to pounce on me and eat me alive. Inside me the little ballerina hid her face in her hands and peered through her fingers at the old woman.

"Come closer," said the creature in the wheelchair. She had a voice like a squeaking gate with gravel in the hinges. I made a stiff little step toward the chair and forced my frozen face into a smile.

"So you're Susan," she stated.

"Yes, Aunt Ivy."

"Speak up, I can't hear you."

"Yes, Aunt Ivy."

She spoke over me then, directly to the nurse, as if I weren't there at all.

"What good is she? I need someone to help me, not a dummy who needs to be pulled and pushed. But she probably won't stay long; she'll pack up one day soon and go, just like the others did, back to a life of her own. Not one of them cares about a lonely old woman. Nobody cares."

From the first day I stayed with her I hated Aunt Ivy. She was unpleasant, critical of everything I did, constantly making me the butt of her spiteful, snide remarks. Every few minutes she wanted to know what I was doing, told me I wasn't fast enough, not smart enough, that I would never get ahead in the world, that no man would ever look at me and my ugly face.

On a low table beside her chair stood a portrait in a purple velvet frame of a young girl with long black braids, with her arm around the neck of a horse, and she would pick it up and say, showing it to me: "This is the way I looked! See how beautiful I was! And this was the horse. He was young, wild, beautiful, too."

"We were a pair, he and I. I had him shot afterward. He had no business running and dancing and jumping while I had to be tied to a chair for the next thousand years." And I felt that she would have liked me shot, too, and mounted on the wall for her to sneer at. At the end of each day I was ready to go home.

I still hadn't completely unpacked my suitcase. As soon as my dresses were washed and ironed, I packed them again. I lived out of my suitcase, ready to close it any moment. How I feared her. How I hated her.

She would be asleep most of the day, and yet, whenever I needed to pass her open bedroom door, tiptoeing and holding my breath so as not to make any noise and wake her, the sound of her voice would hit me like a poisoned arrow, freezing me in my tracks.

To page 121



Heinz introduce an entirely new range of foods for pre-school children

Now you can give your pre-school child
delicious, nourishing, well-balanced lunches ...
no matter how busy you are.

Natural flavour

Heinz Pre-Schooler's Food has the same chunky meat and vegetables, the same flavour and goodness of food you prepare yourself. That's because Heinz use only prime ingredients, all carefully blended and cooked to preserve all the nourishment of a home-cooked meal.

Essential nourishment

After three years of testing and research, Heinz have developed exactly the right recipe for Pre-Schooler's Food; a careful balance of minerals, vitamins and protein to give your child the nourishment needed to build a strong, healthy body.

Grown-up taste little ones love
Only children know which flavours they

prefer, so Heinz asked children to taste-test every Pre-Schooler Dinner. They loved the fresh, natural flavour, found the chunky texture so easy to manage with a spoon. Pre-Schooler's helps your child to become accustomed to adult meals, it's the growing-up food with the grown-up taste.

Fun and games on the can

Every can has a bright colourful label, and underneath are pictures for children to colour.

Isn't it nice to know that even when you are really busy, you can give your child a tasty, nourishing meal with Heinz Pre-Schooler's Food. Now at your supermarket.

"Hooray, hooray I heard Mum say
Heinz is on for lunch today."



Vegetables and Steak.
Vegetables and Lamb.
Vegetables and Sliced Sausage.
Vegetables, Chicken and Veal.
Rainbow Fruit Salad.

Actual size shown.

New Beauty As You Sleep

Feed youth and beauty into your skin with nightly vitalizing creaming. Swirl the nourishing cream over your face and neck with your fingertips, working it in with small, spiralling movements that help to erase tiny wrinkles and fatigue lines. Perfect for maturing skin, Ulan vitalizing night cream contains vital beauty oils that replenish progressive losses sustained from day to day, giving your complexion increased softness and suppleness and a far greater measure of smooth, dewy loveliness.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



840

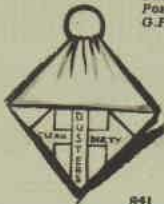
No. 840 — FROCK
Sleeveless frock trimmed with white is available cut out to make in lemon, blue, or lime linen-finish cotton. Sizes 22 and 24in. bust, \$2.75; 26 and 28in. bust, \$3.95. Postage and dispatch 30 cents extra.

No. 841 — DUSTER BAG
Duster bag (ring not supplied) is available traced ready to sew and embroider on blue, green, lilac, or grey cearise. Price is \$1.15, plus 25 cents postage and dispatch.

No. 842 — TABLE CENTRE
Table centre is available traced ready to embroider on white, cream, or blue pure Irish linen. Price is 90 cents, plus 20 cents postage and dispatch.

No. 843 — GIRL'S SHIFT
Checked shift is available cut out to make in turquoise/white, cream, or blue pure Irish linen. Sizes 2 to 4 years, \$1.50; 6 to 8 years, \$1.75. Postage and dispatch 20 cents extra.

* Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



842



841



843

"NEW HOSPITAL FEES IN FORCE N.S.W. 1st NOV. 1968 A.C.T. 1st JAN. 1969



"Check your level of hospital benefits now!"

MBF RECOMMENDS THESE 3 TABLES

WARD	WEEKLY HOSPITAL CHARGES		MBF TABLE	WEEKLY BENEFITS*	WEEKLY CONTRIBUTION	
	N.S.W.	A.C.T.			FAMILY	SINGLE
PUBLIC	\$ 70.00	\$ 72.80	7	\$ 72.80	\$0.70	\$0.35
INTERMEDIATE	\$ 94.50		10	\$ 98.00	\$1.00	\$0.50
PRIVATE	\$113.40	\$114.80	12	\$114.80	\$1.20	\$0.60

*Includes Commonwealth Benefit of \$2.00 per day.

Make sure you're ready. For most people, hospitalisation can come suddenly, unexpectedly—that's why it will pay you to transfer now to the MBF hospital table which best suits your needs. Here's the way to ensure that the higher hospital fees won't come as a financial embarrassment.

HIGHER BENEFITS FOR LONG-TERM ILLNESSES ANOTHER REASON WHY YOU SHOULD TRANSFER NOW!

The Minister for Health recently announced EXTENDED HOSPITAL BENEFITS from January 1, 1969, for CHRONIC and LONG-TERM ILLNESSES.

Persons with chronic and long-term illnesses will receive the full benefits for which they are insured up to the hospital charge for the whole period of hospitalisation.

This means that every contributor who is adequately insured will have no worry about paying for hospital treatment.

Make sure you qualify for the increased benefits—
JOIN OR TRANSFER NOW!

TRANSFER NOW! CONCESSIONAL TRANSFERS

Contributors who have completed the necessary waiting periods (either ordinary or maternity) will not be subject to a waiting period for conditions covered under their present Table if they transfer within three months of November 1, 1968, to the "corresponding" higher Tables as follows:



A BLUE CROSS FUND

PUBLIC WARD: Contributors to existing Tables 1B to 6B are now inadequately covered. Don't miss this special concession—transfer now to TABLE 7.

INTERMEDIATE: Contributors to Tables 7B, 8B and 9B should transfer now to "corresponding" TABLE 10.

PRIVATE: Contributors to Tables 9B, 10B and 11B may transfer to the new TABLE 12 designed for people who would normally use a private room in hospital. If hospitalised in other than private accommodation, the benefit will be limited to \$15.20 per day. Should the hospital charge and defined extras exceed \$15.20, the contributor will be granted benefits to cover the hospital charges up to a maximum of \$16.40 per day.

HOW TO TRANSFER

Check your MBF book and see the local Agent, your Family Chemist, or Paymaster at work.

MEDICAL BENEFITS FUND
OF AUSTRALIA

Registered to pay Commonwealth
Hospital and Medical Benefits

K308B

As I read THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week Starting Dec. 4



ARIES: March 21-April 20

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, red, blue. Lucky days, Thursday, Tuesday.
★ It's a case of all systems go — one of the best weeks of '68, with a battery of friendly stars assisting every department of life; 5th-9th is the cream, and is fine for the new project and investment and speculation. Cash in, as next week presents problems.



TAURUS: April 21-May 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.
★ The zodiac lavishly hands out a lot of pre-Christmas presents. You should receive nice gifts to make life easier. Romance comes under exciting and unusual stars. Many fruitful and long-standing friendships can be formed.



GEMINI: May 21-June 21

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, navy. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
★ The love life could get a shot in the arm—you could make a charming and attractive friend. There could be good news from loved ones... in short, it's a happy week with a bumper crop of good planets. Good to rise in life.



CANCER: June 22-July 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, tan. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.
★ Wedded wights enjoy harmonious and happy times — marital problems can be successfully handled. There's an aura of genuine glamor around love and romance — and more than usual lottery and gambling luck. It's fine to start something you want to stick.



LEO: July 23-August 22

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, green, brown. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
★ Happy influences assist finances — you could successfully activate any lazy money in investment — the love life — you could form a permanent liaison. Even married life is touched with glamor. An excellent week — so make the most of it.



VIRGO: August 23-September 23

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.
★ There's a green light all along the highroad of success and no traffic jam — so go-go — because the near future is not so co-operative. Romance, friendship, and — on the practical side — finances — in fact, every sphere of life — lie beneath favoring stars.



LIBRA: September 24-October 23

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday.
★ If you can control that habit of see-sawing between alternatives — there's a Hamlet streak in most Librans — and follow your hunch, this week could be super-successful. It's up to you. Career, finances, personal life are all beneficial. Next week is not so lucky.



SCORPIO: October 24-November 22

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, red, black. Lucky days, Saturday, Monday.
★ Your policy of no compromise can pay off — the stars encourage decision and action — one of the best weeks of '68. Real-estate and law are favored — and finances show an assist, perhaps via the lottery or legacy. Go the whole hog. Next week is troublesome.



SAGITTARIUS: November 23-December 21

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, rose, lilac. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
★ As mentioned, you've struck the jackpot this week — you're in your swinging cycle — and what true Sagittarian doesn't like a gamble? You can safely give it a go. Best period 6th-9th. Romance, though void of glamor, is safe.



CAPRICORN: December 22-January 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, black, brown. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
★ The love planet quits your sign at the end of the week, so consolidate the love life. It's a super week and fine for new ventures, best part being 6th-9th. Relax a little your customary caution — and go the limit. Disturbing stars loom, act quickly.



AQUARIUS: January 21-February 19

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Saturday, Monday.
★ Excellent time to inaugurate a new look at and new lease on life. Big, friendly influences are at work breaking down the old and paving the way for the new. Progressive ideas can help you to break down barriers.



PISCES: February 20-March 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Thursday, Monday.
★ Excellent time to purchase that dream allotment and for all to do with home and family. In fact, the stars favor most things — new projects, career, status and public relations, finances — it's fine to open a bank account, inspired thinking and friendship.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 11, 1968

She spent hours in front of her bedroom window, the drapes pushed aside just enough to give her a clear view of the garden, with its luscious pink roses climbing against the grey, paintless wood of the high fence. As soon as the roses opened, she ordered me to go and clip them off, and she'd keep them on her table beside the portrait with the purple frame, not wanting them in water but forcing them to die, mercilessly, their lovely fragrant petals curling and turning brown and dropping off until they had become withered memories of their beauty.

Every morning she sent me out to get the youngest, newly opened buds or fresh, dew-dropped roses for her while she sat behind the window and glared at me, ready to rap sharply against the window and make me jump in fright, while I hated her, hated her.

Then one morning I found the bird. It was lying in the high, untended grass of the backyard, when I came out with my scissors to snip the young, lovely roses destined to die, and forgetting the sharp, piercing eyes behind the window I stooped down, heart overflowing with pity, to lend a helping or at least comforting hand.

It was a big, black bird, sharp beak partly open in fright, small beady eyes glittering at me. One wing was spread like a delicate black fan and lay limply on the grass. When I lifted the bird in both hands, scissors forgotten on the ground, the wing hung down helplessly.

THE CAGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

A sharp rap on the window nearly made me jump. Cold sweat broke out on my forehead; certainly, she would want me to put the poor bird to death, or worse, would delight in doing it herself, the way she seemed to delight in killing the young, fresh flowers. I would not let her do it. She had tortured me enough, made me miserable day after day.

I would tell her the bird was mine, an innocent creature that needed help. She, in her wheelchair, could do nothing about it. Again a rap on the window and my small surge of courage washed away on a wave of fear.

I LOOKED around for a place to hide my ward, but what good would that do? She would send me out to fetch it for her. Pushed onward by my fear of her, yet reluctantly, I went into the bedroom and stood by the door, holding my bird against me.

"What do you have there?" she demanded.

"A bird," I said, "only a bird. It has broken its wing. I'll take care of it; it won't bother you at all."

She stretched a clawlike hand out to the bird and said: "Show it to me!" and when I hesitated, she snapped, "Come here, girl! Show it to me!"

I walked toward her, not wanting to give up my bird to her cruelty and hatred,

but suddenly unable to do anything about it.

"Give it to me," she said, cupping her hands, and I laid the bird in them, nearly crying, hating her, but hating myself even more.

"There's a cage in the kitchen, underneath the sink," she said. "You'll have to clean it. Well, hurry! And bring me some water and cotton. What are you standing there for, girl? Didn't you hear me?"

She had taken the bird away from me and made it her own. Standing in the kitchen, doing the dishes or cooking her lunch, I could hear her talk to the bird, kindly, tenderly, in a way I had never heard her talk before. She kept the cage on the small table with the framed portrait and the dead roses, and she fed the bird from her own plate.

She had fussed over and cared for the injured wing until it was whole and strong as the other one and folded neatly back against the sleek, black body of the bird, but she kept it in the cage and didn't let it go, as I half expected her to do.

They watched me together now, as she had watched me herself before the bird entered her life, slumped forward a little, their black, beady eyes glittering evilly, and as the days passed I though how much they were beginning to look alike. Sounded alike, even, for the bird had found its voice, a sharp, raucous cry not unlike

her voice when she called me. I hated her. I hated her bird, too.

And then, one warm day, the butterfly fluttered into her bedroom, through the open window, and sat on the faded wallpaper like a jewel, its wings glowing, all summer and life and love and beauty.

I was making Aunt Ivy's bed while she sat in her chair by the window and talked to her bird and their eyes peered at me, full of silent threats and warnings and ugliness. With the sheet in my hand, I stood watching that lovely butterfly, and in a flash my dreams came back, my dreams of being a ballerina, a picture of light and grace, like the butterfly trembling on the wall, wings spread in a splash of sunlight. Aunt Ivy's sharp voice cut through my dream.

"Pretty, isn't it?" she asked.

I turned by head toward her, surprised. So she, too, saw this beauty, this grace. Maybe she wasn't so bad, after all. We both liked this, this living gem. I nearly smiled at her.

"Catch it," she said, then, ruthlessly.

She couldn't mean it. I refused understanding to her words, and from the bottom of my fearful heart a voice of protest rose up, but she smothered it: "Didn't you hear me? Catch it!"

Twice it go away, but only to strike down elsewhere in the room and not, as I was silently praying, fluttering away through the window, but finally I caught it and

To page 122

Call of the South Seas in

CALYPSO TREASURE HUNT

THERE'S something magical about the South Sea islands, something alluring that calls to everyone at least once in his life.

And a family of two adults and two children somewhere in Australia will be answering a call to relax for two idyllic weeks at luxury Castaway Island resort, Fiji, with \$500 in their pockets to spend.

This holiday can be yours as winner of the first prize in White Wings' \$10,000 Calypso Treasure Hunt — a contest with thousands of other prizes for the whole family.

Hundreds of prizes already have been won, but you still have a chance to claim the first prize for your family. There is no limit to the number of entries you can make.

ENTRY FORM

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Complete the following Calypso Jingle with your own rhyming reason why you like White Wings products.

I'M ON A TREASURE HUNT ON A CALYPSO ISLE
HAVE A WHITE WINGS TREAT EV'RY ONCE IN A WHILE.

MOUSSE, FREEZE, KOOLPOPS, MAKE-A-SHAKE, TOO

(Example: They're nice to eat and they're good for you.)

Fill in your name and address:

NAME AGE

ADDRESS

POSTCODE

Send to:

CALYPSO TREASURE HUNT,
BOX 63, CHIPPENDALE, N.S.W. 2008
CONTEST CLOSES: FEB. 28, 1969.

Employees of White Wings, their advertising agents and their families are not eligible. In case of identical entries, neatness is a deciding factor. Judges' decision is final. No correspondence will be entered into.



Who's the swayingest girl in town?
Always bright, always gay?
Just sparkling fun with everyone?

It's Pearl — gay, bubbling Barossa Pearl
— light and full of fun ... Australia's
happiest, most popular sparkling wine.

Orlando
*Barossa
Pearl



Produced and bottled by G. Gramp & Sons Pty. Ltd.

*REGD. T.M.

RIVETS



brought it to her, half crying, my heart storming. I felt as if I held my heart, my hopes, my lovely dreams, everything that meant me, and handed it to her, to take apart, to laugh at, and to destroy.

Now the time had come, I decided. I would go home and not stay with her another minute. The nurse would have to take care of her until she found someone else. She was cruel, vicious, hateful.

With horror I saw my fears confirmed. She fed my lovely butterfly to her horrid bird while I watched, frozen, and afterward they sat together with satisfaction on their faces, peering at me.

Fighting against my tears, I heard her say, slyly: "I suppose

you want to go home now. Well, go on! I will be glad to get rid of you. You haven't done anything right since you came here. I am tired of your face and tired of having you around. Go on, pack your clothes and go. I knew from the first you wouldn't stay."

She wanted me to go! She was trying to drive me away, to have the satisfaction of telling the nurse, "You see, I told you! She gave up. They're all afraid of me, those girls."

I lifted my head and looked at her. She had hurt me. If I ran

away now, she would laugh; but if I stayed, if I paid her back for her cruel action, then what? She wouldn't enjoy herself, would she?

She would be glad when I was gone. But I didn't want her to be glad. I wanted her to be unhappy, miserable, as I was. I decided to stay. Right there and then I vowed that nothing, no temper tantrums, no insults, nothing would be able to send me home crying, shrinking from the barriers she created for me.

I stayed. I didn't answer her,

but quietly left the room and began to prepare lunch for her and her horrible bird, hating them fiercely but determined to stay, no matter how happy she would be to see me go. That night I unpacked my suitcase.

I did my best to show she was wrong, that I could do things right. I cooked as well as I knew how, and walked about without making a noise, and brought her whatever she needed before she had a chance to demand it.

I gave her no reason to complain at all, no reason to enjoy herself making me wither in shame or embarrassment. Every day I ran a contest with her. I took away her joy of berating me while she searched for something, anything, I failed to do right. There was nothing, and so we lived on through one whole year, caged together by iron bars of hate: Aunt Ivy, the bird, and I.

But finally came the day she died. She had been growing weaker for months, and the nurse had made arrangements to have her transferred to a hospital, where she passed away without saying goodbye to anyone. I was free to go home.

I PACKED my belongings. Life with Aunt Ivy, such a hell while she was near, had already faded into an unpleasant memory, but dislike for her was still too strong. I could not like her, not think kindly of her as a poor old woman, hating the world for what had happened to her.

Wandering aimlessly about the house, waiting for the bus that would take me home, I could not help but tiptoe past her open bedroom door, waiting with irritation for her sharp voice that would call me in, until I remembered that she was gone.

I stood in the door and looked at the neatly folded blanket on the wheelchair, on the smooth bedspread, and then my eye caught the bird. It sat quietly on its perch in the cage, hunched over a little, staring at me with its glittering, beady eyes. Aunt Ivy was not yet dead and gone.

She sat there, in her cage, watching her as she had done every hour, every day, and the hate came back. At last I had the power over her; at last she was in my hands! In two steps I was at the cage, jerked open the thin door, and reached inside to avenge the stolen year of my life.

The bird fluttered in fright against the bars, flapping its wings, pecking at my fingers, squeaking with fear. At last I held it, and looked grimly at its heaving, panting breast, open beak, wild eyes, and I remembered the day I found it in the grass with its wing broken.

I remembered how full of pity I had been, how afraid for its life; it was a helpless, innocent creature then. Now it was a monster, the ghost of Aunt Ivy, haunting me. Yet it was still the same bird I had felt compassion for. A helpless creature made into a monster by my own fear and hatred. With one hand I cranked open the windows and I held the bird out in the sunlight. It sat very still for a moment, then suddenly spread its wings and, unsure at first but gradually stronger, it flew away.

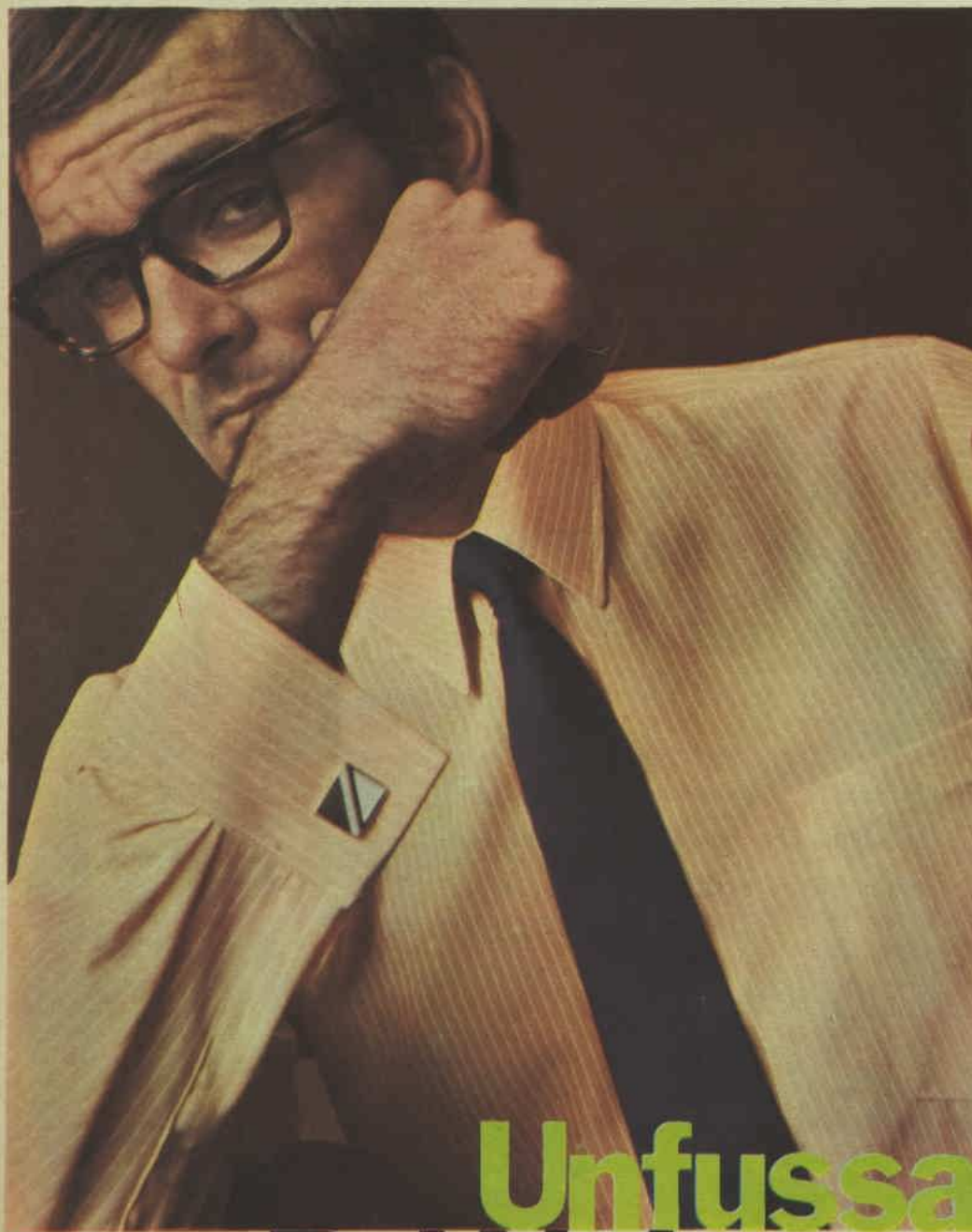
At that moment the phone rang shrilly, and I jumped as if I had committed a crime. My heart was pounding when I picked up the receiver and I half expected Aunt Ivy's voice berating me for what I had done. But it was only the notary, with the request that I come to his office. He said something about the reading of the will, and I told him I'd be there,

To page 126

THE CAGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 121

Unfussable Bri-Nylon promises the crisp, cool shirt in brave new colours



Career-minded stripes line up for success in a handsome shirt that stays keen on the job even in wilting weather. Available in a fresh variety of just-picked pastels.

By BISLEY in BRI-NYLON.

The Bri-Nylon label is your assurance of easy care clothes you don't have to fuss over, of colour-fast clothes that keep their shape. No maker can use the name Bri-Nylon unless his garment has been tested and approved.

That's your guide to quality and value for money. And that's the promise of unfussable Bri-Nylon, a promise kept.



◆ BISLEY

'Bri-Nylon' is a registered trade mark.

Unfussable Bri-Nylon.



* Underarms stay smoother -longer!



The gentlest way to remove unwanted hair ...so easy to use!

Smooth, fragrant, quick-acting!

You've never known a hair removing cream that's as quick, easy to use, and kind to your skin as fragrant Veet 'O'. You can tell the moment you smooth it on. In minutes every trace of unwanted hair simply melts away without fuss, mess or depilatory smell. It leaves underarms and legs soft, smooth and shadow-free. Veet 'O' is the only hair removing cream with lanolin—that's why it's so gentle... so different. In fact, after Veet 'O' every other hair removing method seems old-fashioned.



* Legs feel smooth—look smooth!

VEET ODOURLESS WITH LANOLIN 50c, 75c, \$1.10. DV3X.102



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Beauty at your fingertips... always... with strong "TIPT" treated nails. "TIPT" reinforces fragile nails, prevents breaking, splitting and flaking, strengthens deep down.

MADE IN AUSTRALIA FOR NICHOLAS MANNING PTY. LTD.

ORDER

The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

EVERY WEEK

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY -- December 11, 1968

HOW'S YOUR GENERAL KNOWLEDGE?

QUESTIONS

1. Queen Victoria ruled so long that she had ten Prime Ministers, six of whom served for more than one term, and one for four. Her great-grandson Edward VIII had only one Prime Minister. Who was he, and who served four terms in Queen Victoria's reign?
2. Australian troops marched through Paris last month. Why were they there?
3. What animals are the following: (a) Charolais? (b) Corriedales? (c) Berkshires? (d) Brown Swiss? (e) Appaloosas?
4. What are (a) A kangaroo thorn? (b) A weeping myall?
5. "Mad as a hatter" is a familiar phrase, but what is its origin? Why should a hatter be mad?
6. If something is peccant, is it (a) Tasty? (b) Hungry? (c) Offensive? (d) Pointed?
7. "Aye-aye" is a familiar form of assent. But it has another meaning. What is an aye-aye? (a) A device used in landscape gardening? (b) A small animal? (c) A screen used in eastern houses?
8. Senator Edward Kennedy has announced the setting up of a memorial to his brother Senator Robert Kennedy. What is it to be?
9. Everyone is familiar with silver, ruby, and golden wedding anniversaries (25th, 40th, and 50th respectively). But do you know which year the cotton anniversary is celebrated, and which the paper and tin?
10. Every schoolboy knows that Christopher Columbus "discovered" tobacco in the West Indies and took it back to Europe. But do you know how nicotine got its name?
11. These three Americans made their mark in different occupations. What did they do? (a) Robert E. Peary? (b) Henry D. Thoreau? (c) John G. Whittier?

ANSWERS

1. Edward VIII's Prime Minister was Stanley Baldwin. In Queen Victoria's reign William Ewart Gladstone served four terms.
2. To commemorate the 50th anniversary of the end of World War I.
3. (a) Beef cattle. (b) Sheep. (c) Pigs. (d) Dairy cattle. (e) Horses.
4. Both are Australian native trees and — like the wattle — are members of the acacia family.
5. Some degree of insanity was common in the hat trade in the 17th century and earlier, because of a chemical, mercury nitrate, then used in the treatment of felt. However, Lewis Carroll's "Mad Hatter" may have been based on Robert Crab, a 17th-century hatter of Chesham, Buckinghamshire. He gave away everything he had to the poor and was known as "the Mad Hatter."
6. Offensive, or sinful.
7. A small animal. An aye-aye is a lemur, a native of Madagascar, nocturnal by habit, which feeds on large caterpillars and sugarcane.
8. A foundation to work on the problems of the poor and of minorities, both in America and other parts of the world.
9. The cotton wedding is the first anniversary, paper the second, and tin the tenth. The complete list of "special" wedding anniversaries is: first cotton, second paper, third leather, fifth wooden, seventh woollen, tenth tin, twelfth silk and fine linen, fifteenth crystal, twentieth china, twenty-fifth silver, thirtieth pearl, fortieth ruby, fiftieth golden, sixtieth diamond.
10. Nicotine was named after Jean Nicot, 16th-century French ambassador to Portugal, who sent some tobacco to Paris from Lisbon in 1560, introducing it to the French court.
11. Explorer Admiral Peary was the first man to reach the North Pole. Henry Thoreau was a celebrated naturalist (and author of "Walden"). John G. Whittier is famous as a poet.



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Hints for the home

• Readers win a prize of \$2 each for these helpful hints for the house.

TO clean painted walls, especially those with a flat-paint finish, use discarded nylon slips, etc., with your usual cleaning agent. The nylon does not catch on rough surfaces and leave lint behind as cotton does, and the walls are made clean and bright with very little effort. — Mrs. D. E. Caulton, 43 Eastgate Ave., Killara, N.S.W. 2071.

A handy knife-sharpener can be made by fastening a piece of fine emery paper over a block of wood. Edges of paper should be wrapped over edges of wood and tacked down. — Mrs. R. McMahon, Flat 210C, "Wandana," Thomas St., Subiaco, W.A. 6008.

A discarded chenille bedspread can be cut into pieces to make towels, face-washers, etc. Bind with bias binding along the edge and attach a loop for hanging, then dye a suitable color. — P. J. Fallon, Box 27, P.O., Erskineville, N.S.W. 2043.

Wear an apron with large pockets across the hem when you are vacuuming, so small pieces such as toys, pencils, sewing equipment, etc., can be collected easily and sorted out after the job is completed. — Mrs. M. J. Sharp, 42 Green St., Wangaratta, Vic. 3677.

Keep a clean toothbrush in your bathroom cabinet for the sole purpose of cleaning hair combs. The tiny bristles easily remove grease and dust from between teeth of the comb. — Miss A. Mooney, Back Valley, S.A. 5211.

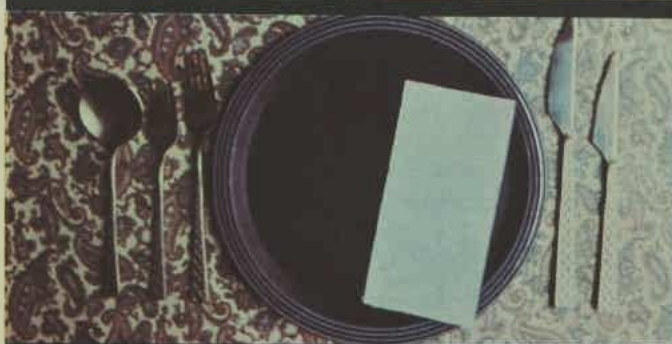
After buying a cane basket, coat it with clear lacquer. This will protect the basket from weather changes, make it easier to keep clean, and preserves it so it lasts longer. — Mrs. A. Green, 121 Thorney Rd., Fairfield West, N.S.W. 2165.

If you have trouble keeping small children from pulling out drawers stacked one on top of the other, slip a length of dowel vertically through the drawer handles. A very small child does not have the strength to pull out all the drawers at once. — Mrs. M. Baker, Moss Ave., Mt. Helen, Vic. 3356.

Before mincing meat with fat on it (such as bacon or ham), for a meat loaf or roll, place it between two slices of bread, cut into fingers, then place in the mincer. The mincer won't clog and the meat and crumbs are prepared together, which is a time-saver. — Mrs. M. Kavanagh, 5 Strangway St., Mt. Gambier, S.A. 5290.

Road maps, plans, and other printed matter frequently handled are protected from soiling if brushed with a coat of clear lacquer. — Mrs. E. Crow, 61 Mitchell St., N. Ward, Townsville, Qld. 4810.

Always put the zip fastener in the back seam when making a skirt, slacks, or shorts. If the garment needs letting out or taking in later, there is no need to



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Three bright coloured paper napkins in this Harlequin pack.



remove the zip, and the job is much easier. — Mrs. B. Miller, 8 Coraki Rd., Bass Hill, N.S.W. 2197.

Wear a cotton apron when ironing in a nylon frock or house coat — if the iron touches the nylon there are holes immediately; the apron will provide protection. — Mrs. G. Crozier, 34 Hopetoun Ave., Morwell, Vic. 3840.

To attach a number of frills to a skirt, allow $\frac{1}{2}$ in. extra for each frill in the length of skirt when cutting out. Then position frills on the right side and stitch to skirt $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from frill's raw edge.

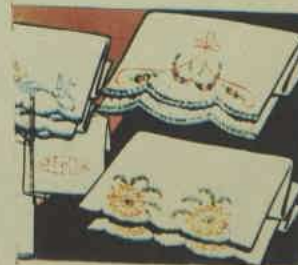
Turn skirt inside out, tuck skirt over the attached raw edge and stitch $\frac{1}{2}$ in. tuck right round. — Mrs. H. Ellery, 4 Goods Cres., Hove, S.A. 5048.

Lipstick stains on clothing will disappear if rubbed very lightly with a cloth moistened with a little vinegar. — Mrs. C. Austin, 12 Warrawee Ave., Castle Cove, N.S.W. 2069.

A large brightly colored beach-towel makes an ideal picnic tablecloth. It will not ruffle up in the wind, any spills are quickly absorbed, and the towel is easy to launder. — Mrs. H. Hudson, "Hazeldean," Mt. David, N.S.W. 2795.

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even though I wouldn't accept anything she might have left me. I took my suitcase along. I didn't ever want to come back to Aunt Ivy's house.

The reading of the will didn't take long. As I sat across from the white-haired notary in his sun-filled office, I wondered what Aunt Ivy had bequeathed me, the girl she despised, ridiculed at every opportunity. Was she rewarding me for being her scapegoat with the gift of her house? Money? I wouldn't accept anything from her.

THE notary's voice read on. I had forgotten to listen, but I was certain my name hadn't been mentioned yet. The money was going to various charities, the Home for Crippled Children, the Home for the Blind, several hospitals. Large sums of money. I had no idea she'd been so wealthy.

The house was to be sold. I was glad of that. I had secretly been afraid the house was for me. I was really rid of them now, of her and the bird and the house. But why then, why was I sitting in the notary's office waiting for my name to be mentioned?

And there it was, jumping at me across the notary's polished oak desk. He stood up and held a white envelope out to me. An ordinary envelope, with my name typed on it. I got up from my chair, too, and took the envelope from him.

"That's all, Susan," the notary said. "This is what she wanted you to have."

THE CAGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

I was outside again before I knew it, with the envelope unopened in the pocket of my coat. It was light and thin, almost as if it were empty. I walked about for a long time, afraid to open the envelope. I felt a strong impulse to tear it up, but finally I sat down on a park bench, and I ripped open the envelope and drew out a thin sheet of paper covered on one side only with a spidery handwriting.

I began to read with apprehension, resolving to stop at the first hint of sarcasm or ridicule.

"Dear Susan," the letter began.

"When you read this I will have found my freedom and I am giving you yours. As for the bird, I know that he is free, too, for you have let him go, haven't you?"

"I am not giving you any money or earthly possessions because you do not need them. You have all the things one requires to be happy: health, the use of your limbs and mind, youth, and perseverance.

"Thanks for sharing a year of your young life with me. Perhaps, someday, when you have grown old and are in need of friends, heaven forbid, you will understand how much you have meant to me. I saw myself in you, the way I used to be before hate and bitterness crippled me. Don't let it happen to you, Susan. Keep the cage open . . . Aunt Ivy."

I stared ahead through

blurring tears. Poor Aunt Ivy. If she could only have talked to me like this when we were together. Why had she been so harsh, so cruel sometimes?

I remembered the picture of the young girl and the horse, how beautiful she had been, how full of life. I would be bitter, too, I thought, if I were to be crippled now.

Don't let it happen to you, Susan. Keep the cage open.

What reason did I have to hate her? What terrible thing has life done to me? Oh, Aunt Ivy, if we could only start over, you and I.

I sat on the park bench and cried soundlessly. I could feel the warm tears slide down my cheeks and drip on to the collar of my coat, but I didn't make a move to wipe them away. I cried for all the hours, all the days, all the months of that dreadful year that Aunt Ivy and I could have been friends.

It was nearly dark when I could find no more tears. Tired and heartbroken, I folded the letter into its envelope, lifted the suitcase from the grass at my feet, and got up from the park bench.

There was no hate or bitterness left in my heart. My cage was open now and, like the bird, I had grown stronger wings. I had health, the use of my limbs and mind, and perseverance. Aunt Ivy had left me more than she knew.

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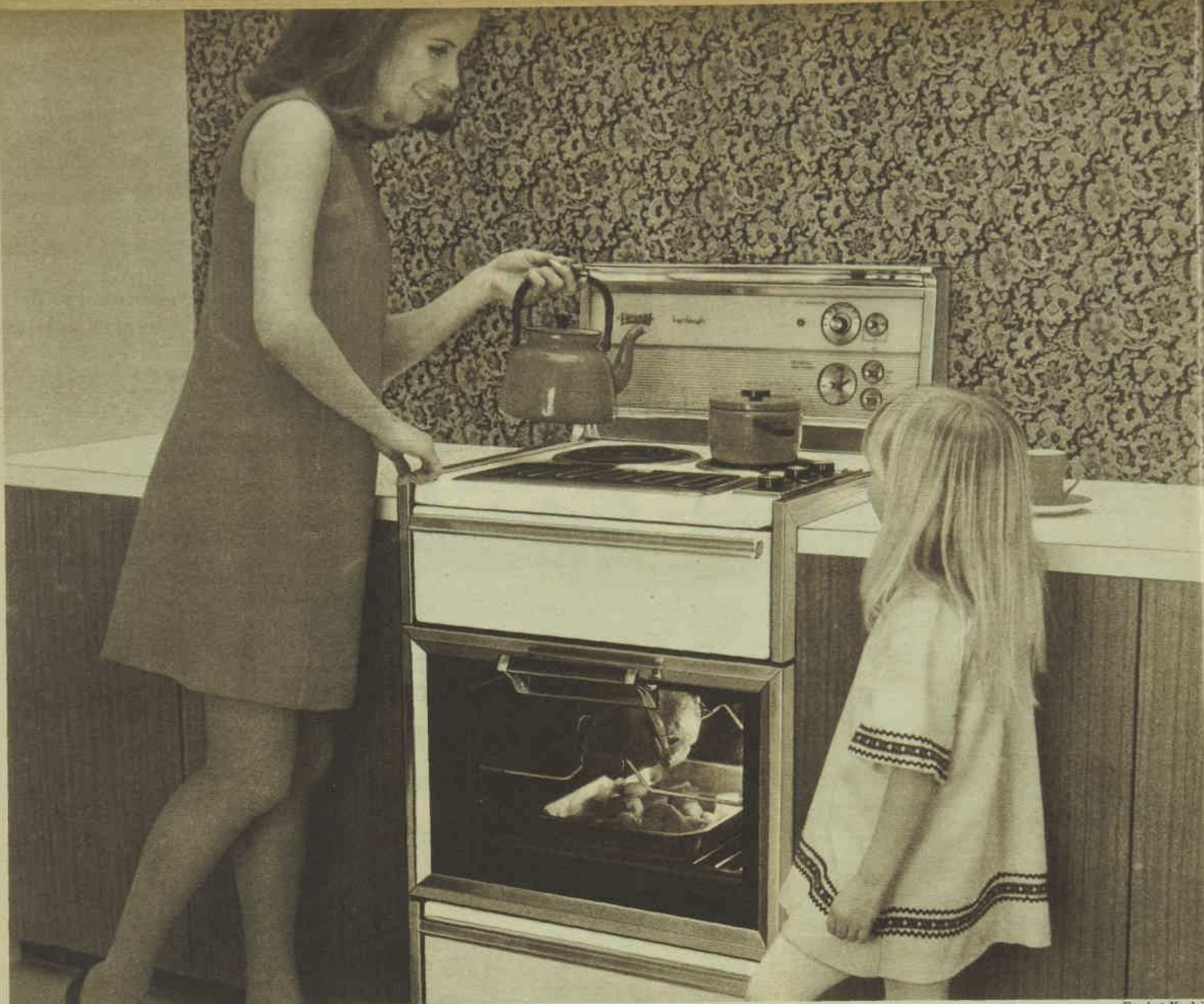


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Oven light off — stops anyone looking! Inside that turkey-size oven there's a really big Rotisserie that cooks every meal to perfection. And a bright new idea that makes oven cleaning a breeze — 'Easy-Care' Oven Liners!

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Ring of truth



LETTERS

● A few weeks ago a pigeon turned up at home during a storm. On its leg it carried a seven-figure number beginning with 67. I knew it wasn't a telephone number, but decided to ring it and see what happened. The impossible happened! It was a business number, and, although it was Saturday afternoon, the manager had returned to pick up something. He didn't own pigeons, but one of his employees did, and recognised the number on the pigeon's leg. Now the pigeon has been returned to its owner — by a number which was not intended as a telephone number, by a manager who didn't own pigeons, and by an employee who owned pigeons, but not this one.

— STEPHEN BURKE, Hurstbridge, Vic.

School teaser

AFTER she had completed her last exam paper in the Higher School Certificate, I heard a friend say to a teacher, "Well, if I know as much next year as I didn't know this year, I'll be sure to pass." I knew what she meant, but the poor teacher scratched his head.

— "Leaver," Denman, N.S.W.

Honor bright!

WHEN our school prefects were announced, I was disappointed that I wasn't one of them, and for a day went around wrapped in self-pity. Then I realised that, though becoming a prefect is an honor, being one isn't everything. Next year, I resolved, I would continue in the debating team, and

try to win the debating shield for my school. Also, there are such positions as house captains and class captains, one of which I might fill. All you non-prefects, don't lose faith. Gain recognition at school in some other field. But, whatever you do, don't lose interest in your school.

— I.H., N.S.W.

Exam nerves

THE Australian system of education is a good one, apart from examinations. Students must endure weeks of study and anxiety before exams, when they could be marked on their year's work, plus the results of small monthly tests. The general opinion of principals and teachers is that students who have not worked conscientiously are the ones that fear examinations. I have found from experience that this is not always so. Some of the most conscientious pupils are the ones whose minds go blank during this dreaded period. I am sure many will join me in saying — ban exams.

— Carol Manning, East Devonport, Tas.



I AM an elderly grandmother, have four teenagers among my grandchildren, and am always interested in reading LETTERS. Well, I have come to the conclusion that I am enjoying my grandchildren more as teenagers than when they were children, and like hearing about their interests and activities. When they were children their parents answered their questions to the best of their ability and did not brush them off, as I suspect some parents do. Consequently, my grandchildren are happy teenagers, not frustrated, and regard their parents as tops not squares. All of them think home is a jolly good place.

— "Grandmother," Goodwood, S.A.

No option

AUSTRALIA is supposed to be democratic, but minors who are interested in politics can't vote, while older people — many of whom don't know one party from the other — are forced to vote. By making a vote optional for minors, we would have a more representative government — J. A. Scattergood, Orange Grove, N.S.W.

SAD NOTE

■ Being a member of a pop group I am sometimes dismayed by our parents' lack of interest in pop music. However, I can see their point of view. The music is loud and the words are often indistinguishable. But I am convinced that pop music requires a certain amount of imaginative thinking and lots of concentration. Couldn't our parents realise this, even if they don't appreciate our kind of music, and encourage us instead of being so annoyingly disinterested? — Wayne Horton, Belair, S.A.

Worlds apart

WE are always encouraging the primitive peoples of the world to adopt our Western way of life, because it is so much better than theirs. But is it? In the eyes of a person living in an under-developed country, our world is one of wealth, education, and good health. But it is also a world torn by wars, riots, discontent, and hatred between different races. Can we, as tomorrow's adults, do something before it is too late? — "Hopeful," Brandon, Qld.

Hidden meaning

MANY parents are firm believers that teenagers today are simply carbon copies of one another. They miss the point that, although we may be similar in dress, each one of us is (especially to ourselves) an individual. I feel insulted to be classed as a copy of another person — which is simply impossible. I believe every teenager strives to be recognised as an individual and to be independent, and should be praised and respected for this ambition. Don't judge us by our appearance. We are completely different beneath the surface — which is so much more important.

— Maree Elliott, Nundah, Qld.

THE BOYFRIEND



"I hadn't the heart to cut it down — it's my favorite weed!"

For teenagers

Paid in full

HATING school, I left at the end of second-year High, and found a job in a store, earning \$11.40 per week. I paid my mother \$4 board. After taking \$2.50 for fares and \$2 for lunches, I had the grand total of \$2.90 to myself. Because of my determination, I have now been working a year, and would not go back to school for the world. I am independent and pay everything myself. My widowed mother is proud of me, and so are my brothers and sisters.

— Wendy Eisenhower, Perth.

On equal terms

SINCE starting university I have become more and more aware of people and their attitudes. It's amazing the number of people who make the vast generalisation that university or educated people assume they are superior. Why continually seek for divisions in society? Can't people accept others for what they are and just live in peace? Surely, so long as a person does what he or she believes is right, and does it well, everyone is equal?

— Helen Murray, Box Hill, Vic.



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At Pharmacies and Department Stores.

OH, FOR THE GOOD OLD GAZE

ROUND
ROBIN



ADAIR

I SEE that a recent British survey of fashions has come up with some interesting results.

Most males don't (or wouldn't) approve of their

wives, mothers, or daughters wearing mini-skirts.

This doesn't mean necessarily that they don't like minis.

Most of the men inter-

viewed, it seems, loved 'em on girl colleagues, strangers, girlfriends, and fiancées.

The attitudes toward mini-skirted daughters and wives can probably be explained

as involving male possessiveness.

The anti-Mum-in-minis one is more interesting.

To me, it reflects the ever-growing concern among young people about the behaviour of oldies.

As one girl, a young daughter of two parents (a

boy, 46, and a girl, 44), told me: "There is a generation gap that we kids can't bridge. We're losing control of our parents."

And a youth, 18: "My father does nothing but talk about cars. He's so wrapped up in the Sydney 'Daily Telegraph's' London-Sydney Marathon that I'm afraid he's neglecting his work."

"It's not a new trend, of course," a girl said seriously. "I have a picture of my great-grandfather and he's wearing long side-levers and a moustache."

One hippie boy butted in. "The whole bit's really out of hand," he said.

"Why, I saw a soldier the other day, and, for heaven's sake, he was wearing military gear — epaulets, already — just like me."

It's a problem, all right.

Of course, if they were my parents . . .

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HOME

Journal

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

BARON CHANCE sends a man in a speedboat to kill Mandrake. First, the magician's boat is blown up, and then the thug comes in for the kill. READ ON



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. A small ship has a rule broken around a horse (6).
4. Stems discussion in the ship (6).
8. Timber line for President Wilson (7).
10. Takes notice of short letters (5).
11. Measure the joint and lord it (4, 3, 5).
13. Struck with a baseball glove in money (7).
17. Birds near metal winds (12).
20. Dim the French in a place to drink (5).
21. Ordinary officer? (7).
22. Somewhat tardy it is back in whip (6).
23. Words spoken in undertones like certain Roman days (6).



Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

1. Non-intellectuals have vulgar foreheads (8).
2. The grumbles of king birds (6).
3. Sin with a corporation for a mistake in printing (7).
5. Dance to make color depart (5).
6. Last around the Maori is most up-to-date (6).
7. So, therefore — fair to middling (2-2).
9. Grappling to twist fish (9).
12. Sir loses letters for meatballs (8).
14. Gin seen to make machines (7).
15. Dispatch around the Italian without sound (6).
16. Stared fiercely to dazzle 500 (6).
18. Dwells constantly on the instruments (5).
19. This biblical character sounds competent (4).

Solution will be published next week.



**crisp,
light,
tangy**

Saltine has the taste for summer

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Arnott's SALTINE Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality



The Australian
Women's Weekly presents

Something to do

for children
on holiday, on wet weekends,
or whenever the cry goes
up: "Mum, what can I do?"

In this booklet are lots of practical ideas for keeping the children busy and happy at home, from painting to pottery; from making cubbies, cakes, and kites to planning a child's garden and making hand-puppets.

Making mosaics, wonderful papiermache
the very young, just tearing up paper.



Cutting and pasting

IN THIS BOOKLET are ideas for entertaining children, gathered by Elizabeth de Salis, of Tasmania, who is convinced that children are capable little people, able to do all sorts of things if they are given guidance and encouragement. Mrs. de Salis has been a teacher, is mother of four — two girls, aged six and eight, two boys, aged 10 and 12 — and has been a voluntary helper at a pre-school. She has an Arts degree and a Diploma of Education.

"All the things I talk about are inexpensive, and I've tried them out on my family," she says. "I only wish I'd had as much information when my eldest child was small."

Drawings by Astra

CUTTING and pasting is a wonderful way to entertain sick or bored children, a great holiday and wet-weather standby.

Cutting and tearing also seem to give young children great satisfaction, possibly because they are allowed to destroy without getting into trouble. It needn't be messy if the child is trained to use a wastepaper basket — and paste washes off easily.

Tearing may not actually be cutting out, but it can be a useful preliminary. I remember a long train journey with our two-and-a-half-year-old. Despite all our efforts he was growing bored and irritable until we struck on the idea of letting him tear-up newspapers.

Two hours later the floor of our compartment looked as though it had been struck by a snowstorm, but we had a tired but satisfied child ready to sleep.

At a more developed level, the child can use pictures he has torn out for pasting instead of cutting them.

Some children can manage scissors at three or three and a half, but others find it more difficult. Make sure that the paper-cutting scissors are blunted but still sharp enough to cut paper easily. Try them out before buying, as often scissors that will cut nothing are sold as paper-cutting scissors suitable for small children.

A child will need to be shown how to use them. If he has difficulty, let him cut old newspapers into tiny

pieces. This is a good exercise for improving co-ordination, and is given as therapy to children who find it hard to hold a pencil at school.

To start with, choose big pictures for him to cut around. As he becomes more expert, he can cut out individual figures and stick them on large pieces of newsprint or, as he becomes even more expert, into a cheap scrapbook.

At this stage, old Christmas and birthday cards are a joy. Encourage him to make composite pictures from a variety of pieces cut from different pictures.

He might also enjoy making pictures from the shiny, brightly colored paper available at bookshops. This often has its own adhesive on the back, and is very effective when stuck on to black paper. Crayons and paints can be used to add finishing touches to the cut-outs.

For gluing I find wallpaper glue ideal. I always keep a couple of packets in my cupboard, and a packet lasts a long time.

Wallpaper glue is easy to mix, and keeps well. Sprinkle two teaspoons of the granules into a jam jar three-quarters filled with water, mix well, stand for ten minutes, and the glue is ready for use. A cheap $\frac{1}{2}$ in. or 1 in. chainstore paintbrush is best.

Paper isn't the only thing that can be cut and pasted. Material scraps from your sewing basket can make attractive pictures, too. Faces from scraps of plain material can have features filled in with ballpoints or marking pens. Flowers cut from material can be

used effectively. If the material is inclined to be heavy, paste it on to a cardboard base such as one side of a cereal box.

Cardboard boxes of all shapes and sizes, including cereal cartons, cigarette boxes, matchboxes, rolls from lunch-wraps and toilet rolls, drinking straws, and ice-cream sticks — in fact, most of the odds and ends that end up in the incinerator — can be used for making models of garages, villages, and so on.

Sometimes the child will build a most elaborate set-up, taking a great deal of time and effort, and he will have no idea of its being anything in particular.

Drinking-straw pictures

This type of work should be done on cardboard and with gum rather than glue. Pictures made on cardboard from drinking straws can give the child fun, too, especially the colored straws, although the plain ones can be painted after the picture is finished.

I save all used drinking straws, wash them, let them dry out before putting them away for later use. Matchboxes can be used for making chests of drawers, beds, and tables.

The most complex of all cutting and pasting, and therefore the best for entertaining the older child, is mosaic work. For this, pieces of paper the same size and shape are cut from pictures, the pieces chosen for their color and texture.

These are used to build up a pic-

masks, cardboard models — or, for
Most children love doing these things.

and papiermache

ture as the ancient artists used colored mosaic tiles. Encourage the child to use a very simple subject for the mosaic picture, and don't make it too big.

The mosaic pieces can be of different shapes — e.g., the pieces for a bird could be triangular to give the impression of feathers. Encourage the child to work quickly, overlapping the pieces.

Large areas of one color, such as the sky, can be painted in. The important thing is not to let the child become bored with the whole thing.

Papiermache is also part of cutting and pasting. It is made by laying one layer of paper (newspaper or toilet), well covered with paste, on another layer. The first layer should ideally be of tissue paper, but never mind if you haven't any.

The pieces of paper should be about 6in. square. Glue can be wallpaper glue or flour-and-water paste.

The secret to successful papiermache is to be liberal with the glue. Some people like to wet the newspaper thoroughly before applying the paste.

Children of all ages can make exciting masks by using a balloon for a base. The balloon is inflated to just larger than head size.

Cover the whole balloon with about ten layers of paper, and let it dry out thoroughly. It can be made into one mask by cutting out the base enough for it to slide over the head, or into two masks by cutting it exactly in half, and fixing it on with elastic.

The eyes, mouth, and nose should be cut out with very sharp scissors or a sharp blade. A shaped nose can be made of cardboard and stuck into position.

The mask then is painted to suit the child, either with powder paints or acrylic paints left over from painting the house. A coat of varnish will ensure a long life.

Use drinking straws or pipe cleaners for whiskers, cottonwool for hair and beards, wool for hair. A good way of spending a wet afternoon is making a supply of masks for your next party!

Chicken wire is another good base for papiermache, especially for older children. I saw a beautiful layout for an electric car set made by a 12-year-old boy, made by first shaping the landscape in chicken wire and then covering it with layers of papiermache, before painting it with enamel paint.

My children have had endless fun from a "Dalek" outfit, made of papiermache on wire netting by my son when he was ten. The child fits right inside, and can walk around in it.

Billicarts can be streamlined with a body made this same way and painted with enamel paints.

Papiermache is an ideal base for elegant, homemade Christmas decorations of practically any shape and size. They are lightweight, and can be painted with any paints and tinselled for gaiety.

Balloons of every shape and size can be covered, painted, and decorated. They then will last indefinitely.

AN EMERGENCY BOX for birthday gifts

● I suppose every mother has mixed feelings when her child comes home clutching a party invitation . . . pleasure that the child isn't a social outcast, dread at the thought of The Present — J. D. KINGSBURY, of Sydney.

SOME time ago I realised that with a family of four daughters I was going to be in the party game for a number of years to come, and the endless line of presents-to-be-given was a daunting thought—until I hit on the idea of The Emergency Box.

This is a large, unadorned grocery box which lives on a shelf in the linen cupboard. It is filled with an interesting and varied assortment of toys, books, and miscellaneous things suitable for party giving and general emergency situations.

When an invitation arrives, we discuss the party-giver's tastes and interests, then I take two or three gifts from the box, and the invited child selects the one she thinks suitable.

I have made a mental rule not to pay more than a dollar for a party gift if I can help it. From my observations at parties, it is often the cheaper gifts that catch the eye and make the most successful presents.

When I am shopping, I keep my eyes open for suitable things to put in the box. Big city stores often have a counter of "reduced" goods, and a genuine sale of books or toys is an immediate attraction.

I have found some wonderful bargains in these ways: Good wooden jigsaws at half price, teenage-doll clothes from 20c a set, a Walt Disney game reduced to 50c from more than

\$2 (this was really a find!), a tiny leather-bound autograph book for only 10c (it had been 50c, and I wish I had bought a dozen), and books of all kinds for all ages.

There is, too, the occasional off-beat present in the right price range that takes my fancy. I found a cane monkey for 75c, which only needed a bright ribbon tied round its neck to make a most successful gift for a six-year-old girl; a multi-colored ballpoint pen for 95c; a gorgeously embroidered satin horse from a Chinese gift shop for 75c; boxes of pencils or crayons, which can be given with a coloring book; and pretty hankies from a "bargain table," which needed just a quick press with an iron to freshen them up.

The box has other uses, too. When a sick child has to stay indoors, the cry comes: "Mummy, have you got anything new in the Emergency Box?" Out comes a coloring book, a packet of stick-on shapes, beads to thread, or a book to look at.

I keep a supply of pretty, new wrapping paper in the box. I haven't lowered my standards to the extent of reusing gift paper, except for doing up the parcel in "pass the parcel" games!

As the children prefer to make their own gift cards, I have some plain white cards in there for them to decorate, as well as a few little gift cards for my own use.



The joy of slapping paint about

Put your youngster into an old cover-up smock and let him get to work with a big brush, jars of powder paint, and lots of paper. It's fun — and very therapeutic.

"EVERY CHILD NEEDS to express himself, and until he can read and write fluently painting is the most satisfying way of doing this.

A child can become frustrated without being aware of the cause of the frustration, but if paints are available to him he will paint it out of his system.

In fact, psychologists will tell you that painting has a definite therapeutic value, and any mother who has a child with an emotional problem such as acute shyness, intense clinging, or even belligerence will find that painting helps.

However, a word of warning: Do not try to interpret his painting in the light of his problem. Even experts find this difficult."

—Elizabeth de Salis

THE joy of painting is that it doesn't call for an expensive outlay and the materials last a long time.

I recommend to mothers the tins of powder paint available at all bookshops.

If you haven't enough spare cash for a complete set of colors (there is a fantastic range, ten of which would be plenty), buy the three basic colors — yellow, red, and blue — and, if possible, white. You can mix these colors to make orange, green, and brown.

For paper, visit your local newspaper printers and buy off-cuts of newsprint. I can get large quantities of paper for 50 cents or \$1. Another source is cheap wall-lining paper from the wallpaper shop.

You can make a smock quite easily from one of Dad's old shirts. Cut out the collar so that the shoulders are the right width, bind the raw edge, and thread it with elastic. Cut off the sleeves to the right length, bind, and elasticise.

Paintbrushes should be the largest available at the local newsagent. Only as the child gets older does he need finer brushes.

Until the child is six and is able to clean his brushes properly after using different colors, the best way of coping with the paint is to mix it with wallpaper glue.

Make a pint of wallpaper glue, divide among six jam jars, put two teaspoons of powder paint into each jar, and mix well.

Have at least one brush per jar, and impress on the child that each color has its own brush. Then you

won't have to make more paint because he forgot to wash his brush and the colors are all mixed.

Always use large pieces of paper.

The next problem is, where can he paint? I use the kitchen. The children paint either on the table or on the floor. Powder paint washes off quite easily.

If you are lucky enough to have an easel (easily made if Dad is a handyman) it can be used in a bedroom or playroom, with a sheet of plastic to protect the floorcovering.

In warm weather the garage is an ideal place for painting. Use a table or use the wall as an easel by sticking the paper on with masking tape.

Drying the paintings can be a problem, especially when the children paint without pause for three hours. However, a clotheshorse or a line across the garage can be the answer. Peg the paintings on like clothes!

Needn't be a real picture

To start off a child who hasn't painted before, paint a picture while he watches (it need not be a real picture, just a daubing of colors). He'll soon be wanting a turn.

The only instruction he needs is how to hold the brush, and in the care needed in wiping off the excess paint on the edge of the bottle before he puts brush to paper. Once he has started painting, don't make the mistake of asking what the child is painting, or of passing judgment on it. Ask him to explain it to you, or to tell you about it.

Up until the age of five most children only daub the paint. There is little

attempt to reproduce objects, and any attempt on your part to make the painting into a picture of something will tend to inhibit the child and stop him from painting freely.

When he does start to paint objects, try not to impose on him your ideas of how something should be painted. If he asks you to show him something specific, guide him without actually drawing it.

Don't limit the paints to a particular age. My 11-year-old is just as keen on using them as the youngest was at two and a half, although I admit I did have to stay around when little was having a go. By the time she was three and a half I didn't need to watch her at all.

It is unfortunate that as the children get higher in the school they get less and less time to express themselves freely with paint, so it is very valuable to have it available at home.

It becomes easier then, too, because after the age of about six the child can use the paint in powder form, mixing it with water on a saucer.

Another satisfactory way to do it is to mix it in a patty-pan baking tray. Each color goes into one of the patty-pans. This is safer than leaving the whole tin of paint open for use.

This is the time when the child likes to mix his own colors. It is also a good idea to give him different types of paper and different-sized brushes. Encourage him to use pencils and crayons with his paints.

In starting your child on the happy, creative art of painting you may find hidden depths of talent in yourself. And what about Dad? Painting can be a joy shared by all the family.

Modelling—in dough or clay

Children take great pleasure in turning out their own creations in clay (you can bake them, later); and pre-schoolers are content even with a homemade modelling dough.



"DO YOUR CHILDREN have an urge to go to pottery classes? There are classes for children, but it is hard to find ones that don't clash with sport or club activities. Besides, children usually feel like modelling on a long, damp afternoon, and don't want to give up a lovely, fine Saturday morning. So it is a much better idea to start them off modelling at home."

EVERY child should be given the opportunity to do some creative modelling. Even children who haven't expressed any desire to do so thoroughly enjoy themselves when given the chance.

The pre-school child can be kept happy with modelling dough, made easily at home. It is much less expensive than the bought variety. Make it like this: Mix 2lb. plain flour with a cup of cooking salt, add enough water to make into a dough.

It can be colored with the coloring matter you use for cakes. If it is stored in a plastic bag, inside an airtight tin,

while, not in use, it will keep for a long time.

Pastry-roller and biscuit-cutters are all the implements a child needs. It is quite harmless if the child tries to eat it, and with the strong salt taste he isn't likely to persevere. It is also clean, and doesn't stick to the floor like some of the commercial modelling materials.

We always have a supply of bought modelling clay in the house, but as it has a nasty habit of getting into the carpet, it is forbidden to be used in any room except the children's rooms and the kitchen.

It is invaluable on long car trips, when each child has his or her supply in a plastic bag. They will model the most intricate figures, and then use them for playing games (different colors are essential for the success of this). The younger they are, the simpler their models, but even a three-year-old can be kept occupied for a long time in this way.

The greatest joy my children have found is in clay modelling. They had fun when they were very small with clay dug straight from the ground but this, unfortunately, is inclined to crumble as it dries.

At first I had difficulty finding a source of potting clay, but now we have several friends who teach pottery, so we buy it through them; 50lb. costs us just under \$1.

It keeps perfectly, in a moist condition, for years if wrapped in plastic and put in an air-tight container. A plastic rubbish bin is good for this.

If you cannot find an obliging pottery teacher as a source, you can go to the local brick factory and buy clay bricks which are ready for firing. This

is just as satisfactory, and is used by some teachers as a source. You may, however, have to pick out a few coarse sand grains.

Be warned, however. Clay modelling is messy, so smocks should be worn—or one of Dad's old shirts with the sleeves rolled up.

Clay must be worked where the table and floor can be scrubbed afterward, although it does wash off quite easily.

I also advise that after potting, the children wash in the laundry, and dry their hands on a not-too-precious towel. I'll never forget going into the bathroom after the children had used potting clay for the first time. All the bathtowels had an orange streak at hand level, although the handtowel was spotless!

Don't stick bits on

Our pottery is done in the kitchen in cold weather, but in the garage if it is warm enough.

There is a definite technique to using clay successfully, and the children must be shown this to begin with. Start them off with a good-sized chunk of clay each, about 6in. square, and let them work it with their hands and flat pieces of wood until it is pliable and easy to mould. They can then begin modelling.

Impress on them that the models must be made from one piece of clay. If bits are stuck on they invariably drop off as the model dries, and this can be so disappointing.

This needs plenty of practice. Horns, beaks, and limbs must be drawn out of the central piece and must not be added on.

You don't need a potter's wheel to

make pots. In fact, under ten years of age most children's hands are too small to handle pots on a wheel. Instead, use the method by which the Africans, Arabs, and Ancient Greeks made their beautiful clay drinking and water vessels.

This is how to do it:

Roll the clay into a long, cylindrical rope about 1/4 in. thick. Then wind this rope round into a mat for the base of the pot. Using a blunt instrument (a knife handle will do), score across the mat, not deeply, then with wetted fingers smooth it until it is quite smooth. Do not press.

The sides are built up by winding the rope of clay round the edge of the mat, and then one layer upon another, to the shape required.

To get the idea, wind it on to a milk bottle or a jar. There can be joins in the rope, but the ends to be joined must be thoroughly wetted.

When a few complete turns have been made, stop and score again both inside and out, then smooth it.

This can be a fairly long process, so if the child wishes to leave it for a day or so, cover it with a damp cloth and before he starts again see that it is all thoroughly wetted again.

Don't let the child become discouraged if the shape isn't perfect. Explain that it takes a great deal of practice to get it symmetrical. He won't mind if he realises that he cannot expect to make a perfect jar or bottle straight away.

One of my children has been interested in making jars and vases, but the others have all been more interested in modelling animals, figures, or heads,

Continued on page 6

SOMETHING-TO-DO BOOK — Page 5



"PUPPET-MAKING involves all the skills that children should learn in the creative field . . . modelling the heads, painting the features, sewing the clothes, inventing and writing suitable plays for the puppets to perform, designing and painting scenery, using the spoken word. Thus the child needs a certain maturity and dexterity, but if the puppets are a joint family project even the three- and four-year-olds can join in."

Making — and using — hand puppets

The simplest puppets are made from Dad's old socks (these make good dogs, cats, rabbits, donkeys). Others can be glove puppets, with modelled or soft-felt heads.

THE making and working of string puppets is too complex a subject for a brief article, but the three types of puppets described here—all hand puppets—have been made and operated by my children before they were ten.

The simplest one to make is the sock puppet. Dad's old socks are needed, as children's socks are too small.

To begin, position the features by inserting the left hand so that the tips of the fingers are in the toe of the sock. Bend the hand at the knuckles (keeping the fingers straight) and bring the thumb up to meet the tips of the fingers. The fold formed in the end of the sock makes the mouth.

A round piece of black corduroy or felt sewn on at a point just above the fingertips makes the nose. The eyes should be sewn on at the second finger joints and the ears on opposite sides above the knuckles.

Eyes can be cut from white material, then colored in with felt marking pens. Floppy ears cut from felt, corduroy, or

woollen material should be sewn on at the base. The shape of the ears can be greatly varied.

Animals such as dogs, cats, rabbits, and donkeys make the best subjects. If eyebrows and mouths need distinctive markings, sew these on with wool or mark them with a felt marking pen.

Pipe-cleaners make good whiskers.

A few squares of felt from a craft shop are always useful, especially if you intend to make several puppets, although my son at eight made a delightful sock-puppet dog using one of his father's old socks and scraps from my sewing-box.

Glove puppet

To make puppet people, you need to make glove puppets. There are several ways of making these, and they all need a tube of cardboard extending up into the head for the middle finger or fingers to fit into, to operate the puppet.

A toilet-roll tube is very satisfactory

for this, although you may need to shorten it for better control.

The simplest way to make the head is to make a pulp of small pieces of toilet paper and glue, press this on to the cardboard tube, and mould the head and features. When it is quite dry, it can be painted.

Another way is to model the head in Plasticine, then to cover it with papier-mache (about ten layers). When this is thoroughly dry, cut it carefully around the face, remove the two halves from the Plasticine, match the two halves, and stick them together firmly with paper (not sticky tape, as it is difficult to paint over).

The tube should then be glued into position and the head painted.

The third way is to fix a headshape of chicken wire over the tube and model the papiermache on to that.

Finally, for an adult or for a dexterous older child, the puppet head could be made of felt in the same way as a soft toy or rag doll.

It is then stuffed so as to leave room

Modelling in dough or clay continued from page 5

possibly inspired by the clay models from Africa we have displayed in our home.

Nothing can beat their delight and pride when an especially good model they have made is put up in a sitting-room or hall, or when they can offer Mum or Dad a surprise that they have made.

Finishing off the model can be a bit difficult. The experts say that anything

modelled from clay should be allowed to dry slowly in a cool place—this should take some weeks—and then be baked in a proper ceramic kiln.

As these kilns are extremely expensive and temperamental, this isn't possible for most people, and if your children are anything like mine they are much too impatient for it to take so long before the object is complete.

My children put their models on

baking sheets, and I dry them off in the oven at about 250deg. F. until they are thoroughly baked.

They sometimes fall to bits, in which case we break them up, damp them down, and put them back into the clay container to be used again. If they are successful, the children paint them with powder paint, and they then are displayed until some accident befalls them and they go back into the container.

It is amazing how successful these models can be. I remember a rhino made by my son, which was displayed in the lounge for some time. It was much admired by visitors as genuine Africana until they were enlightened.

There was also a blue-and-white duck made by our five-year-old daughter which held pride of place in our hall for many weeks.

● Let the children have a fun show with their puppets

for the tube and the features are either sewn or drawn on it.

Heads and faces can be painted with ordinary powder paint, and improved with a layer of varnish. Or, they can be painted with enamel paint, although this is more difficult. Whatever paint the child uses, make sure that he allows each color to dry thoroughly between each step.

After painting, the hair can be attached. This can be painted on, but it is more attractive when it has the texture of hair. It can be made with knitting wool, glued on with a strong gum, and then be teased with a comb, or plaited.

Even if the puppet is a male, glue on long pieces of wool and trim them after they are set. Cottonwool or wool straight from the sheep also makes good hair and beards. If the hair looks a little straggly on completion, a hat or cap can cover the fault.

To make the glove part of the puppet, make a pattern from your hand or the child's hand. Put the three middle fingers together, spreading the

little finger and the thumb as far apart as possible. These two are the arms. (See sketch, below.)

Cut two identical pieces and sew together along the sides, leaving the top and bottom open.

Hem the bottom, but bind the top so it can be threaded with elastic (hat elastic is best), and so fit snugly around the neck of the puppet.

This basic glove can be trimmed for any costume required for the puppets — silks and laces for the heroine, or made to look like shirt and trousers for the hero. Hands can be sewn on to the ends of the sleeves.

Most children are able to make this basic glove from the age of four if it is cut out and pinned for them. It needs only to be joined with a running stitch, but make sure the stitching is begun and ended firmly.

Wooden-spoon puppet

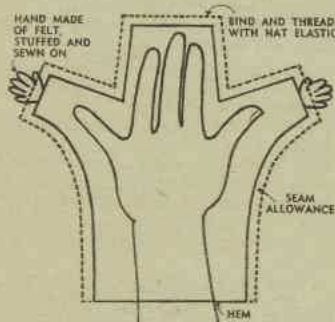
The last simple puppet is a wooden-spoon puppet, in which the head is moulded on to a wooden spoon and the clothes are draped from the head round the handle of the spoon. This puppet doesn't have working arms, so arms can be shaped from wire or pipe-cleaners.

The puppet controller just waves this puppet round, and it makes a good fairy or witch puppet, as it can fly in from the wings of the stage.

A fun show can be made, using all three types of puppets — sock puppets for the animals, glove and spoon puppets for the people — but for this, of course, you need a puppet theatre.

A satisfactory temporary theatre can be made across the backs of two high-backed chairs placed three or four feet apart.

SKETCH at left shows how to use the child's hand to make the puppet glove.



The curtain rail rests across the tops of the chairs, and cartons or a sheet of cardboard should be placed across the bottom to form a screen for the puppeteers.

If Dad is feeling energetic, or if one of the puppeteers has a birthday coming up, you might like to make a permanent theatre. The design can be based on the traditional Punch and Judy theatre, or it can simply be a wooden frame to stand on a table, with allowance for the curtains.

Adequate allowance should be made for wings. These can be painted cardboard or hardboard, or they can be an extension of the curtains. There must also be a screen below.

Drawstring curtains are easy to make. Attach two different-colored strings to the inside end ring of each curtain—that is, the rings that will be in the centre when the curtains are closed.

Say there is a red and a blue thread on each of the inside curtain rings. Thread each red string back through the rings of the curtain to which it is attached. These will open the curtains when pulled.

Thread each blue thread forward through the rings of the curtain next to it. These will close the curtains when pulled.

The colors make sure that the right strings are pulled each time for opening or closing the curtains in a performance.

Children enjoy painting the backdrops for the story. This can be done on a big sheet of paper, which can be fixed temporarily to the wall behind the stage.

You may find that your children enjoy making the puppets and playing with them on their own, rather than having a puppet show. Don't consider it a wasted effort if they do. Puppets are just as valuable as creative effort for this purpose.

Games from the grocery cupboard

● A South Australian mother suggests some playthings.

YOU need ingenuity to keep children amused without the help of a lot of toys. For instance, a packet of macaroni or large beans is good for all sorts of things (never mind the clearing up!), such as threading.

But even before a child is old enough to manage this he will spoon and pour them from container to container, drop them, one by one, into a bottle, put a few in a tin and shake them, spin them in a flour sifter. (Be sure he's past the age of swallowing these, or pushing them into nose or ear — usually over two years; Mother must judge.)

Beans make good loads for trucks when it is too wet to play outside in earth or sand. A tin of buttons can be used the same way.

Packets and boxes are good fun. I save grocery packets for several weeks, and when the rain comes down and everyone is bored stiff I produce a cartonful to be stacked, pushed around, cut up, stuck together, and used in general.

Something in a child's mind responds marvellously to the idea of being surrounded by packets with which he can do just as he likes!

Older children could make a puppet theatre from large cartons.

We also make a lot of use of home-made play dough, using rolling pin, patty pans, and fancy biscuit cutters.

I also entertain the children by taking them walking three or four times a week (it used to be a trial to walk three blocks to the bus!) and I enjoy it as much as they do.



Let them do some COOKING on their own

Girls AND boys like to cook, and even five-year-olds can make toast or use an electric hand-beater to help mix a cake. Given simple recipes and clear, written instructions, youngsters who are interested will soon become good and capable cooks.

"HAVE YOU SEEN the look of joy on the face of a nine-year-old boy as he brings in a plate of beautifully made pikelets to a room full of visitors and is thanked by Mum because he made them himself? Or the pride with which a seven-year-old brings her parents breakfast in bed? Both these things have happened in our house in the past few weeks, and I realise I had underestimated the capabilities of children to cope with simple cooking on their own."

ALL children should learn to cook.

It is a skill that both men and women need, and it is always possible that an emergency at home could mean that the children must help with the preparation of meals. The interesting point is that when it is treated as fun and as a privilege they thoroughly enjoy it — and the problem then is that they all want to make the cake and the pikelets!

Most parents expect the children to take their share in setting the table for meals, clearing it afterward, and helping with the washing-up. Others also expect the children to help prepare the vegetables.

Yet these are all extremely mechanical processes, and children will do them much more willingly if they are allowed to help with the creative side of the kitchen, especially if they can do it entirely on their own.

Most children can cope with an instant cake-mix, but even if you'd rather have an old-style cake they can still cope. Even my seven-year-old can manage a hot-water sponge on her own.

Let pre-school children help you while you bake, doing the fetching and carrying. This has a threefold value. It teaches them their way about the kitchen and the names of the various utensils, it teaches them to count and the values of numbers, but, above all, it makes them feel important.

They love to be given a piece of biscuit dough or pastry to make some-

thing, particularly if it is enough to make one each for the whole family.

At five they are capable of helping by making the toast, or, with help, of using an electric hand-beater to beat the cream or a cake. They soon graduate to more difficult tasks such as preparing cups of coffee and tea, eggs cooked in the usual ways, and even helping Mum get the dinner on when she is pressed for time.

They will happily spend the hours that Mum cannot spare, icing and decorating patty cakes and biscuits.

CINNAMON TOAST — a good standby for unexpected visitors.

2oz. butter or substitute	2oz. cinnamon
2oz. sugar	6 medium slices bread

Method: Toast the bread. Mash butter or substitute, sugar, and cinnamon together, spread on the toast. Place under the hot grill until the spread bubbles. Cut into slices.

A happy way to occupy children of all ages on a wet afternoon is to make a batch of biscuit dough (see recipe on next page), and let them shape it. You won't need to provide them with a big evening meal after they have eaten a certain amount raw and the rest when it is cooked!

When actually teaching them how to cook, there are two essentials. First,

the recipes must be simple. Give absolutely clear, step-by-step instructions.

If they are to control the oven or frying pan on their own, they must be shown how very clearly. These instructions should then be written down, preferably with the recipe.

Adults are inclined to take it for granted that a child who has done something once will always be able to do it, because it seems so simple. But it is not simple to a child, and unless it is done often it is easily forgotten.

The next essential is to teach them the routine of cooking—that is, the drill that involves switching on the oven to the correct temperature before starting anything else; then collecting all the ingredients and utensils that will be needed; and preparing the baking tray or cake tins or whatever it is to be baked in before making a start on the measuring and the mixing.

All this is to be followed automatically by clearing up the mess while the mixture is cooking.

On the next page (in addition to the one for cinnamon toast, at left), I have listed some simple but delicious recipes within the capabilities of a seven-year-old, perhaps with a little help the first time. They all seem to be immune from any failure except burning.

Do draw the attention of the cook to the times given. A timer is an excellent aid in the kitchen—not only for the child.

Mrs. de Salis gives these recipes (with instructions) for beginners

(8oz. cup measurements used; spoon measurements are level)

Don't forget when cooking:

1. Switch on the stove
2. Collect utensils and ingredients
3. Prepare baking tins
4. Clean up afterwards!

NOTE: Oven temperature readings vary with type of stove; Mother will know what is "hot" or "moderate" on hers.

CHOCOLATE CRUNCHIES

2 cups coconut 2 cups S.R. flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter or 1 cup sugar
 substitute 2 tblspns. cocoa

Method: Turn the oven on to moderate heat. Collect ingredients and utensils, including baking trays to measure 12in. x 12in. altogether. Melt butter in a pot. Mix all dried ingredients together. Pour melted butter into these, mix well. Press the mixture into the tins, and leave in oven for 20min. Leave in baking trays to cool. When nearly cool, spread with chocolate icing, cut into squares with sharp knife.

BISCUIT DOUGH

— Useful for cutting and shaping!

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar 1 cup plain flour
 4oz. butter or 1 egg
 substitute 1 tblspn. milk
 1 cup S.R. flour

Method: Oven to be at moderate heat. Cream butter and sugar together with your hands — much quicker and easier. Into this, beat egg and milk, gradually add the flour; toward the end use your hands for mixing. If it is too crumbly, add a little more milk.

HOT-WATER SPONGE

Switch on the oven to moderate heat about 10min. before starting; collect ingredients and utensils. Grease an 8in. cake tin.

2 eggs 1 tspn. butter or
 1-3rd cup sugar substitute
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup S.R. flour 2 tblspns. water

Method: Put butter and water in a pot, place on stove at medium heat. Beat eggs, sugar together until pale and thick. Stir in flour thoroughly so that there is no white left. Pour in hot water and butter, stir well, pour into the tin. Put in the oven straight away. Cook about 20min. To check, stick the point of a clean knife into the middle. If it comes away clean, it is cooked. After removing from oven, leave in tin for 5min., then slide a knife round the edge of the cake, turn over on to a rack.

Different flavors for sponges:

Light chocolate cake — add 1 dtspn. cocoa to the flour.

Dark chocolate cake — add 1 tblspn. cocoa to the flour.

Coffee cake — add 1 tspn. instant coffee to the water.

Orange cake — add 2 tspns. grated orange rind to the mixture.

Pattycakes — Put mixture into paper cake pans; about 2 doz. should be set out ready on baking trays before starting to make the cake. Fill each paper only halfway.

ICING FOR SPONGE CAKES

1 tspn. butter $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. icing sugar
 or substitute 3 dtspns. water

Method: Heat water and butter, pour on to the icing sugar when boiling. Mix well; if too dry to spread easily, add another spoon of hot water; if too liquid, add another spoon of icing sugar.

Coffee icing — add tspn. of instant coffee to water mixture.

Chocolate icing — add dtspn. cocoa to the sugar.

Orange icing — add 2 tspns. grated orange rind and juice of an orange instead of one of the spoons of water.

For hot cinnamon teacake — spread top of sponge with the cinnamon toast mixture (see page 8); put under the grill until it bubbles, then into a warm oven for 10min. before eating.

CHEESE SCONES

1 cup grated 1 tspn. sugar
 cheese 1 cup milk
 2 cups S.R. flour

Method: Turn oven on to hot. Grease a 12-cake patty pan. Stir all ingredients together, and divide evenly into the patty-pan tins. Bake for 10 to 15min. Leave in the tins until almost cool, then remove with a sharp knife.

SCONES

2 cups S.R. flour 2 tspns. sugar
 2oz. butter or 1 cup milk
 substitute

Method: Turn oven on to hot. Grease a 12-cake patty pan. Rub butter into flour until there are no lumps, add sugar, stir in milk. Divide it into the 12 patty pans. Bake for 15min. or until golden brown. Leave in the patty pans for 5min. before turning out on to a cooling tray.

PIKELETS

2 eggs 1 cup S.R. flour
 2 tblspns. sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk

Method: Grease the electric frying pan and turn to 350deg. Beat eggs and sugar together, add flour and milk, beat until smooth. One dtspn. of the mixture for each pikelet, and allow plenty of space between the pikelets for turning. Turn each one when there are plenty of bubbles on the top, remove when the underside is golden brown. Turn off the pan when the last batch goes in.

A collection of play materials

WITH school holidays in mind, over the year I collect in shoe boxes and ice-cream tins . . .

. . . small, washed shells; packets of putty; clear varnish; children's paintbrushes; strips of paperbark; dried leaves, flowers, and fern; tiny plastic flowers; pipe-cleaners; tubes and containers of paste; backs from writing-pads, cardboard out of shirts, socks, etc.

. . . several pairs of blunt-ended but sharp scissors; packets of brown and white beans; jars of poster paints; small "finger rags"; pieces of colored material; small toys from cereal packets; a ball of string; small empty tins and bottles.

Then, when holidays arrive, you have on hand material for making pictures, ornaments, ashtrays, vases, and so on.

To make pictures: Spread glue on cardboard, make patterns in it with beans, shells, dried or plastic flowers. Coat with clear varnish when dry.

To make vases: Mould putty round small tins or bottles, press shells, beans, or small flowers into it. Varnish when hardened. Or wind string round tins or bottles, glue the ends, and varnish.

Small children also like making "abstract" pictures by gluing small pieces of colored material to cardboard, perhaps adding dried flowers and leaves and daubs of poster paints.

A cautionary note: Spread old sheets or pieces of plastic over floor or table before the children begin work.—Tess Emerton, Shellharbour, N.S.W.



CARPENTRY is for boys

You'll be amazed what a four- or five-year-old can make, given a selection of wood ends, cotton reels, dowelling rods, and nails!

"AS A CHILD on a farm I had few toys, and seldom missed them, but I remember longing for carpentry tools. When I finally received this unlikely present for a girl, it was sadly disappointing to discover that my replicas of adult tools were all but useless. The hammer was too light, the saw and the chisel too blunt, the pliers would scarcely open. So if Dad won't let the children use his tools, make sure that what you buy for them really works."

THE most important tool for any child is a hammer, and to start with this could be the only one needed. You will find most assistants in hardware shops very co-operative if you explain your needs.

The most suitable child's hammer I have seen is a small, well-balanced, all-metal one. Hammering nails into wood and, if possible, hammering two pieces of wood together is all a four-year-old

can manage — but what joy when he finds a suitable piece of flat wood, nails it on to a shorter, thicker piece, and he has made his own aeroplane!

A girl is just as delighted to do this, and often proves more adept than boys of the same age, because at pre-school level a girl's co-ordination is usually better developed than a boy's.

The child is not going to be delighted, however, if he finds the pieces of wood too big to handle, or too hard for the nail to penetrate. The best thing to do, if Dad doesn't do much carpentry and there is, therefore, a lack of suitable small pieces of softwood, is to go to a timber merchant and ask for offcuts of softwoods.

They are always most helpful, and the ones I know, at least, will sell you cartons of suitable pieces for very little. Make sure that the nails are neither too long (in which case they will bend before going right in) or too thick (they will be hard to drive in).

You will be amazed at what a four- or five-year-old can make when left on his or her own with a selection of different-sized and -shaped pieces of wood, including cotton reels and varying sized pieces of dowelling rod. (Cotton reels nailed on make good wheels.)

In fact, the aeroplanes, ships, and cars churned out by the small fry can become an embarrassment, and Mum has surreptitiously to sneak out a few at a time.

On the quiet, you pull them to pieces again and put the bits back in with the rest for use again.

Actually, they don't always know what they have made. I asked a youngster, who had been working industriously for ages on a huge contraption, of which he was enormously proud, what it was, and his answer was: "I don't know. Just a thing." Don't ridicule such an effort.

The next tool required is a saw. There are some wonderfully handy small saws on the market nowadays, designed for adults, but perfect for children. If Dad lets the child use his vice as well, the youngster will soon learn to cut his timber to the size and shape he needs.

An idea borrowed from an "adventure playground" concept, and one which gives an ideal outdoor activity to both boys and girls for years, is a "Cubby Corner."

A "Cubby Corner"

Choose a corner in the garden that can best be spared, and, if possible, not visible from the house. A good climbing tree nearby is an advantage.

Then acquire large packing cases of different sizes and shapes (factories and department stores burn them, so ask there) and let the children loose on them to make what they like — cubbies, forts, or even a tree-house.

You will be surprised at their ingenuity and their persistent activity.

Think of all that energy they are using up, out of the house!

There are two important lessons for them to learn at this stage. The first is always to put the tools away, and the second is care with nails. NEVER leave

a plank with nails sticking out of it, and never leave nails on the ground.

If a child does step on a nail and has not had an anti-tetanus booster in the past 12 months, seek medical attention immediately.

If Dad is doing woodwork, encourage both boys and girls to help. Even a five-year-old can be a help, with proper instruction and patience.

This is the time children pick up the grounding that stands them in good stead if they want to make something complicated.

They learn "know-how" on joints, gluing, the use of screws rather than nails, correct screwing, and the use of cramps.

Boys of eight years onward can be encouraged to work on joint projects such as billycarts, girls on puppet theatres or dollhouses.

If Dad is no good at carpentry and only succeeds in making things worse when he tries to mend them, there is probably a kind neighbor or relative who wouldn't mind a little "help" from children sometimes.

This is also the age to let them start helping with the painting. They enjoy sandpapering, and with instruction can help paint those beastly windowframes. You need only do the fiddly bits.

Around eight or nine they like to try carving, and yachts are the perfect objects to start on.

They will need at least two chisels, one straight-edged and the other curved; a good penknife; and the use of a plane. A good plane for a child to use, and the one with which he can do minimum damage (to himself and to the plane), is a Surform.

They should be carefully instructed

AND girls

in the use and care of chisels and planes. Chisels must always be directed away from the hands. They are extremely sharp, and can give a nasty cut. The cutting edges of these tools should always be protected when put away.

The plane shapes the hull of the yacht, and the chisels carve out the cockpit. Masts are made from dowelling rod, and the rigging from strong thread and material (either cotton or nylon).

It may need a piece of metal as a keel to give it correct balance. Experimenting in a bath of water will give an idea of how the yacht will sail.

Aeroplanes can be made from balsa wood, and plans bought for this. Unfortunately balsa wood is expensive, and so are the plans, but it is worth it if your child has nimble fingers and enjoys constructing detailed objects.

And the champion plane-maker of my acquaintance is an 11-year-old girl!

They need really soft wood for the carving of more detailed objects, such as figures. Chunks of balsa wood are ideal. My ten-year-old son had the fortune to find some pieces of the branch of a cork tree under the tree.

From this he carved a most effective totem pole, which was given pride of place in a display of an Indian village set up by his class at school. He painted it most successfully with ordinary powder paint.

From dowelling rod children can fashion ordinary and box kites — 4in. dowelling is ideal for the frames, bound together tightly with string, and then covered with tissue paper or brightly colored plastic. A nylon stocking makes a good tail.

The kite is easily controlled if joined to the line on a fishing rod. A wonderful way of spending a windy day!

"Books are the most important educative influence in a child's life, apart from his home and family, and a child whose interest in books has been stimulated early in life, and who continues to read books for reference and enjoyment, is not only halfway to being educated but has an incomparable advantage over other children who are not so fortunate."

—Elizabeth de Salis

Learning to love BOOKS

AUSTRALIAN children are particularly fortunate in having the best books available to them, at no cost at all, in the excellent free library service.

All it needs is an effort on the part of the parents to make use of them, as a child usually may join as soon as his parents are prepared to take the responsibility of caring for the books. Our children joined as soon as they turned two years old.

They also need books of their very own, and, rather than spending 20 or 50 cents on a toy each time you take a child to town, try him with a book. It will outlast any cheap toy. There are some very good books in this price bracket if you look for them.

Don't buy the first one you see but consider your purchases carefully. For the child under five, the illustrations are the most important part of the book.

Some books have delightful, clear illustrations, but their text is in language much too advanced for the three- and four-year-old. If this is so, it is quite easy to change the words as you read the child the story.

Illustrations should be clear, and their objects recognisable to the child, and though the colors need not be bright they should be clear.

One hears a lot about the unsuita-

bility of books such as "Noddy" and "Pookie," that they are not good literature, but I do feel that they aren't harmful, and children under five love them.

Any book that does no harm and is attractive to the child is valuable. The important thing is for him to learn to love books.

From five onward, the text is every bit as important as the illustrations, which should become less important as the child gets older.

Classics in paperback

Paperback editions of children's classics are now available to suit the tastes of children of all ages (and of a price to suit the parents' pockets), and there is an increasing variety in paperback books for children. You will find them graded according to age and reading ability.

You will also find selections of stories in paperbacks eminently suitable for reading aloud to the under-sixes, even though they don't have many illustrations.

Every child should be taught from an early age that books should be loved and respected. They are not for drawing in, for throwing, or for walking on! The earlier this lesson is taught the easier it is for them to learn it,



and respect for books becomes an integral part of their make-up.

A child who has little or no contact with books is missing one of the great joys and advantages of our civilisation, and also has added difficulties when he starts school.

A child with emotional difficulties can be helped if his parents read aloud to him regularly. It means that the focus of their attention is on the child.

When considering books, television must be taken into account as well. Television is now part of our way of life, but for the child it needs careful control.

There is a danger that the child's imagination will become dormant, because the TV does all his imagining for him. When this appears to be happening, a good book can stimulate the imagination because it leaves a lot to the imagination.

Children shouldn't be allowed to watch unsuitable programs which, unfortunately, are shown sometimes during children's viewing times.

It is quite easy for Mum to switch off, and if the child complains, warn him that if he continues he won't see his next program — and stick to it! Children soon learn to abide by this rule.

This might be hard to carry out when there is an age variation in the family. The program under prohibition

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SOMETHING-TO-DO BOOK — Page 11



Growing flowers of their own

... and vegetables, too. Whatever is grown in it, a small garden to care for will bring children closer to a love and appreciation of nature.

"IT IS MOTHER'S DAY, and mum is presented with a delightfully arranged vase of flowers from each child. The best part is that they each grew their own flowers so they haven't stripped some rare bush in the garden to make up the vase—and they are all simply bursting with pride.

"I believe that a love of growing things is instinctive to every child, even if it has been hidden deep within the child who has grown up in a plantless flat. What adult truly prefers plastic flowers to the real ones?"

THE GARDEN should not be an adult place where a child is allowed to go only on his best behaviour. It should be a place where adults relearn the wonder and beauty of nature through a child's eyes.

A child, however, must be taught to care enough for the garden not to want to destroy its beauty, and the child who is told constantly to "get away from the garden" and not to touch

the plants will grow to resent it, and may eventually deliberately destroy it.

Rather, encourage a child to admire the beauty of the flowers, to enjoy their perfume, and to understand how fragile they are. If they enjoy and love a garden they won't want to harm it.

This is also the place for them to learn about the creatures in the garden. There are the insects—productive ones such as bees, helpful ones such as ladybirds, destructive ones such as earwigs.

They can watch their life cycles, caterpillars to butterflies, and interesting ones such as spiders.

Try to attract birds by having a feeding-table, planting shrubs that attract the birds, and having a bird bath.

Lizards, a gardener's best friend, make quite delightful, clean, and attractive pets.

When the child is very small he is anxious not only to help but also to imitate the actions of his parents in the garden. This can lead to much sorrow on the part of the gardener, who finds on turning her back for a while on the weeding she has been doing that the youngster has pulled up every precious seedling she has just weeded so carefully.

Try to remember that he can't tell the difference between plants and weeds, and he thought that he was helping.

This is the time to find somewhere in the garden where he can dig and weed without calamitous results. A sandpit is a great help, and so is a little watering-can.

The charm of these, however, doesn't last for ever, and the next step is a garden of his own.

Please don't give him any old piece of waste ground you haven't managed to do anything with!

I was once associated with a school where it was compulsory for Grade 1 pupils to have a garden. The spot chosen was one where they would be least in the way, which turned out to be a completely barren piece of ground under high casuarina trees, where even grass wouldn't grow.

As the children were given no fertiliser or manure, anything growing in their pathetic little gardens was a miracle. Some of those children were possibly put off gardening for life.

Find a sunny spot

Try to find a spot with good soil and plenty of sunshine. One of the first things that a child should learn is that plants need feeding with manure or fertiliser, and watering.

Your next step is a choice of plants. Some children love to be able to grow something that can be eaten — salad vegetables or fruit.

Radishes are wonderful because they mature so quickly, but some children don't like them.

Strawberries are very rewarding.

Some parents buy their children's produce, but I don't approve of this. I feel that this is something a child enjoys contributing.

Other children prefer to grow flowers. Try to choose flowers that are easy to grow and don't need too much attention. A rose bush or a shrub such as an

azalea or geranium is a good idea for a central feature. Around it you can put some perennials, leaving space for a few hardy annuals. Your choice of flowers will depend on where you live.

Our children each have a floribunda rose. They chose the color and I related it to the variety. I tried to ensure that they were perpetual bloomers, that they had a perfume, and lasted well in water.

These roses are a great source of joy and pride. The children love to be able to pick a bunch of their own roses for someone special.

Around the rose bushes they have planted daffodil bulbs, polyanthus, pansies, and strawberries, with spaces in the summer for snapdragons, living-stone daisies, and dwarf bedding dahlias — all hardy, bright, and good flowers.

If it isn't possible for the child to have his own garden because the design or size of your garden is unsuitable, let him own a shrub or a bush. Let him help plant and look after it.

Another alternative is an indoor succulent garden. These plants are amazingly easy to propagate from slips. Ask your friends for slips, and let the child plant them. Any old chipped bowl from the kitchen will do.

Put a layer of stone chips and gravel at the bottom, and fill it up with soil. Water them about once a week, and keep them in a sunny position. Over-watering, however, will rot them.

If a child is to keep his love of gardens and plants, his garden should not be a burden for him.

If he has lots of other activities and neglects to weed or water it, don't nag him. If you hadn't given him that

corner you would have been weeding it, anyway, so do a little quiet weeding and watering. He will appreciate it, even if he does not say so.

Then, next time you want some help in your part of the garden, you can remind him gently that you did his, and he will help, possibly without grousing!

Another thing—don't pick his flowers or fruit without asking him and expressing your appreciation. You would expect that of him in your part of the garden.

Every family garden should be planned for the maximum convenience and enjoyment of the whole family. Try to arrange a large playing area so that balls do the minimum of damage.

Remember, the garden belongs to the children, too, and if a precious plant is broken by accident—not through disobedience or silliness—mourn on the quiet, but don't take it out on the children.

Flower arranging

I have found that all children enjoy arranging flowers, boys as well as girls, and that they should all be encouraged to do so.

Show them which flowers to pick, and how best to pick them, which last best in water, and which close up immediately on being picked.

They should know such things as that poppy stems should be burnt in a flame, rose stems should be peeled, dahlia and lupin stems dipped in hot water before any of these are put in a vase.

The vases they seem to get most satisfaction from arranging are small ones and flat ones.

A present I have found surprisingly successful for little girls is a small attractive vase of their own. My daughter was given one, and she thoroughly enjoys keeping it filled with flowers, especially when they are from her own garden.

Our gardening expert, ALLAN SEALE, adds these notes:

Quick-growers for young gardeners

THE children's garden can carry easy-to-grow flowers and vegetables, but it also could be an imaginative miniature garden, or even flowerpots, in which they can witness the magic of growing from seed.

Quick and easy-to-grow flowers for a sunny plot: ZINNIAS are most satisfying for summer. Their seeds are large enough to handle individually, and with reasonable watering come up in about five days, flower in about eight weeks. They grow quickly, so for interest encourage weekly recording of height, or number of leaves made.

For background there are tall, giant-flowered types. Then there are interestingly marked small-flowered ones such as gaillardia-flowered or Persian Carpet. Little Star grows to about 18in. and makes a brilliant display of golden-orange flowers until early autumn.

Then there is the tiny Thumbelina zinnia, a compact 9in. mound of small double zinnias in various colors.

SUNFLOWERS are part of any picture-book garden, and are easy and fast. Sungold has large, fluffy double blooms like fat teddy bears.

COSMOS grow and flower quickly—the tall, large-flowered singles in pinks and white, or the small double-orange Mandarin, to 4ft. or 5ft., which flowers about six weeks after sowing.

MARIGOLDS also come up and flower quickly in summer; tall, large-flowered ruffled types such as Cracker-jack, or dwarf, small-flowered petite types that flower at about 6in. and go on flowering for months.

Children like NASTURTIUMS, with their circular leaves that miraculously hold a silver-like jewel of water, and brilliant flowers, spicy in aroma. Modern types are compact. Nasturtiums grow well in part shade, but flower better in sun. Poke in the large seeds where wanted.

For shaded areas, don't overlook

IMPATIENS, with balsam-like stems and clean-cut little flowers in coral-red, pink, and white. A quick-flowering dwarf or baby impatiens is available. Impatiens also makes colorful little pot-plants for moist, shaded areas.

The name impatiens comes from the way the seed-pods suddenly split and fly into a coil, flinging seed impatiently.

Seeds so far mentioned can be sown direct into the garden, preferably with a sprinkling of complete plant food first raked in.

Packets of MIXED SEEDS sold for children's gardens give variety and surprise.

VEGETABLES. BEANS are an easy, quick-maturing vegetable for summer. Give a dressing of complete plant food when sowing, lime if the soil is acid, and reasonable watering. RADISHES grow quickly, and respond to frequent watering with soluble plant foods. WATERMELONS need space, but in most temperate climates there's a good chance of producing melons if sown by mid-December and given reasonable

watering, early on. SWEET CORN is a good crop. Sow in a block rather than in rows, to help pollination. MUSTARD and CRESS, in pots or boxes in a fairly shaded place, is ready about three weeks after sowing.

MINIATURE GARDENS

Miniature gardens can be made in an old sink, or in a shallow fruit case lined with plastic sheeting and its sides made pointed to suggest a fence.

A tiny box can be given a gable roof and painted to be the house. Spread about an inch of sandy soil for garden and lawn; the lawn will look best if grass seed is sown. Bent, sown thickly, soon looks nice. Mow with scissors.

Small floor tiles make nice paths, and if a piece of glass or mirror is set at the bottom of a plastic-lined depression, to hold tin, or so of water over the reflective base, this is a good "pond."

Small pieces of succulent are usually the right scale to represent feature plants, but it is also worth introducing tiny dwarf conifers or small seedling maples. Pineapple tops can be "giant palms," and eventually form roots.

The same type of miniature landscape can be done on a larger scale in the garden, where there is more scope for hills, pools, rockeries, small trees, and colorful dwarf-growing flowers.

● In this pretty rockery, which could be a child's special charge, are growing orange miniature marigolds, dark blue lobelia, portulaca, polyanthus, forget-me-nots, miniature variegated geraniums, and white Lilac Queen and Rosy O'Grady alyssum. The camellia in the centre is the delicate pink Prince Frederick William.





SEWING may take time to teach—but it's worth it

Boys should learn to sew, too, even if they only make costumes to use for dressing up as their current television heroes.

"SEWING IS FUN for boys and girls, but, to start with, probably not such fun for Mum. It takes time and patience, but is well worth the trouble, especially when six- and seven-year-olds can make clothes for their dolls without asking Mum to do it for them.

"The first attempts are usually fairly ghastly and hardly recognisable as a dress, but the child is intensely proud of it.

"Keep on encouraging and guiding these early attempts, and one day you may be rewarded by seeing your girls designing and making their own clothes."

MY boys have always been disdainful of dolls, although we have never discouraged them from playing with them, but they have one or two knitted or soft toys which they no longer play with but which must NOT be taken from their cupboards.

They both had great fun during a fairly long stay in bed outfitting a dog and a rabbit as Super Dog and Super Rabbit. This involved sewing jerkins, on to which Superman badges were sewn, and making cloaks and trunks.

They made the badges themselves, with infinite care as to detail, using a piece of plain material and felt-tipped marking pens.

They have also fitted themselves out, at various times, with the costumes of the current heroes of television, such as Zorro and Batman.

Recently my 11-year-old son had the part of a goblin in a school play. The first I knew of it was his showing me his completed costume he had made from hessian from the garden shed.

It had involved a good deal of sewing, and I was glad he was so proud of it and does not equate sewing with femininity. He is a child who loudly disdains anything feminine.

The important thing is to start the child off using a needle as soon as his or her co-ordination is good enough—usually at about four, but it can vary greatly.

If the child, after a great deal of effort, is unable to manage the needle, give it a rest for a couple of months before you try again.

Choosing the correct equipment is important. Use a large crewel darning needle threaded with wool. Brightly colored wool is best.

The material to be sewn should be loosely woven, such as hessian, or a loosely woven woollen material. From this, cut a square of about 8in.

The first steps

Make a large, firm knot, and begin sewing about an inch from the edge of the square. Demonstrate a running-stitch slowly and carefully to the child, working parallel to the edge. Make sure he understands the technique of putting the needle in and out, and discourage any attempt on his part to pull the needle through to the back.

The mechanics of it seem simple to us, but it may take some time for the child to grasp it.

You will probably find yourself undoing the most awful tangles when he first starts out on his own, but don't despair. Eventually he will become quite expert.

Encourage him, when he can sew a straight line, to sew round the square with several parallel rows using different colors for each, and so build up an attractive pattern. At this stage, each

thread should be fastened off by you and each new one started by you.

When the stitches are even, and you feel that the child has real control of the needle, you can teach him to begin and end himself. You may even be able to teach him to make the knot. Some children can even learn to thread the needle at this stage.

Now the child can graduate to sewing a seam joining two pieces of material together. The material can be of a finer weave, although a tight weave should be avoided, and so should slippery materials such as rayons and nylons.

The needle can be a smaller crewel needle threaded with cotton thread. He then can learn to turn a hem using a running-stitch. Pin the hem down for him to sew. At this point the child will be able to make doll's clothes.

You will need to cut out the first doll's clothes and pin them together, giving the child clear and careful directions where to sew. You should also show the child how the clothes are cut out, explaining carefully the need for an adequate seam allowance.

If you don't do this, you may find her breaking her heart over a garment she has spent hours over, as a surprise for you, only to find it is much too small for the doll.

The simplest dress pattern is a raglan-sleeve dress, cut out all in one piece.

● Keep the lessons light, or they may become discouraged

Draw around the doll as shown in the diagram below, then allow for hems.

She will soon be making attractive garments, and you can then show her how to sew on buttons, press-studs, hooks and eyes, as well as other things such as rick-rack braid and lace.

Boys can be given the same instructions and use them to make a costume for themselves or for puppets. I have found boys much more careless about starting and ending off properly, so this should be watched.

When boys get to the "gang" stage they very often want badges on their sweaters. Get them to make these and sew them on themselves. Find a piece of plain material the correct background color, and then he can draw on the badge with a felt-tipped marking pen.

Girls usually start wanting to do embroidery any time from seven years onward. They should begin by using a medium-sized crewel needle and two strands of embroidery thread. Encourage her to use a thimble at this stage.

Stem-stitch is the first stitch they should learn, then lazy-daisy and cross-stitch.

Unfortunately, it is hard to find little cloths with suitable patterns, but you can find ones intended for more complex stitches that can just be outlined in stem-stitch.

Try to find one that doesn't have too much pattern on it, or it will seem never-ending to the child. Something that can be finished fairly quickly is better for the purposes of sustaining interest!

The cloth for embroidery should be a fairly loose weave. Many of the cheaper cloths sold for embroidery are of a very tight weave, which makes it difficult for little fingers to push the needle through.

If you can't find a suitable cloth, a good idea is to find suitable material, edge it yourself, and draw on it a simple pattern.

Or you could buy plain, soft lawn

handkerchiefs and draw on an initial patterned round with flowers, or even the child's name. These make good gifts.

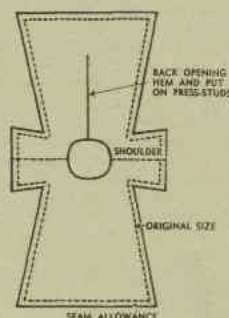
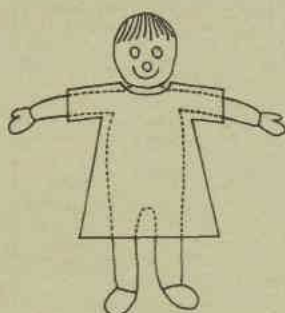
An important point to remember when drawing on a pattern is that the daisy petals and leaves should not be big—at most $\frac{1}{4}$ in.—or the child will tend to pucker them.

Most girls can manage buttonholes and the more complex stitches by the time they are 11 years old, and can also start helping with the making of their own clothes.

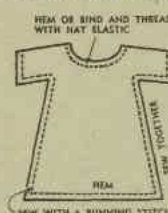
If you want your daughter to be a good sewer, keep the sewing fun. Don't be a hard taskmistress, or you may find that she will become clumsy and hate sewing so much that she refuses to do any at all.

This would be particularly sad for her when she has a family of her own. Designing her own clothes and making them when she gets older gives great satisfaction—as well as saving a lot of money!

Three easy steps to a doll's dress for the little beginner:



1. Trace around doll.
2. Cut pattern, allowing seam.
3. Sew with running-stitch.



Homemade greeting cards

A READER from Western Australia gives some ideas for decorating greeting cards.

On plain cardboard, children can do sketches or paintings, or make pictures or mosaic designs with colored paper.

With practice, they could make pretty spatter designs, like this: Cut out a design, such as a Christmas tree if it is to be a Christmas card, and lay it on the card. (Put the whole thing on a larger sheet of newspaper first.)

Take an old toothbrush, wet it, shake off excess water, and rub it in the paint. Holding it about 5 in. above the card, rub the bristles across the teeth of a fine comb.

A fine spray of spots will spatter the card, leaving a white silhouette under the cut-out shape. Don't have the paint too wet, or the spots will run.

Potato-cuts designs: Use a card made of absorbent paper. On shiny paper, the paint would run.

Cut a potato in half, and scratch your design on the cut surface—say a star or a triangle to begin. Cut away the potato, leaving the design raised in the middle with the sides sloping outward to make stronger edges.

Put paint on this "stamp," as dry as possible, as the potato provides moisture. Press the potato design on to the paper firmly. Renew the paint for each pressing. By repeating the design you can make all sorts of interesting patterns.

Dried - arrangements designs: Older children might like to try making tiny arrangements of dried grasses, pressed flower petals, and pieces of paperbark to decorate the fronts of their cards.

LEARNING TO LOVE BOOKS . . . continued

- Don't be too down on comics, as long as the subject matter isn't unsuitable and it isn't the only reading matter the child has. After all, adults have their "relaxation reading" in whodunits.

From page 11

may be suitable for the older members, and in this case there should be provision made for the younger child to look at books or occupy himself with other creative activities in another room.

A good idea to encourage the reading of books is to insist on bedtime being 15-30 minutes before lights-out time — this time to be used only for reading.

This is, of course, the ideal time for reading aloud to the little ones, but if it isn't possible to do so some other time in the day should be set aside for this.

The little ones can then use the reading time in bed to look at picture books, encouraged as they do so either to tell themselves the story as they look at the pictures, or to make up an entirely new one, if they don't know the story that goes with the pictures.

There are, unfortunately, about 30 percent of infant-school children who have difficulty learning to read. The reasons behind this are only just becoming clear. It is not lack of intelligence but something to do with the recognition of symbols, and possibly with co-ordination.

With kindness and encouragement rather than scoldings, and with the opportunity of reading attractive and easy books at home, the "difficult" readers will improve, sometimes spectacularly.

Unfortunately, these children are often accused, quite wrongly, of

stupidity and laziness, so they not only lose their grounding through no fault of their own but are put off trying, because they are discouraged.

If you have a child over six who is losing interest in or hates books, now is the time to work at the problem. When he gets to high school it may be too late.

If he has some particular interest, find books on the subject simply written, and with lots of illustrations. There are several series available at most bookshops. These are large and soft-covered, cheap, and scientifically very interesting.

Don't be too down on comics. Children need relaxation, just as adults do. Adults get theirs from whodunits, children from comics.

Using the library

As long as the subject matter of the comics is not unsuitable, and comics not their only reading matter, let them enjoy them. Sometimes a child who finds reading difficult can be encouraged to read by being given classic comics. Make sure, however, that they are reading the *writing* and not just looking at the pictures.

Another great help for those with reading difficulties is the library. If your child is having trouble finding a suitable book in the library, go and ask the librarian. The child may be too frightened to do so the first time.

It is part of the librarian's job to help people, not just to stamp their books, and it is the part that most of

them like best, so you are not being a nuisance.

It is also to help these children, and to train all children in the use of reference books, that every primary school should have its own library, run on professional lines.

Publishers are becoming increasingly aware of the need to produce books suitable for the older primary-school child who has reading problems, and series of these are now available at most bookshops and libraries.

Children are taught at school how to use books for reference work, looking up information for themselves. But unfortunately, with the large classes, they often need extra help at home.

It is wonderful to be able to own good encyclopedic reference books, but not always possible, as they are expensive. The library, however, should have them all.

When a child is given a project to do the idea is for him to find out the information *for himself*. Parents (usually mothers) do him a disservice if they do the project for him.

The librarian will guide him in finding his information at the library, or parents can show him where to find it at home. This becomes valuable experience for when he graduates to high school and has to work on his own.

Next time you are worrying over what to get your child to take to a friend's birthday party or what to give a niece or nephew for birthday or Christmas, consider giving a good book. It is always appreciated.

You can never have too many books.

Writing a picture letter

AN idea to make letter-writing more fun for youngsters, and to combine with it the pleasure they find in cutting out pretty pictures and putting them to use, comes from a New South Wales reader, Mrs. R. Mastford.

During the war, to keep her youngsters amused, she set them to write "picture letters," showing them how to cut small pictures from magazines to replace words.

"My boy and girl, now both married, have kept the picture letters they did, after having displayed them at school and shown them to many friends," says Mrs. Mastford. "The Women's Weekly, so brimful of color features and advertisements, provides an inexhaustible supply of pictures and ideas for these letters."

Mrs. Mastford enclosed a simple little letter with illustrated "words" to show how it worked:

Dearest Robyne,

This will only be a (the word "mini," cut from a magazine) letter, but I am sure that (picture of a small dog) will sit by you and help you read it. Of course, don't forget (picture of a teddy). He may want to have a look, too. I expect Mummy is busy (picture of a scrubbing machine), or making you a lovely (picture of an orange drink).

One day, when you are bigger, you will be able to help by making a nice (picture of a teapot pouring out a cup of tea) for her! With your orange drink, I suppose you will have a (picture of a biscuit). Our (picture of sheep) send their love.

Love and kisses, Grandma.